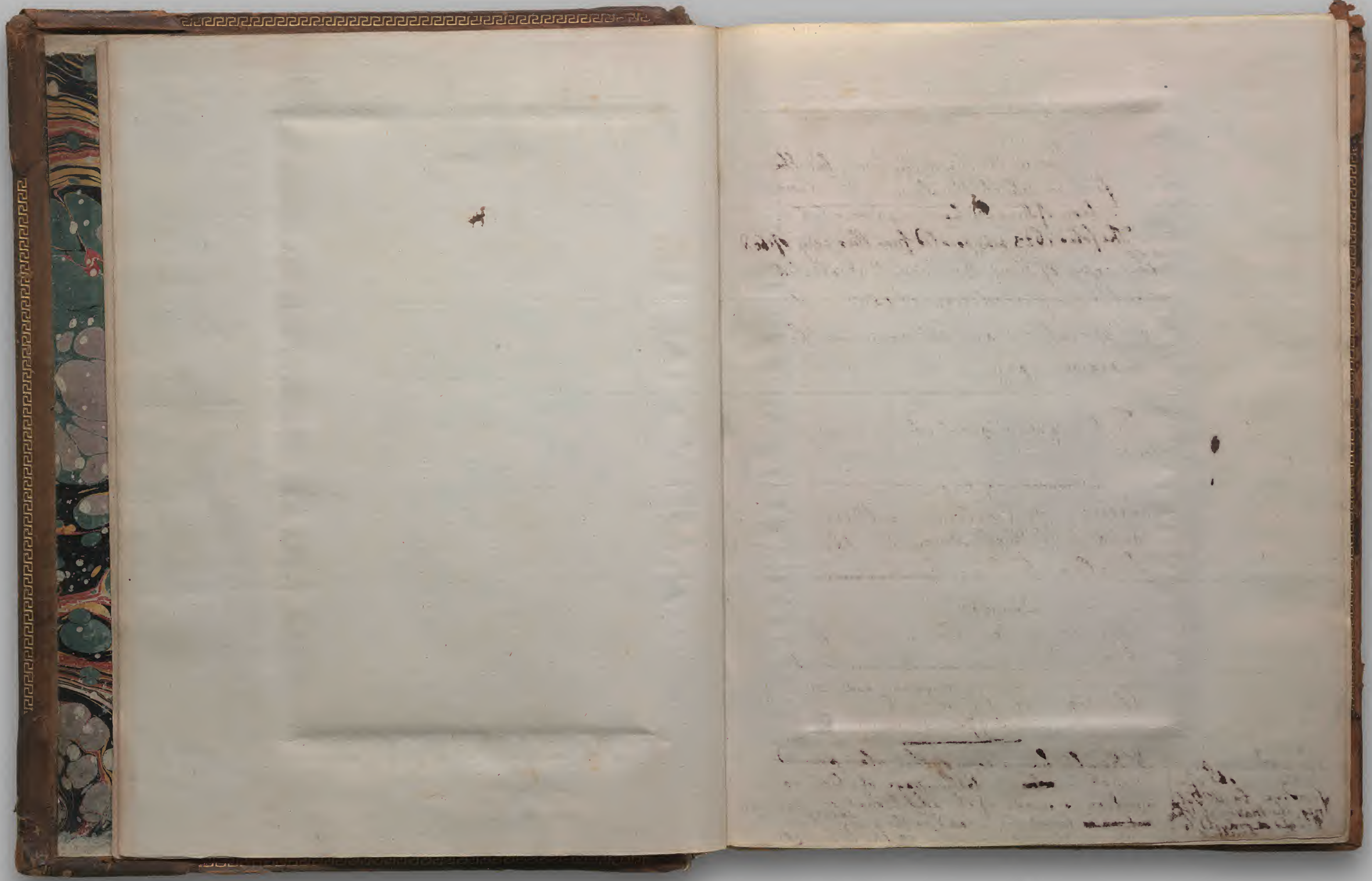
Shakespeare Old Quartos, Malone volume V THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY

Shakespeare Old Quartos, Malone volume V THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.43) Octavo

Malone 36.
(kept as Arch. G. d. 43)



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This is the third edition; but the first in which the Scene of the deposition of King Richard was printed. The folio 1623 was printed from this copy of 1608. This copy of King Richard II I collated with the first edition of 1597, and the variations are set down in the margin. E.M.

The title of the original edition is as follows:

The Tragedie of King Richard the Second. As it hath been publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lorde Chamberlaine his Servants.

London,
Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church-yard at the signe of the Angel.
1597.

The word was probably thought of a service by Mr Tylney, the Master of the Revels & ordered to be omitted.

Mr Kemble has a copy of this play printed in 1608; in ~~the~~ the title-page of which no mention is made of the additional scene, though ~~but it is~~ found there; and it is the very same edition with merely that variation in the title-page.

THE Tragedie of King Richard the Second:

With new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard.

As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Maiesties seruantes, at the Globe.

By *William Shake-speare.*

AT LONDON,
Printed by W. W. for *Mathew Law*, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe.
1608.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22311) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.43[1]) Octavo

Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles, and Attendants.

King Richard.

OLde *Iohn of Gaunt*, time honoured *Lancaster*;
Hast thou according to thy oth and band,
Brought hither *Henrie Herford* thy bold sonne,
Here to make good the boystrous late appeale
Which then our leisure would not let vs heare
Against the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Gaunt. I haue my Leige.

King. Tell me moreouer; hast thou sounded him
If he appeale the Duke on auncient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subiect should,
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him?

Gaunt. As neare as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparant danger seene in him,
Aimde at your Highnesse; no inueterate malice.

King. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow our selues will heare
The accuser, and the accused, freely speake:
Hie stomackt are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deafe as the sea, hastie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke, and Mowbray.

Bulling. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gratious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege.

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Mowb. Each day still better others happinesse,
Vntill the Heauens enuying Earths good happe,
Adde in immortall title to your Crowne.
King. Wee thanke you both: yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeale each other of high treason.
Cooſin of Hereford, what dost thou obiect
Against the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray?
Bul. First (heauen be the record to my speech)
In the deuotion of a subiectes loue,
Tendring the precious safetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appeallant to this princely presence.
Now Thomas Mowbray, do I turne to thee;
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,
My body shall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine soule answere it in heauen.
Thou art a Traytor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to liue:
Since the more faire and cristall is the skie,
The vglier seeme the cloudes that in it flie.
Once more, the more to agrauate the note,
With a foule traytours name stuffe I thy throate,
And wish (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong speaks, my right drawne sword may proue.
Mowb. Let not my cold wordes here accuse my zeale:
Tis not the tryall of a Womans warre,
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hotte that must be coold for this,
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush't and naught at all to say.
First the faire reuerence of your highnesse curbes me,
From giuing reynes and spurres to my free speech,
Which else would post vntill it had returnd
These tearmes of treason doubled downe his throat;
Setting a side his high bloods royaltie:
And let him be no kinsman to my Liege,

Line 3 an immortal. 7 Herford.

I doe defie him, and spit at him;
Call him a slaunderous Coward and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him ods,
And meete him, were I tide to runne a foote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Englisſh man durst set his foote.
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes, most falsly doth he lie.
Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclayming here the kinred of a King,
And lay aside my high bloods royaltie;
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.
If guiltie dread haue left thee so much strength,
As to take vp mine honours pawne, then stoope:
By that, and all the rites of Knighthood elſe,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
What I haue spoke, or what thou canst deuiſe.
Mow. I take it vp, and by that Sword I sweare,
Which gently layde my Knighthood on my shoulder,
Ile answere thee in any faire degree:
Or chiualrous deſigne of Knightly tryall.
And when I mount aliue, aliue may I not light,
If I be Traitour, or vniustly fight.
King. What doth our Cooſin lay to Mowbraies charge?
It must be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Bul. Looke what I sayd, my life shall prooue it true,
That Mowbray hath receiude eight thousand Nobles,
In name of lendinges, for your Highneſſe Souldiours:
The which he hath detainde for leawd imployments,
Like a falſe Traytour, and iniurious Villaine.
Beſides I say, and will in battaile prooue,
Or here, or elſe where, to the furthest Verge
That euer was surueyed by Englisſh eye,
That all the treasons for theſe eighteene yeares,
Complotted and contriued in this Land,
Fetcht from falſe Mowbray, their first head and spring:

Line 1 and I spit. 11 of the king.
18 – or thou canst worse deuise.
23 And when I mount aliue, aliue may I not light.
28 – what I speake, — 11th. Fetch from —

Further I say, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glosters death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently like a Traitour Coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent soule through streames of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels*, cryes,
Euen from the tongueleſſe Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iuſtice, and rough chaſtiſement:
And by the glorious worth of my diſcent,
This Arme ſhall do it, or this Life be ſpent.

King. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoares?
Thomas of Norfolke, what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Mowb. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this ſlaunder of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate ſo foule a lyer.

King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares;
Were he my Brother; nay, my kingdomes Heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers Sonne,
Now by Scepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearenes to our ſacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vnſtooping firmneſſe of my vpright ſoule:
He is our ſubiect Mowbray, ſo art thou;
Free ſpeech and fearleſſe I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then Bullingbrooke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat thou lyeſt:
Three partes of that receipt I had for Callice,
Diſburſt I to his highneſſe Souldiours;
The other part reſeru'de I, by conſent,
For that my Soueraigne liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deare account,
Since laſt I went to Ffrance to fetch his Queene:
Now ſwallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death:
I ſlew him not, but to mine owne diſgrace
Neglected my ſworne duetie in that caſe:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaſter,

The

Line 30 Disburst I duly to — To my own.

The honourable Father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambuſh for your life;
A treſpaſſe that doth vexe my greeued ſoule:
Ah, but ere I laſt receiu'de the Sacrament,
I did confeſſe it, and exactly begd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault; as for the reſt appeald,
It iſſues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant, and moſt degenerate Traitour;
Which in my ſelfe I boldly will defend,
And enterchangeably hurle downe the gage,
Vpon this ouerweening traitours foote,
To proouc my ſelfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the beſt blood chamberd in his boſome:
In haſte whereof, moſt hartily I pray
Your highneſſe to aſſigne our triall day.

King. Wrath kindled Gentleman, be ruled by me,
Lets purge this choler without letting bloud,
This we preſcribe, though no Phiſition:
Deepe Malice makes too deepe incision:
Forget, forgiue; conclude, and be agreed;
Our Doctors ſay, this is no month to bleed:
Good Vncle, let this end, where it begunne;
Weele calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your ſonne.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace, ſhall become my age:
Throw downe (my ſonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

King. And Norfolke, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When Harrie, when? obedience bids,
Obedience bids I ſhould not bid againe.

King. Norfolke, throw downe we bid, there is no boote.

Mowb. My ſelfe I throw (dread ſoueraigne) at thy foote,
My life thou ſhalt commaund, but not my ſhame:
The one my duetie owes; but my faire name,
Deſpight of Death that liues vpon my Graue,
To darke Diſhonours vſe, thou ſhalt not haue:
I am diſgraſte, impeacht, and baffuld heere;
Pierſt to the ſoule with Slaunders venomd ſpeare,
The which no Balme can cure, but his heart blood.

Which

Line 11 my gage. 12 Upon this —
28 When Harry? when obedience bids —

Which breathde this poyſon.
King. Rage muſt be withſtood:
Giue me his gage; Lions make Leopards tame.
Mowb. Yea, but not change his ſpots; take but my ſhame,
And I reſigne my gage, my deare deare Lord.
The pureſt treaſure mortall times affoord,
Is ſpotleſſe reputation, that away;
Men are but guilded Loame, or painted Clay:
A Iewell in a tenne times bard vp Cheſt,
Is a bold Spirit in a loyall Breaſt.
Mine Honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take Honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deare my Leige) mine Honour let me try,
In that I liue, and for that will I die.
King. Coſin, throw vp your gage; do you begin.
Bul. O God defend my ſoule from ſuch deepe ſinne,
Shall I ſeeme Creſt-fallen in my fathers ſight?
Or with pale begger-face impeach my hight,
Before this out-darde daſtard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my Honour with ſuch feeble vvrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parlee, my teeth ſhall teare
The ſlauiſh motiue of recanting feare,
And ſpit it bleeding in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, euen in Mowbraies face.
King. We were not borne to ſue, but to commaund;
Which ſince we can not do, to make you friendes,
Be ready (as your life ſhall anſwere it)
At *Couentrie* vpon Saint *Lambards* day:
There ſhall your Swords and Launces arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſetled hate:
Since we cannot atone you, you ſhall ſee
Iuſtice deſigne the Victors chiualrie.
Lord Marſhall, commaund our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct theſe home allarmes. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the Dutcheſſe of Glocester.
Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodſtocks blood,
Doth more ſollicite me, then your exclaimes,

To

Line 18 pale begger-fear — 31 we ſhall —.

To ſtirre againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lyeth in thoſe handes,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen;
Who when they ſee the hower's ripe on earth,
Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heades.
Dutcheſſe. Findes brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpurre?
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards ſeauen ſonnes, whereof thy ſelfe art one,
Were ſeauen Viols of his ſacred blood,
Or ſeauen faire Branches ſpringing from one roote:
Some of thoſe ſeauen are dryed by Natures courſe;
Some of thoſe Branches by the Deſtinies cut:
But *Thomas* my deare Lord, my life, my *Glocester*,
One Viol full of *Edwards* ſacred blood,
One flouriſhing Branch of his moſt royall roote
Is crack, and all the precious liquor ſpilt,
Is hackt downe, and his ſummer leaues all faded
By Enuies hand, and Murders bloodie axe.
Ah *Gaunt*, his blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettall, that ſelfe mould, that faſhioned thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liueſt and breatheſt,
Yet art thou ſlaine in him; thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy fathers death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched Brother die,
Who was the modell of thy fathers life:
Call it not Patience, *Gaunt*, it is Diſpaire,
In ſuffering thus thy Brother to be ſlaughtred;
Thou ſheweſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſterne Murder how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardice in Noble breaſtes.
What ſhall I ſay? to ſafegard thy owne life,
The beſt way is, to venge my *Glocesters* death.
Gaunt. Gods is the quarrell, for Gods ſubſtitute,
His deputie annoynted in his ſight,
Hath cauſd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let Heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift

B. An

Line 18 Were as ſeaven —. 33 thine own —

An angrie arme against his minister.
Duch. Where then alas may I complaine my selfe?
Gaunt. To God, the Widowes Champion and defence.
Duch. Why then I will: farewell old Gaunt,
Thou goest to Couentry, there to behold
Our Cosin Herford and fell Mowbray fight.
O set my husbands wronges on Herfords Speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbraies breast.
Or if misfortune misse the first carrier,
Be Mowbraies sinnes so heauie in his bosome,
That they may breake his foming Coursers backe,
And throw the rider headlong in the listes,
A catiue recreant to my Cosin Herford.
Farewell old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wife,
With her companion, griefe must end her life,
Gaunt. Sister farewell, I must to Couentrie:
As much good stay with thee, as goe with me.
Duch. Yet one word more; griefe boundeth where it falles
Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight:
I take my leaue before I haue begunne,
For sorrow endes not when it seemeth done:
Commende me to my brother Edmund Yorke;
Loe this is all: nay yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly goe,
I shall remember more: Bidd him; ah what?
With all good speed at Plashie visit me.
Alacke and what shall good old Yorke there see,
But emptie Lodgings and vnfurnisht Walles,
Vnpeopled Offices, vntrodden Stones;
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow, that dwels euery where;
Desolate, desolate will I hence and die:
The last leaue of thee takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lord Marshall and the Duke Aumerle.
Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Herford armde?
Aum. Yea at all poyntes, and longs to enter in.

Mar.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke sprightfully and bold,
Staies but the summons of the appellants trumpet.
Aum. Why then the Champions are prepard, and stay
For no thing but his Maiesties approach.

The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his Nobles: when they are set, enter the Duke of Norfolke in armes defendant.
King. Marshall demaund of yonder Champion,
The cause of his arriuall here in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceede
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.
Mar. In Gods name and the Kinges, say who thou art,
And why thou comest thus Knightly clad in armes?
Against what man thou comst, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truely on thy Knighthood, and thy oth,
As so defend thee heauen and thy valour.
Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, D. of Norfolke,
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a Knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyaltie and truth,
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford that appeales mee,
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To prooue him in defending of my selfe,
A Traitour to my God, my King, and me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

The Trumpets sound, enter Duke of Herford appellant in armour
King. Marshall aske yonder Knight in armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither
Thus plated in habillements of Warre,
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name, & wherefore comst thou hither,
Before King *Richard* in his royall lists?
Against whom comes thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee Heauen.

Line 2. Where then may I—. 6 Herford
7 Herford, 8 butchers Mowbraies—.
13 Hereford. 19 Not with the emptines, hollownesse
30 And what cheare.—penult Harry Herford—.

Line 13 and what thy—. 26 Hereford

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Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darbie
Am I, who readie heere do stand in Armes,
To proove by Gods grace, and my bodies valour
In lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Morfolke,
That he is a Traitour foule and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.
Mar. On paine of death no person be so bolde
Or daring, hardie, as to touch the lists,
Except the Martiall and such officers
Appointed to direct these faire designes.
Bul. Lord Martiall, let me kisse my Soueraignes hand.
And bow my knee before his Maiestie,
For Mowbray and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage.
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our seuerall friends.
Mar. The appellant in all dutie greetes your highnesse,
And craues to kisse your hand and take his leaue.
King. We will descend and folde him in our armes.
Cosin of Herford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewell my bloud, which if to day thou shead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.
Bul. O let no noble eie prophane a teare
For me, if I be gorde with Mowbrayes speare:
As confident as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My louing Lord I take my leaue of you:
Of you (my noble Cosin) Lord Aumarle,
Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at English feasts so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweete.
Oh thou the earthly Author of my bloud,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-folde vigour lift me vp,
To reach a victorie aboue my head,

Line 24 the dead. Mst. at victorie—

Adde proofe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steele my launces point,
That it may enter Mowbrayes waxen coate,
And furbish new the name of Iohn a Gaunt,
Euen in the lustie hauiour of his Sonne.
Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous.
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caske
Of thy aduerse pernitious enemie,
Rowse vp thy youthfull bloud, be valiant and liue.
Bul. Mine innocence and Saint George to thriue.
Mow. How euer God or fortune cast my lotte,
There lies or dies true to King Richards throne,
A loyall, iust, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did captiue with a freer heart
Cast off his Chaines of Bondage, and embrace,
His Golden vncontroled Enfranchisement,
More then my dauncing soule doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine aduersarie.
Most mightie Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth the wish of happie yeares,
As gentle and as iocund as to iest,
Goe I to fight, truth hath a quiet brest.
King. Farewell (my Lord) securely I espie,
Vertue with valour couched in thine eie,
Order the triall Martiall, and beginne.
Mart. Harrie of Herforde, Lancaster, and Darby,
Receiue thy launce, and God defend thy right.
Bul. Strong as a tower in hope I cry, Amen.
Mart. Go beare this launce to Thomas D. of Norfolke.
Herald. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby
Stands heere, for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray.
A Traitour to his God, his King, and him.
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.
Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray D. of Norfolke,

Line 14 There lives or—. 29 the right.
36 A traitor to God—. Pendet. forwrd—.

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On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelfe, and to approue
Henry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him diſloyall,
Couragiouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignall to begin.
Marr. Sound Trumpets, and ſet foorth Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his warder downe.
King. Let them lay by their Helmets, and their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets ſound,
While we returne theſe Dukes what we decree.
Draw neere, and liſt
What with our Counſell we haue done.
For that our kingdomes earth ſhould not be ſoyld
With that deare blood which it hath foſtered:
And for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of ciuill wounds ploughd vp with neighbours ſword:
And for we thinke the Eagle-winged pride
Of skie-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts
With riual-hating Enuie ſet on you,
To wake our peace, which in our Countries cradle
Drawes the ſweete infant breath of gentle ſleepe,
Which ſo rouzd vp with boyſterous vntun'de drummes,
With harſh reſounding trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating ſhock of wrathfull yron armes,
Might from our quiet confines fright faire Peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kinreds blood:
Therefore we baniſh you our territories.
You Cooſin Herford, vpon paine of life,
Till twice fiue Summers haue enricht our field,
Shall not regreete our faire dominions,
But tread the ſtranger pathes of baniſhment.
Bul. Your will be done; this muſt my comfort be,
That Sunne that warmes you heere, ſhall ſhine on me;
And thoſe his golden beames vnto you heere lent,
Shall poynt on me, and guild my baniſhment.
King. Norfolke, for thee remaines a heauier doome,

Which

Which I with ſome vnwillingnes pronounce,
The ſlie ſlow houres ſhall not determinate
The dateleſſe limit of thy deare exile:
The hopeleſſe word of neuer to returne,
Breath I againſt thee, vpon paine of life.
Mow. A heauie ſentence, my moſt ſoueraine Liege,
And all vnlookt for from your Highnes mouth.
A dearer merit, not ſo deepe a mayme,
As to be caſt foorth in the common ayre,
Haue I deſerued at your Highneſſe hands:
The language I haue learnd theſe fourty yeares,
My natiue Engliſh now I muſt forgoe,
And now my tongues vſe is to me no more
Than an vnſtringed violl or a harpe,
Or like a cunning inſtrument caſde vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you haue ingaylde my tongue,
Doubly portcullist with my teeth and lippes,
And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my Iayler to attende on me:
I am too old to fawne vpon an Nurſe,
Too farre in yeares to be a Pupill now.
What is thy ſentence but ſpeechleſſe death,
Which robbes my tongue from breathing natiue breath?
King. It bootes thee not to be compaſſionate,
After our ſentence, playning comes too late.
Mowb. Then thus I turne me from my Countries light,
To dwell in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.
King. Returne againe, and take an oth with thee,
Lay on our royall Swword your baniſht hands.
Swweare by the duties that y'owe to God,
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelues)
To keepe the oath that we adminiſter:
You neuer ſhall, ſo helpe you truth and God,
Embrace each others loue in baniſhment,
Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,
Nor neuer write, regreete, nor reconcile

This

Line 2 to defend — 3 Herford. 7 set forward combatants. 8 throwen. 18 Of cruel wounds — 23 Draw the — 26 Shock of harsh resounding armes. 29 Herford. 30 our fields — 36 beames to you —

line 18 ungoold — 19 portcullist — 22 upon a nurse —

This louing tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor neuer by aduised purpose meete,
To plotte, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainst vs, our state, our subiects, or our land.
Bul. I sweare.
Mow. And I, to keepe all this.
Bul. Norfolke, so fare as to mine enemie:
By this time, had the King permitted vs,
One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,
Banisht this frayle Sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banisht from this land.
Confesse thy treasons ere thou fly the Realme,
Since thou hast farre to go, beare not along
The cloging burthen of a guiltie soule.
Mow. No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were traytour,
My name be blotted from the Booke of life,
And I from Heauen banisht, as from hence:
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rew:
Farewell (my Leige) now no way can I stray,
Saue backe to England, all the world's my way.
King. Vncle, euen in the glasses of thine eyes,
I see thy grieued heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banisht yeares
Pluckt foure away, sixe frozen Winters spent,
Returne with welcome home from banishment.
Bul. How long a time lies in one little word?
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton Springs,
End in a word; such is the breach of Kings.
Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of mee,
He shortens foure yeares of my Sonnes exile;
But little vantage shall I reape thereby:
For ere the sixe yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dried lampe, and time bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endlesse night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold Death not let me see my Sonne.

King.

Line 1 This lowring 2. Antepenult nightes.

King. Why Vnckle, thou hast many yeares to liue.
Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canst giue:
Shorten my dayes thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow.
Thou canst helpe Time to furrow me with age,
But stoppe no wrinckle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
King. Thy Sonne is banisht with good aduise,
Whereto thy tongue, a party, verdict gaue,
Why at our iustice seemst thou then to lowre?
Gaunt. Things sweete to taste, prooue in digestion sowre.
You vrge me as a Iudge, but I had rather
You would haue bid me argue like a Father.
Oh had't been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I would haue been more milde:
A partiall slaunder sought I to auoyde,
And in the sentence, my owne life destroyde.
Alas, I lookt when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.
King. Coosin farewell, and Vnckle bid him so;
Sixe yeares we banish him, and he shall go.
Au. Coosin farewell; what presence must not know
From where you do remaine, let Paper show,
Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your side.
Gaunt. Oh to what purpose doest thou hoard thy words,
That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends?
Bull. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath the abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy griefe is but thy absence for a time.
Bul. Ioy absent, griefe is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is sixe Winters? they are quickly gone.
Bul. To men in ioy, but griefe makes one houre ten.
Gaunt. Call it a trauaile that thou takst for pleasure.

C. *Bul.*

Line 9 banisht upon good —. 13 You urgde —.
16 I should have —. 17. ought I —.
33 the aboundant dolour —

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Bul. My heart willl ſigh when I miſcall it ſo,
Which findes it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy wearie ſteps,
Eſteeme a ſoyle wherein thou art to ſet,
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.
Bul. Nay rather euerie tedious ſtride I make,
Will but remember me what deale of world
I wander from the Iewels that I loue.
Muſt I not ſerue a long apprentiſhood
To forren paſſages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boaſt of nothing elſe,
But that I was a iourneyman to griefe?
Gaunt. All places that the eie of heauen viſits,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy hauens.
Teach thy neceſsitie to reaſon thus.
There is no vertue like neceſsitie:
Thinke not the King did baniſh thee
But thou the King, who doth the heauier ſit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:
Go, ſay I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not the King exilde thee; or ſuppoſe
Deuouring peſtilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime:
Looke what thy ſoule holds deere, imagine it
To lye that way thou goeſt, not whence thou comſt:
Suppoſe the ſinging birds muſitions,
The graſſe whereon thou treadſt, the preſence ſtrowde,
The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy ſteps, no more.
Then a delightfull meaſure or a daunce,
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſſe power to bite.
The man that mocks at it, and ſets it light.
Bul. Oh who can hold a fier in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſticke ſummers heat?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good

Giues

Giues but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrowes tooth doth neuer rancle more
Then when it bites, but lancheth not the ſoare.
Gaunt. Come come my ſonne, Ile bring thee on thy way,
Had I thy youth and cauſe, I would not ſtay.
Bul. Then Englands ground farewell, ſweete ſoile adiew,
My Mother and my nurſe that beares me yet.
Where ere I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſht, yet a true borne Engliſhman. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with Buſhie, &c. at one doore, and the Lord Aumarle at the other.

King. We did obſerue. Coſin Aumarle,
How farre brought you high Herford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Herford, if you call him ſo,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.
King. And ſay, what ſtore of parting teares were ſhed?
Aum. Faith none for me, except the Northeaſt winde,
Which then blew bitterly againſt our face,
Awakt the ſleepie rewme, and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.
King. What ſaid your cooſin when you parted with him?
Au. Farewell, and for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word that taught me craft,
To counterfaite oppreſſion of ſuch griefe,
That words ſeemd buried in my ſorrowes graue:
Marry would the word Farewell haue lengthned houres,
And added yeeres to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould haue had a volume of farewels:
But ſince it would not, he had none of me.
King. He is our Cooſins Cooſin, but tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman comes to ſee his friends.
Our ſelfe and Buſhie,
Obſerued his courtſhip to the common people,
How he did ſeeme to diue into their hearts,
With humble and familiar curteſie,
With reuerence he did throw away on ſlaues,

 Wooing

Line 4. Esteeme as foyle— 7 what a deale—

Line 3 - when he bites— 13 Hereford— 18 - our faces— 19 rhewme— 21 our cooſin— 32 come.

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Wooing poore Craftſmen with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient vnderbearing of his fortune,
As twere to baniſh their affects with him,
Off goes his Bonnet to an Oyſter-wench,
A brace of Draymen bid God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With thankes my Countrey-men, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerſion his,
And he our ſubiectes next degree in hope.

Greene. Well, he is gone, and with him go theſe thoughts.
Now for the Rebels which ſtand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient mannage muſt be made (my Liege)
Ere further leyſure yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highneſſe loſſe.

King. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this Warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court
And liberall larges, are growne ſomewhat light;
We are inforſt to farme our royall Realme,
The reuenue whereof ſhall furniſh vs:
For our affaires in hand if that come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall haue blancke Charters,
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants,
For we will make for *Ireland* preſently.

Enter Buſhie with newes.

Buſh. Old Iohn of Gaunt is grieuous ſicke, my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath ſent poſt haſt
To intreate your Maieſtie to viſit him.

King. Where lies he?

Buſh. At Ely houſe.

King. Now put it (God) into the Phiſitions minde,
To helpe him to his Graue immediatly:
The lyning of his Coffers ſhall make coates,
To decke our Souldiours for theſe *Iriſh* Warres.
Come Gentlemen, lets all goe viſit him,
Pray God we may make haſte, and come too late:
Amen. *Exeunt.*
Enter

Line 17 growen. 32 God in the—.

Enter Iohn of Gaunt ſicke, with the Duke of Yorke, &c.

Gaunt. Will the King come, that I may breath my laſt,
In holſome counſell to his vnſtayed youth?

York. Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtriue not with your breath
For all in vaine comes counſell to his eare.

Gaunt. Oh, but they ſay, the tongues of dying men,
Inforce attention like deepe harmonie:
Where wordes are ſcarce, they are ſeldome ſpent in vaine,
For they breath trueth that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſtened more
Then they whom youth and eaſe hath taught to gloſe.
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before:
The ſetting Sunne, and Muſicke at the gloſe,
As the laſt taſte of ſweetes is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more then thinges long paſt.
Though *Richard* my liues counſell would not heare,
My deaths ſad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.

York. No, it is ſtopt with other flattering ſounds,
As praiſes of his ſtate: then there are found
Laſcinious Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open eare of youth doth alwayes liſten.
Report of faſhions in proud *Italie*,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardie apiſh nation
Limps after in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt foorth a vanitie,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buzd into his eares?
Then all too late comes Counſell to be heard.
Where Will doth mutinie with Wittes regard.
Direct not him whoſe way himſelfe will chouſe,
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe.

Gaunt. Mee thinkes I am a Prophet new inſpirde,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him;
His raſh fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt:
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues,
Small ſhowers laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort:
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes.

Line 11 haue taught— 13 the cloſe.
19 As praiſes of Whoſe taſte the wiſe are found

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With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder,
Light Vanitie, insatiate cormorant.
Consuming meanes soone prayes vpon it selfe:
This royall throne of Kings, this Sceptred Ile,
This earth of Maiestie, this seate of Mars,
This other Eden, demie Paradice,
This Foretresse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection, and the hand of Warre;
This happy breede of Men, this little World,
This precious Stone set in the siluer sea,
Which serues it in the office of a Wall,
Or as a Moate defensiue to a house,
Against the enuie of lesse happier Lands:
This blessed plotte, this Earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurse, this teeming wombe of royall Kings,
Feard by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned in their deedes as farre from home,
For christian seruice and true chiualrie,
As is the Sepulchre in stubborne Iewrie,
Of the worldes ransome, blessed Maries sonne:
This land of such deare soules, this deare deare land;
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leaced out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement, or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With Inkie blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquere others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe:
Ah would the scandall vanisht with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death;

Yorke. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts being rag'de, do rage the more.

Enter the King and Queene, &c.

Queene. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?
King. What comfort man? how ist with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt.

Line 17 Renowned for their— 23 leasde
31 vanish.

Gaunt. O how that name befits my composition,
Old Gaunt in deede, and gaunt in being old;
Within me Griefe hath kept a tedious fast.
And who abstaines from meate, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England, long time haue I watcht;
Watching breedes leanenesse, leanenesse is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some Fathers feede vpon,
Is my strict fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein, fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whose hollow wombe inherites nought but bones.
King. Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No, miserie makes sport to mocke it selfe.
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,
O mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.
King. Should dying men flatter those that liue?
Gaunt. No, no; men liuing, flatter those that die.
King. Thou now a dying sayst, thou flatterest me.
Gaunt. Oh no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.
King. I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.
Gaunt. Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill,
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesser then the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sicke,
And thou too careleese patient as thou art,
Commitst thy annoynted body to the cure
Of those Phisitions that first wounded thee:
A thousand Flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head;
And yet inraged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser then thy land:
Oh had thy Grandsire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his sonnes sonne should destroy his sonnes,
From foorth thy reach he would haue laide thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possest,
Which art possest now to depose thy selfe.
Why Cosin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this Land by Lease:

But

Line 15 I mocke 16 flatter with those—
20 I breath, and see— 23 than thy land,—

But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more then shame to shame it so?
Land-lord of England art thou now not, not King,
Thy state of law is bondslaue to the law,
And thou.

King. Ah lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Presuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Darest vvith thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chasing the royall blood
With furie from his natiue residence.
Novv by my Seates right royall maiestie
Wert thou not brother to great *Edwards* sonne,
This tongue that runnes so roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh spare me not my brother *Edwards* sonne,
For that I was his father *Edwards* sonne:
That blood already, like the Pellican,
Hast thou tapt and drunkenly carowst:
My brother *Gloecester*, plaine well meaning soule,
Whom faire befall in heauen mongst happy soules,
May be a president and witnes good,
That thou respectst not spilling *Edwards* blood.
Ioyne with the present sicknes that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower.
Liue in thy shame, but die not shame vvith thee:
These Wordes hereafter, thy tormentors be:
Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honour haue.

Exit.

King. And let them die, that age and sullens haue,
For both hast thou, and both become the graue.

Yorke. I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words
To wayward sicklynes and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holdes you deere,
As *Harry* Duke of Herford, were he heere.

King. Right, you say true; as *Herfords* loue, so his:
As theirs, so mine, and be as it is.

North.

Line 6 A lunaticke — 15 brother's —
18 tapt out — Antepenult. Hereford
37 Herefords 38 and all be —

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Ma-
King. What sayes hee? (iestie.
North. Nothing, all is sayd:
His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,
Wordes, life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.

Yorke. Be *Yorke* the next that must be bankrout so,
Though Death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

King. The ripest Fruite first falles, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that. Now for our *Irish* Warres:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kernes,
Which liue like venome, where no venome else
But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.
And for these great affayres do aske some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seaze to vs,
The Plate, Coyne, Reuenewes, and moueables
Whereof our Vnckle *Gaunt* did stand possest.

Yorke. How long shall I be patient? Ah how long
Shall tender duetie make me suffer wrong?
Not Glocesters death, nor Herfords banishment,
Nor Gaunts rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooke
About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace,
Haue euer made me sower my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinckle on my Soueraignes face:
I am the last of the noble *Edwards* sonnes,
Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was first.
In Warre, was neuer Lion ragde more fierce:
In Peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde
Then was that young and princely Gentleman:
His face thou hast, for euen so lookt he,
Accomplisht with a number of thy houres;
But when he frowned, it was against the French,
And not against his Friendes: his noble hand
Did winne what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant Fathers hand had wonne:
His hands were guiltie of no kinred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne.

Line 3. Nay nothing, — 11 herne. 26 of noble —

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Oh Richard! Yorke is too farre gone with griefe,
Or elſe he neuer would compare betweene.
King. Why Vnckle, whats the matter?
Yorke. Oh my liege, pardon me if you pleaſe,
If not, I pleaſd, not to be pardoned, am content with all;
Seeke you to ſeize and gripe into your hands,
The roialties and rights of banisht Herford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Herford liue?
Was not Gaunt iuſt? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deſerue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well deſeruing ſonne?
Take Herfordes rights away, and take from time
His Charters and his cuſtomarie rights;
Let not to morrow then enſue to day:
Be not thy ſelfe; For how art thou a King,
But by faire ſequence, and ſucceſſion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,
If you doe wrongfully ſeize Herfords right,
Call in the Letters patents that he hath
By his attournies generall to ſue
His liuery, and deny his offered homage,
You plucke a thouſand dangers on your head,
You loſe a thouſand well diſpoſed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to thoſe thoughts,
Which honour and allegeance cannot thinke.
King. Thinke what you will, we ſeize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money and his land.
York. Ile not be by the while, my liege farewell,
What will inſue hereof, there's none can tell:
But by bad courſes may be vnderſtood,
That their euents can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*
King. Go Buſhie, to the Earle of Wiltſhire ſtraight,
Bid him repayre to vs to Ely houſe,
To ſee this buſineſſe: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and 'tis time I trow;
And we create in abſence of our ſelfe,
Our Vnckle Yorke, Lord Gouernour of England;
For he is iuſt, and alwayes loued vs well.

Come

Line 7 Hereford 8 Hereford. 12 Herefords. 18 Herefords. 27 landes.

Come on our Queene, to morrow muſt we part,
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort.

Exeunt King and Queene. Manet North.

North. Well Lordes, the Duke of Lancaſter is dead.
Roſſe. And liuing too, for now his ſonne is Duke.
Willough. Barely in title, not in reuenewes.
North. Richly in both, if iuſtice had her right.
Roſſe. My heart is great, but it muſt breake with ſilence,
Er't be disburdened with a liberall tongue.
Nort. Nay ſpeake thy mind, & let him nere ſpeak more,
That ſpeakes thy words againe, to do thee harme.
Willough. Tend's that thou wouldſt ſpeake, to the D. of Herford?
If it be ſo, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.
Roſſe. No good at all, that I can doe for him:
Vnleſſe you call it good, to pitty him,
Bereft and gelded of his Patrimonie.
Nort. Now afore God 't is ſhame, ſuch wrongs are borne
In him a royall Prince, and many mo
Of noble blood in this declining land:
The King is not himſelfe, but bacely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,
Meerely in hate againſt any of vs all,
That will the King ſeuerely proſecute,
Againſt vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.
Roſſe. The Commons hath he pild with grieuous taxes,
And quite loſt their hearts. The Nobles hath he fin'd
For auncient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Wollough. And dayly new exactions are deuiſde,
As Blankes, Beneuolences, and I wot not what.
North. But what a Gods name doth become of this?
Willo. Warres hath not waſted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But bacely yeelded vpon compromiſe,
That which his noble Auncestors atchiude with blowes:
More hath he ſpent in peace, then they in Warres.
Roſſe. The Earle of Wiltſhire hath the Realme in farme.
Willo. The King's growne bankrout like a broken man.

Line ult. The king growen.

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North. Reproach and desolution hangeth ouer him.
Rosse. He hath not Money for these Irish Warres,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.
North. His noble kinsman most degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoyde the storme.
We see the Winde sit sore vpon our Sayles,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Rosse. We see the very Wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.
North. Not so, euen through the hollow eyes of death,
I espie life peering; but I dare not say,
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Rosse. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three are but thy selfe; and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus: I haue from *Le Port Blan*
(A Bay in *Brittanie*) receiude intelligence,
That Harry Duke of Herforde, Raynold L. Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His brother Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir Iohn Ramston,
Sir Iohn Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Coines,
All these, well furnished by the Duke of Brittaine,
With eight tall Ships, three thousand men of Warre,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland:
If then we shall shake off our Countries slauish yoke,
Impe out our drowping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broken pawne the blemisht Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters guilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in post to Rauenspurgh:

But

Line 33 our slavish yoke, — 35 broking pawne.

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.
Rosse. To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them that feare.
Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Enter the Queene, Bushie, and Bagot.

Bush. Madam, your Maiestie is too much sadde,
You promist when you parted with the King,
To lay aside halfe-harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a chearefull disposition.
Queene. To please the King I did, to please my selfe
I cannot doo it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweete a guest,
As my sweete Richard: yet againe me thinkes
Some vnborne Sorrow ripe in Fortunes wombe,
Is comming towards me and my inward soule,
With nothing trembles, at some thing it grieues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.
Bush. Each substance of a griefe hath twenty shadowes,
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,
Deuides one thing entire to many obiects.
Like perspectiues, which rightly gazde vpon,
Shew nothing but confusion, eyde awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweete Maiestie,
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Finde shapes of griefe more then himselfe to waile,
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice (gracious Queene)
More then your Lordes departure weepe not, more is not seene,
Or if it be, tis with false Sorrowes eyes,
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.
Queene. It may be so, but yet my inward soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heauie sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauie nothing faint and shrinke.

D 3

Bushie.

Line 9 – life harming – 32 Sorrowes eye.
37 As thought –

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Bush. Tis nothing but conceite (my gracious Lady.)
Queene. Tis nothing lesse, Conceite is still deriude
From some forefather Griefe, mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something griefe,
Or something hath the nothing that I grieue,
Tis in reuersion that I do possesse:
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, tis namelesse woe I wot.
Greene. God saue your Maiestie, & well met Gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.
Queene. Why hopest thou so? tis better hope he is,
For his designes craue haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?
Greene. That he our hope might haue retirde his power,
And driuen into despaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land,
The banisht *Bullingbrocke* repeales himselfe,
And with vplifted armes is safe ariude at Rauenspurgh.
Queene. Now God in heauen forbid.
Greene. Ah Madam, tis too true; and that is worse:
The Lord Northumberland, his young sonne H. Piercie,
The Lords of Rosse, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerfull friendes, are fled to him.
Bush. Why haue you not proclaimde Northumberland
And the rest of the reuolting faction, traytours?
Greene. We haue, wherevpon the Earle of Worcester
Hath broke his Staffe, resignd his Stewardship,
And al the houshold seruants fled with him to Bullingbrook
Queene. So Greene, thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And Bullingbrooke, my sorrowes dismall heire:
Now hath my soule brought foorth her prodigie,
And I a gasping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioynd.
Bush. Dispaire not Madam.
Queene. Who shall hinder me?
I will dispaire and be at enmitie
With couetous Hope, he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper backe of death,

Who

Line 21 his sonne young H. Piercie. 25 And all the rest revolted faction traytors. 26 Hath broken. 28 midwife to my. 36 With cousening hope.

Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,
Which false Hope lingers in extreamitie.
Greene. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.
Queene. With signes of Warre about his aged necke:
Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes:
Vnckle, for Gods sake speake comfortable wordes.
Yorke. Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts,
Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but crosses, care, and griefe.
Your Husband he is gone to saue farre off,
Whilst others come to make him loose at home:
Heere am I left to vnderprop his land,
Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe.
Now comes the sicke houre that his surfet made,
Now shall he trie his Friendes that flattered him.
Seruingman. My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came,
Yorke. He was, why so; go all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will (I feare) reuolt on Herfords side.
Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Glocester,
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,
Hold take my Ring.
Seruing. My Lord, I had forgot to tell your Lordship,
To day I came by, and called there;
But I shall grieue you to report the rest.
York. What i'st knaue?
Seruingm. An houre before I came, the Dutchesse died.
Yorke. God for his mercie! what a tyde of woes
Comes rushing on this wofull Land at once?
I know not what to doe: I would to God
(So my vntruth had not prouokt him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What, are there two Posts dispatcht for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these Warres?
Come Sister, Coosin I would say; pray pardon me:
Goe fellow, get thee home, prouide some Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?

Line 9 cares. 19 Herefords.
24 To day as I came by I called there.
33 What are there no posts.

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If I know how or which way to order these affayres,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never beleeue mee: both are my kinsemen;
T'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath
And dutie bids defend: t'other againe,
Is my Kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom Conscience and my Kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must doe: come Cousin,
Ile dispose of you: Gentlemen, goe muster vp your men,
And meete me presently at Barckly:
I should to Plashie too, but time will not permit:
All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at sixe and seauen.

Exeunt Duke, & Queene; manent Bushie and Greene.

Bush. The Wind sits faire for newes to go for Ireland,
But none returnes. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemie, is all vnpossible.

Greene. Besides, our nearenesse to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of those, loue not the King.

Bag. And that is the wauering Commons; for their loue
Lies in their Purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

Bag. If iudgement lie in them, then so do we,
Because we euer haue been neere the King.

Greene. Well, I will for refuge straight to Brist Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,
Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces:
Will you goe along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maiestie:
Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three heere part, that nere shall meete againe.

Bush. Thats as Yorke thriues to beat backe Bullingbrook.

Greene. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring Sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie:
Farewell at once, for once, for all and euer.

Bush.

Line 29 to pieces.

Bush. Well, we may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer.

Enter Hereford: Northumberland.

Buk. How farre is it my Lord to Barckly now?

North. Beleeue me noble Lord,
I am a stranger in Glocestershire,
These high wild hils and rough vneuen wayes,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome,
And yet your faire discourse hath beene as sugar,
Making the hard way sweete and delectable:
But I bethinke me what a weary way,
From Rauenspurgh to Cotshall will be found,
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby* wanting your company,
Which I protest hath very much beguild
The tediousnesse and processe of my trauell:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to haue
The present benefite that I possesse,
And hope to ioy is little lesse in ioy,
Then hope inioyed: by this the weary Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I haue, your noble companie.

Buk. Of much lesse value is my company,
Then your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Persie.

North. It is my sonne, yong Harry Persie,
Sent from my brother Worcester whencesoeuer:
Harry, how fares your Vnckle? (of you.

H.Per. I had thought my Lord to haue learned his health

North. Why? is he not with the Queene?

H.Per. No my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court,
Broken his staffe of office, and dispersst
The household of the King.

North. What was his reason? he was not so resolude,
When last we spake together.

H.Per. Because your Lordship was proclaimed traytour;
But he my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of Herford,
And sent me ouer by Barckly to discouer,

Line 6 Stranger here in — 17 which I —
35 your Lo. 36 my Lo. 37 Hereford —

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What power the duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with directions; to repaire to Rauenspurgh.
North. Haue you forgot the duke of *Herford*, boy?
H. Per. No my good Lord for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember, to my knowledge.
I neuer in my life did looke on him.
North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.
H. Per. My gratious Lord, I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen and confirme
To more approued seruice and desert.
Bull. I thanke thee gentle *Percy*, and be sure,
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a soule remembring my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It shall be still thy true loues recompence,
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus seales it.
North. How farre is it to *Barkley*, and what sturre
Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of warre?
H. Per. There stands the Castle by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard:
And in it are the Lordes of *Yorke*, *Barkley*, and *Seymor*,
None else of name and noble estimation.
Nor. Here come the Lords of *Ross* and *Willoughby*,
Bloudy with spurring, fiery red with haste.
Bul. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues
A banisht traitour: all my treasury
Is yet but vnfelt thankes, which more enricht,
Shall be your loue and labours recompence.
Ross. Your presence makes vs rich, most noble Lord.
Will. And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.
Bul. Euermore thanke's the Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes heere?
North. It is my Lord of *Barkeley*, as I guesse.
Barkeley My Lord of *Herford*, my message is to you.
Bull. My Lord, my answere is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seeke that name in England,

Line 3 Hereford's boy. 23 estimate.
36 Hereford

And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to ought you say.
Barke. Mistake me not my Lord, 't is not my meaning
To race one title of your Honour out:
To you my Lord I come, what Lord you will,
From the most glorious of this land,
The Duke of *Yorke*, to know what prickes you on,
To take aduantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with selfe-borne Armes?
Bul. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Heere comes his Grace in person: My noble Vnckle!
Yorke. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duety is deceiueable and false.
Bul. My gracious Vnckle!
Yorke. Tut, tut, grace me no grace, nor vnckle me no vnckle,
I am no Traitors vnckle; and that word Grace
In an vngratious mouth, is but prophane:
Why haue those banisht and forbidden legs
Darde once to touch a dust of *England's* ground?
But more than why? Why haue they darde to march
So many myles vpon her peacefull bosome,
Fryting her pale-faced Villages with Warre,
And ostentation of despised Armes?
Comst thou because th' annoynted King is hence?
Why foolish boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall bosome lyes his power:
Were I but now Lord of such hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt* thy father, and thy selfe,
Rescued the blacke Prince that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the rankes of many thousands French,
O then how quickly should this arme of mine,
Now prisoner to the Paulsey, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!
Bull. My gratious Vnckle, let me know my fault,
On what condition stands it, and wherein?
Yorke. Euen in condition of the worst degree,
In grosse rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banisht man, and heere art come,

Line 6. from the most gratious regent of this land.
20 But then more why? — 28 and my selfe —.

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Before the expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes against my Soueraigne.
Bul. As I was banisht, I was banisht Herford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster:
And noble Vncle, I beseech your Grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, or me thinkes in you
I see old Gaunt alive. Oh then Father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering Vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my Armes perforce, and giuen away.
To vpstart Vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cosin King be King of England,
It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:
You haue a Sonne, Aumerle, my noble Cosin,
Had you first died, and he been thus trod downe,
He should haue found his Vncle Gaunt a father,
To rouze his wronges, and chase them to the Bay.
I am denied to sue my liuerie heere,
And yet my letters pattents giue me leaue.
My fathers goodes are all distrain'd and sold,
And these, and all, are all amisse employed.
What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And I challenge Law; Atturnies are denide me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free descent.
North. The noble Duke hath been too much abusde.
Ross. It standes your Grace vpon, to do him right.
Willough. Base men by his endowments are made great.
Yorke. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I haue had feeling of my Coosins wronges,
And laboured all I could to doe him right;
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be:
And you that do abette him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.
North. The noble Duke hath sworne, his comming is

But

Line 2. thy soveraign — 7 for me thinkes —
8 O then my father — 13 in England.

But for his owne; and for the right of that,
We all haue strongly sworne to giue him ayde:
And let him ne're see ioy that breakes that oath.
Yorke. Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes;
I cannot mende it, I must needes confesse,
Because my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoope
Vnto the soueraigne mercy of the King:
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I do remaine as newter; so fare you well,
Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this night.
Bul. An offer Vncle that we will accept;
But we must winne your Grace to go with vs
To *Bristow* Castle, which they say is held
By *Bushie*, *Bagot*, and their complicies,
The Caterpillers of the Common-wealth;
Which I haue sworne to weede and plucke away.
Yorke. It may be I will go with you; but yet Ile pause,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care.

Enter Earle of Salisburie, and a Welch Captaine.

Welch. My Lord of *Salisburie*, we haue staide ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together;
And yet we heare no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will dispers our selues: farewell.
Salis. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welchman;
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.
Welch. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay,
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are withered,
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of heauen:
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the earth,
And leane-look't Prophets whisper fearefull change,
Rich men looke sadde, and Ruffians daunce and leape,
The one in feare to loose what they enioy.

The

Line 3 him never — 10 knowen unto you.
32 are all withered.

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The other to enioy by rage and Warre.
These signes fore-run the death of Kinges.
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their King is dead.
Sal. Ah Richard! with eyes of heauy minde,
I see thy glory like a shooting starre,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament,
Thy sunne sets, weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing stormes to come, woe and vnrest:
Thy friendes are fled to waite vpon thy foes,
And crossely to thy good all fortune goes.

Enter Duke of Herford, Yorke, Northumberland, Bushie and Greene Prisoners.

Bull. Bring forth these men.
Bushie and Greene, I will not vexe your soules,
Since presently your soules must part your bodies,
With too much vrging your pernicious liues,
For t'were no charity; yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold some causes of your death,
You haue mis-led a Prince, a royall King,
A happy Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you vnhappied and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your sinfull houres,
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a royall bed,
And staynde the beutie of a fayre Queenes cheekes,
With teares drawne from her eyes with your foule wrongs,
My selfe a Prince by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till they did make him mis-interpret me,
Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in forren cloudes,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
While you haue fedde vpon my segniories,
Disparkt my Parkes, and felld my forrest woods,
From mine owne windowes torne my houshold coate,
Rac't out my impreese, leauing me no signe,

Saue

Line 2 the death or fall of kings. 5 with the eyes. 20 deaths. 28 by your. 31 Till you did. 34 Whilst you. 36 From my owne.

Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To shew the world I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemns you to the death: see them deliuered ouer
To execution and the hand of death.
Bush. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then Bullingbrooke to England Lords farewell.
Greene. My comfort is, that heauen will take our soules,
And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.
Bull. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatcht:
Vnckle, you say, the Queene is at your house,
For Gods sake fairely let her be intreated;
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my greetings be deliuered.
Yorke. A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatcht,
With letters of your loue to her at large,
Bull. Thankes (gentle Vnckle:) come Lords, away,
To fight with *Glendor* and his complices,
A while to worke, and after, holiday. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Aumerle, Carleil, &c.

King. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?
Aum. Yea my Lord; how brook's your Grace the ayre
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?
King. Needs must I like it well, I weepe for ioy,
To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe.
Deare earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hooses:
As a long parted mother with her child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting:
So weeping, smiling, greete I thee my earth,
And do thee fauour with my royall hands;
Feede not thy Soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweetes comfort his rauenous sence,
But let thy Spiders, that sucke vp thy venome,
And heauy gated Toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with vsurping steps do trample thee:

Yeelde

Line 21 call they this. 31 favours.

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Yeeld ſtinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy boſome plucke a flower,
Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder,
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortall touch,
Throw death vpon thy Soueraines enemies:
Mocke not my ſenſleſſe coniuration Lords:
This earth ſhall haue a feeling, and theſe ſtones
Proque armed Souldiers ere her native King
Shall falter vnder foule rebellious armes.

Carl. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you King,
Hath power to keepe you king in ſpite of all;
The meanes that heauens yeeld muſt be imbrac't
And not neglected. Elſe heauen would,
And we would not; heauens offer, we refuſe
The proffered meanes of ſuccours and redreſſe.

Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are to remiſſe,
Whilſt *Bullingbrooke*, through our ſecurity,
Growes ſtrong and great in ſubſtance and in power.

King. Diſcomfortable coſin, knowſt thou not,
That when the ſearching eie of heauen is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world,
Then theeues and robbers range abroade vnſeene,
In murthers, and in outrage bloody heere.
But when from vnder his terreſtriall ball,
He fires the proude tops of the eſterne pines,
And darts his light through euery guilty hole;
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſinnes,
The cloake of night being pluckt from off their backes,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themſelues:
So when this thiefe, this traitour *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath reueld in the night
Whilſt we were wandring with the Antipodes,
Shall ſee vs riſing in our throne the Eaſt,
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day,
But ſelfe affrighted, trembled at his ſinne,
Not all the water in the rough rude Sea,
Can waſh the balme off from an annoynted King.

Line 9 rebellious armes. 14 And we will not ;— 16 too remiſſe. 23 bouldy — 24 this terrestrial —. 36 tremble?

The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The deputy elected by the Lord,
For euery man that *Bullingbrooke* hath preſt,
To lift ſhrewde ſteele againſt our golden crowne,
God for his *Ric:* hath in heauenly pay,
A glorious Angel: then if Angels fight,
Weake men muſt fall, for heauen ſtill guardes the right.

Enter Salisb.

King. Welcome my Lord: how farre off lies your power?
Salisb. Nor neere nor farther off, my gratious Lord:
Than this weake arme; diſcomfort guides my tongue.
And bids me ſpeake of nothing but Deſpaire,
One day too late, I feare, my noble Lo:
Hath clouded all thy happy dayes on earth,
O call backe yeſterday, bid Time returne,
And thou ſhalt haue twelue thouſand fighting men:
To day, to day, vnhappy day, too late,
Ouerthrowes thy ioyes, friends, fortune and thy ſtate:
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bulingbrooke*, diſperſt, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege, why lookes your Grace ſo pale?

King. But now the bloud of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:
And till ſo much bloud thither come againe,
Haue I not reaſon to looke pale and dead?
All ſoules that will be ſafe, flie from my ſide,
For Time hath ſet a blot vpon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.

King. I had forgot my ſelfe, Am I not King?
Awake thou coward, Maieſtie thou ſleepeſt,
Is not the Kings name twentie thouſand names?
Arme, arme, my name a puny ſubiect ſtrikes
At thy great glory, looke not to the ground,
Yee fauourites of a King, are we not high?
High be our thoughts, I know my vncle *Yorke* (heere:
Hath power enough to ſerue our turne: but who comes

Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happineſſe betide my Liege,

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Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.
King. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepard,
The worst is worldly losse thou canst vnfold.
Say, is my Kingdome lost? Why twas my care,
And what losse is it to be rid of care?
Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be: if he serue God,
Weele serue him too, and be his fellow so.
Reuolt our Subiectes? that we can not mende,
They breake their fayth to God as well as vs:
Cry woe, destruction, ruine, and decay,
The worst is death, and death will haue his day.
Scroo. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so armde
To beare the tydings of calamitie,
Like an vnseasonable stormie day,
Which make the siluer Riuers drowne their shores.
As if the world were all dissolude to teares,
So high aboue his limits swels the rage
Of Bullingbrooke, couering your fearefull land
With hard bright steele, and hearts harder then steele:
White beards haue armd their thinne and hareleste scalps
Against thy Maiestie: and boyes with womens voyces
Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioynts
In stiffe vnwildie armes, against thy Crowne,
Thy very beads-men learne to bend their browes,
Of double fatall woe against thy state.
Yea distaffe women manage rustie billes:
Against thy seate both young and old rebell,
And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.
King. To well, to well thou telst a tale so ill.
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushie? where is Greene?
That they haue let the dangerous enemie
Measure our confines with such peacefull steps.
If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it:
I warrant they haue made peace with Bullingbrooke.
Scro. Peace haue they made with him indeede my Lord.
King. O villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,

Line 22 majestie: boys — 25 bowes.
30 To well, to well —

Dogs easily wonne to fawne on any man.
Snakes in my heart bloud warmd, that sting my heart;
Three Iudasses, each one thrice worse then Iudas,
Would they make peace? terrible hell
Make warre vpon their spotted soules for this.
Scro. Sweete loue's (I see) changing: his property
Turnes to the sowrest and most deadly hate.
Againe vncurse their soules, their peace is made,
With head, and not with hands, those whom you curse
Haue felt the worst of deaths destroying wound,
And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is Bushie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead?
Scro. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke my father with his power?
King. No matter where, of comfort no man speake.
Lets talke of graues, of wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainie eyes
Write sorrow on the bosome of the earth.
Lets choose Executors and talke of wils:
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,
Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our liues, and all are Bullingbrooks,
And nothing can we call our owne, but death,
And that small modell of the barren earth,
Which serues as paste and couer to our bones.
For Gods sake let vs sit vpon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings,
How some haue beene deposde, some slaine in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they haue deposed,
Some poysoned by their wiues, some sleeping kild,
All murthered: for within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall temples of a King,
Keepes death his court, and there the antique sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To Monarchise, be feard, and kill with lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,
As if this flesh which walles a bout our life,

Line 6 Swete loue I see — 9 With heads —
13 I, all of —

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Were Braſſe impregnable: and humord thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a lettle pin,
Bores through his Caſtle walles, and farewell King.
Couer your heades, and mocke not fleſh and blood,
With ſolemne reuerence throw away reſpect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but miſtooke me all this while,
I liue with bread like you, feele want,
Taſte griefe, need friends: ſubiected thus,
How can you ſay to mee, I am a Kin?

Carl. My Lord, Wiſe-men ne're ſit and waile their woes
But preſently preuent the wayes to wayle,
To feare the foe, ſince feare oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Giues in your weakeneſſe ſtrength vnto your foe,
And ſo your follies fight againſt your ſelfe:
Feare, and be ſlaine, no worſe can come to fight:
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death,
Where fearing dying, payes death ſeruile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.

King. Thou chidſt me well; proud *Bullingbrooke*, I come,
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This Ague-fit of feare is ouerblowne,
An eaſie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope*, Where lies our Vncle with his power?
Speake ſweetely man, although thy lookes be ſower.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauy eye:
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to ſay,
I play the torturer by ſmall and ſmall,
To lengthen out the worſt that muſt be ſpoken:
Your Vncle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Caſtles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie.

King. Thou haſt ſayd enough:
Beſhrew thee Coſin which didſt lead me foorth

Line 3 castle walls.

Of that ſweete way I was in to diſpaire.
What ſay you now? What comfort haue we now?
By heauen Ile hate him euerlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more,
Goe to Flint Caſtle, there Ile pine away,
A King woes ſlaue, ſhall kingly woe obey:
That power I haue, diſcharge, and let them go
To eare the land that hath ſome hope to grow:
For I haue none, let no man ſpeake againe
To alter this, for counſell is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege one word.

King. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue:
Diſcharge my followers, let them hence away,
From *Richards* night, to *Bullingbrooks* faire day.

Enter Bull. Yorke, North.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne,
The Welchmen are diſpearſt, and Salisbury
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With ſome few priuate friends, vpon this coaſt.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord:
Richard not farre from hence hath hid his head.

York. It would beſeeme the Lord Northumberland,
To ſay, King *Richard*; alacke the heauie day,
When ſuch a ſacred King, ſhould hide his head.

North. Your Grace miſtakes; onely to be briefe,
Left I his title out.

Yor. The time hath bin, ſhould you haue bin ſo briefe with him
He would haue bin ſo briefe to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Miſtake not (Vncle) further then you ſhould.

York. Take not (good Coſin) further then you ſhould,
Leaſt you miſtake the heauens are ouer your heads.

Bull. I know it Vncle, and oppoſe not my ſelfe
Againſt their willes. But, who comes heere? *Enter Percie.*
Welcome *Harry*: What, will not this Caſtle yeeld?

H. Percie. The Caſtle is royally mand my Lord,
Againſt thy entrance.

Line 20. would you— 33 our heads.
35 will. 37 castle royally is—.

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Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.
H.Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King, King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone,
And with him the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisburie,
Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a Cleargie man
Of holy reuerence, who I cannot learne.
North. Oh belike, it is the Bishop of Carleill.
Bull. Noble Lords,
Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Castle,
Through brasen Trumpet send the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.
H.Bull. on both his knees, doth kisse king Richards hand.
And sends alleageance and true fayth of heart
To his royall person: hither come
Euen at his feete, to lay my armes and power:
Prouided, that my banishment repeald,
And lands restored againe be freely graunted;
If not, Ile vse the aduantage of my power,
And lay the summers dust with showres of blood,
Rainde from the woundes of slaughtered Englishmen?
The which, how far off from the minde of Bullingbrooke
It is, such crimson tempest should be drench
The fresh greene lap of faire King Richards land,
My stooping duetie tenderly shall shew.
Go signifie as much, while heere we march
Vpon the grassie carpet of this plaine;
Lets march without the noyse of threatning drumme,
That from this Castles tattered battlements,
Our faire appoyntments may be well perusde.
Me thinkes King Richard and my selfe should meete
With no lesse terrour then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake,
At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of heauen.
Be he the Fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne
My Water's on the earth, and not on him:
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

The

Line 5 with him are the — ~~[illegible]~~
15 To his most royal — 29 tottered.
33 thundering shocke —

The Trumpet sound, Richard appeareth on the walles.

Bul. See see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare,
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne
From out the fiery portall of the East,
When he perceiues the enuious cloudes are bent
To dimme his glory, and to staine the tracke
Of his bright passage to the Occident.
Yorke. Yet lookes he like a King, behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens foorth
Controlling Maiestie; alacke for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.
King. We are amazd, and thus long haue we stood,
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe the lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awefull dutie to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the hand of God
That hath dismist vs from our Stewardship:
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone,
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or vsurpe:
And though you thinke that all as you haue done,
Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friendes:
Yet know, my Maister GOD omnipotent,
Is mustering in his cloudes on our behalfe,
Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your vassaile handes against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell Bullingbrooke (for yon mee thinkes he stands)
That euery stride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding Warre:
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of mothers sonnes,
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Mayd-pale peace,

To

Line 10 alacke, alacke for woe. 14 thy lawful.

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To ſcarlet indignation, and bedew
Her paſtors graſſe with faythfull Engliſh blood.
North. The King of heauen forbid, our Lord the King
Should ſo with ciuill and vnciuill armes
Be ruſht vpon. Thy thrife noble Cooſin,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kiſſe thy hand,
And by the honourable Tombe he ſweares,
That ſtands vpon your royall Grandſires bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods
Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himſelfe,
Compriſing all that may be ſworne or ſaid,
His comming hither hath no further ſcope,
Then for his liniall royalties, and to begge
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to ruſt,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faythfull ſeruice of your Maieſtie.
This ſweares he, as he is a Prince iuſt:
And as I am a Gentlem, I credit him.
King. Northumberland, ſay thus: the King returnes,
His noble Cooſin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demaundes
Shall be accompliſht without contradiction,
With all the gracious vtterance thou haſt;
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commendes:
We do debaſe our ſelues (Cooſin) do we not?
To looke ſo poorely, and to ſpeake ſo faire?
Shall we call backe Northumberland, and ſend
Defiance to the traitour, and ſo die?
Aum. No good my Lord, lets fight with gentle wordes,
Till time lend friends, and friendes their helpfull ſwords.
King. Oh God, oh God that ere this tongue of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On yon proud man, ſhould take it off againe,
With words of ſooth! Oh that I were as great,

Line 21 as he is princeſſe juſt-
29 King. Wido-.

As is my griefe, or leſſer then my name?
Or that I could forget what I haue been!
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swell'ſt thou (proud heart,) Ile giue thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes haue ſcope to beat both thee and mee.
Aum. Northumberland comes backe frō Bullingbrooke.
King. What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall do it: Muſt he be depoſde?
The King ſhall be contented: Muſt he looſe
The name of a King? a Gods name let it goe:
Ile giue my jewels for a ſet of Beades:
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage:
My gay Apparell, for an Almeſ-mans Gowne:
My figurde Goblets, for a diſh of Wood:
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe:
My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saincts:
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,
A little little Graue, an obſcure Graue;
Or, Ile be buried in the Kings hie way,
Some way of common trade, where ſubiectes feete
May hourely trample on their Soueraignes head;
For on my heart they tread now whilſt I liue:
And buried once, why not vpon my head?
Aumerle, thou weepeſt (my tender-hearted Cooſin)
Weele make foule weather with deſpiſed teares;
Our ſighes, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer corne,
And make a dearth in this reuolting land:
Or ſhall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match with ſheading teares,
And thus to drop them ſtill vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a paire of Graues
Within the earth: and therein laide; there lies
Two kinſemen digd their Graues with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill doe well? well well I ſee,
I talke but idlely, and you laugh at mee.
Moſt mighty Prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What ſayes King Bullingbrooke, will his Maieſtie
Giue Richard leaue to liue till Richard die?

 You

Line 30 As thus-.

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You make a legge, and Bullingbrooke sayes I.
North. My Lord, in the base court he doth attend,
To speake with you: may it please you to come downe.
King. Downe, downe I come, like glistering *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of vnruly Iades.
In the base court, base court where Kings grow base,
To come at traytors calles, and do them grace.
In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King,
For night-owles shreeke where mounting larks should sing.
Bull. What sayes his Maiestie?
North. Sorrow and grefe of heart,
Makes him speake fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.
Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire duety to his Maiestie: *He kneeles downe.*
My gracious Lord.
King. Faire Coosin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Mee rather had my heart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleased eye see your curtesie:
Vp Coosin vp, your heart is vp I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.
Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.
Bull. So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.
King. Well you deserue; they well deserue to haue,
That know the strongest and surest way to get:
Vnckle, giue me your hands; nay dry your eyes,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.
Coosin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be Heyre;
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing too:
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe:
Set on towards London, Coosin is it so?
Bull. Yea my good Lord.
King. Then I must not say no. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Line 32. my heire.

Enter the Queene with her attendants.

Que. What sport shall we deuise here in this garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of care?
Lady. Madam weele play at bowles.
Quee. Twill make me thinke the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
Lady. Madam weele daunce.
Quee. My legs can keepe no measure in delight,
When my poore heart no measure keepes in griefe:
Therefore no dauncing girle, some other sport,
Lady. Madam weele tell tales,
Quee. Of sorrow or of griefe?
Lady. Of either Madame.
Quee. Of neither girle,
For if of ioy, being altogither wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of griefe, being altogither had,
It addes more sorrow to my want of ioy:
For what I haue I need not to repeate,
And what I want it bootes not to complaine.
Lady. Madam ile sing.
Quee. Tis well that thou hast cause,
But thou shoudst please me better wouldst thou weepe.
Lady. I could weepe Madame, would it do you good.
Quee. And I could sing would weeping do me good,
And neuer borrow any teare of thee.
But stay, here commeth the Gardiners,
Lets step into the shadow of these trees,
My wretchednesse vnto a row of pines.
They will talke of state, for euerie one doth so,
Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe.

Enter Gardiners.

Gard. Goe bind thou vp yon dangling Apricockes,
Which like vnruly children make their sire
Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight:
Giue some supportance to the bending twigs,
Goe thou, and like an executioner

Line 27 here come.

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Cut off the heads of two fast growing sprayes,
That looke too lofty in our Common-wealth:
All must be euen in our gouernement.
You thus imployde, I will goe roote away
The noysome Weedes that without profit sucke
The soyles fertilitie from holsome Flowers.
Man. Why should we in the compasse of a Pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing in a modell our firme estate,
When our sea-walled Garden, the whole Land
Is full of Weedes; her fairest Flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprund her hedges ruinde,
Her Knots disordered, and her holesome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath suffered this disordered Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the fall of Leafe:
The Weedes that his broade spreading Leaues did shelter,
That seemde in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are puld vp, roote and all, by Bullingbrooke:
I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, Bushie, Greene.
Man. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And Bullingbrooke hath seizd the wastfull King.
Oh what pittie it is, that he had not so trimde
And dresst his Land; as we this Garden, at time of yeere
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruite trees,
Least being ouer-proud with sappe and blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe.
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might haue liude to beare, and he to taste
Their fruites of duetie: superfluous branches
We loppe away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.
Man. What, thinke you the King shall be deposed?
Gard. Depresst he is already, and deposde

Line 5 - which without — . 9 as in a — .
18 Weedes which his — . 20 plucked up — .
25 is it. 28 in sappe — .

T'is doubt he will be. Letters came last night
To a deare friend of the Duke of Yorks,
That tell blacke tidinges.
Queen. Oh! I am prest to death through want of speaking
Thou old *Adams* likenesse set to dresse this Garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this vnpleasing
What *Eue?* what *Serpent* hath suggested thee, (newes;
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say King *Richard* is deposde?
Darst thou, thou little better thing then earth
Diuine his downefall? Say, where, when, and how
Camst thou by this ill tidinges? speake thou wretch?
Gard. Pardon me Madam, litle ioy haue I
To breathe these newes, yet what I say is true:
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bullingbrooke: their fortunes both are weyde.
In your Lo. scale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some few vanities that make him light:
But in the ballance of great Bullingbrooke,
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,
And with that oddes, he weighes King Richard downe.
Post you to London, and you will finde it so;
I speake no more then euery one doth know.
Queene. Nimble Mischaunce, that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou thinkest
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my breast: come Ladyes, goe
To meete at London Londons King in woe.
What, was I borne to this, that my sadd looke,
Should grace the triumph of great Bullingbrooke?
Gardner, for telling me these newes of woe,
Pray God the Plants thou graftst may neuer grow. *Exit.*
Gard. Poore Queene, so that thy state might be no worse
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse:
Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place,
Ile set a bancke of Rew sowre Hearb-of-grace;

Line 2 of the good duke — . 12 Canst thou —.
14 this news. Pennet. did she fall a teare.

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Rew, euen for Ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
In remembrance of a weeping Queene, *Exeunt.*

Enter Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, and others.

Bull. Call foorth Bagot. *Enter Bagot.*
Now Bagot, freely speake thy minde,
What thou dost know of noble Glocesters death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who performde
The bloodie office of his timelesse end.
Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.
Bull. Coosin, stand foorth, and looke vpon that man.
Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vnsay what once it hath deliuered:
In that dead time when Glocesters death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English court
As farre as Callice to mine Vnckles head?
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then Bullingbrookes returne to England, adding withall,
How blest this land would be in this your Coosins death.
Aum. Princes, and noble Lords,
What answere shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my faire starres,
On equall tearmes to giue him chastisement?
Either I must, or haue mine Honour soyld
With the attainder of his slaunderous lips:
There is my gage, the manuall seale of death,
That markes thee out for Hell: thou liest,
And will maintaine what thou hast sayd, is false,
In thy heart blood, though being all too base
To staine the temper of my knightly Sword.
Bull. Bagot, forbeare, thou shalt not take it vp.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mooud me so.
Fitz. If that thy valoure stand on sympathie,
There is my gage Aumerle, in gage to thine;

By

Line 2 In the remembrance— 25 giue them.
29 hell: I say thou liest—.

By that faire Sunne that shewes me where thou standst,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakst it,
That thou wert cause of noble Glocesters death:
If thou deniest it twentie times, thou lyest,
And I will turne thy falshood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my Rapiers poynt.
Aum. Thou dar'st not (coward) liue I to see the day.
Fitz. Now by my soule, I would it were this houre.
Aum, Fitzwaters, thou art damnd to hell for this.
L. Per. Aumerle, thou liest, his honour is as true,
In this appeale, as thou art all vniust,
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To proue it on thee to the extreamest poynt
Of mortall breathing, seize it if thou dar'st.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandish more reuengefull steele
Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.
Another L. I take the earth to the like (forsworne *Aumerle*),
And spur thee on with full as many lies,
As it may be hellowed in thy trecherous eare
From sinne to sinne: there is my honors pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou darst.
Aum. Who sets me else? by heauen I'le throw at all.
I haue a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twentie thousand such as you.
Sur. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The verie time Aumerle and you did talke.
Fitz. Tis very true, you were in presence then,
And you can witnesse with me this is true.
Sur. As false by heauen, as heauen it selfe is true.
Fitz. Surrie thou liest. (sword,
Sur. Dishonourable boy, that ly shall ly so heauie on my
That it shall render vengance and reuenge,
Till thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie,
In earth as quiet as thy fathers scull.
In proofe whereof there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou darst.

Fitz.

Line 1 which shewes— 7 that day.
10 I take—.

Fitz. How fondly doſt thou ſpurre a forward horſe,
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
I dare meete Surry in a Wilderneſſe,
And ſpit vpon him whilſt I ſay, he lyes,
And lyes, and lyes: there is my bond of fayth,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction:
As I intend to thriue in this new world,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale.
Beſides, I heard the baniſhed *Norffolke* ſay:
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke of *Calice*.
Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That Norfolke lyes, heere do I throw downe this,
If he may be repeald to try his honour?
Bull. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till Norffolke be repeald, repeald he ſhall be,
And though mine enemie, reſtor'd againe
To all his lands and ſignories: when he is return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will inforce his tryall.
Carl. That honorable day ſhall neuer be ſeene:
Many a time hath baniſht Norffolke fought
For Ieſus Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian field,
Streaming the Enſigne of the chriſtian Croſſe,
Againſt blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens,
And toyld with workes of Warre, retir'd himſelfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue
His body to a pleaſant countries earth,
And his pure ſoule vnto his captaine Chriſt,
Vnder whoſe colours he had fought ſo long.
Bul. Why Biſhop, is Norffolke dead?
Carl. As ſure as I liue, my Lord.
Bul. Sweet peace conduct his ſweet ſoule to the boſome
Of good old Abraham: Lords appeallants,
Your differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till we aſsigne you to your dayes of tryall.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee,

From

Line 5 there is bond.. 10 at Calice.
21 Jesu. 26 that pleasant. 30 surely

From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing ſoule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeeldes
To the poſſeſsion of thy royall hand:
Aſcend his Trone, deſcending now from him,
And long liue *Henrie*, fourth of that name.
Bull. In Gods name, Ile aſcend the Regall throne.
Carl. Mary God forbid.
Worſt in this royall preſence I may ſpeake:
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the trueth:
Would God any in this noble preſence,
Were enough noble to be vpright Iudge
Of noble Richard: Then true nobleneſſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a wrong.
What ſubiect can giue ſentence on his King?
And who ſits not here that is not Richards ſubiect?
Theeues are not iudged, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them:
And ſhall the figure of Gods Maieſtie,
His Captaine, ſteward, deputy, elect,
Annointed, crowned, planted many yeeres,
Be iudg'd by ſubiect and inferior breath,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh forfend it God,
That in a Chriſtian Climate ſoules refinde
Should ſhew ſo hainous blacke obſcene a deed.
I ſpeake to ſubiects, and a ſubiect ſpeakes,
Stird vp by God thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here whom you call King,
Is a foule traitour to proud Herefords King,
And if you crowne him, let me propheſie,
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule act,
Peace ſhall goe ſleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this ſeate of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kinde with kinde confound:
Diſorder, horror, feare and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be cald,
The field of Golgotha and dead mens ſkuls.

Oh

Line 2 the heire.. 8 may J.. 10 God
that any.. 12 nobleſse. 15 who sits here..
31 this foule..

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Oh if you rayſe this houſe againſt his houſe,
It will the wofulleſt diuiſion proue,
That euer fell vpon this curſed earth:
Preuent it, reſiſt it, and let it not be ſo,
Leaſt child, childes children crie againſt you woe.
North. Well haue you argued ſir, and for your paynes,
Of Capitall treaſon, we arreſt you here:
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keepe him ſafely till his day of triall.
May it pleaſe you Lords, to graunt the common ſuite,
Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender, ſo we ſhall proceed without ſuſpition.
Yorke. I will be his conduct.
Bull. Lords, you that are heere, are vnder our areſt,
Procure your Sureties for your dayes of anſwere;
Litle are we beholding to your loue,
And litle looke for at your helping hands.

Enter king Richard.

Rich. Alacke why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I haue ſhooke off the regall thoughts
Wherewith I raignd; I hardly yet haue learnt
To inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbes?
Giue Sorrow leaue a while to tutor me to this ſubmiſsion:
Yet I well remember the fauours of theſe men,
Were they not mine? did they not ſometimes cry all hayle
To me? ſo *Iudas* did to *Chriſt*; but he in twelue,
Found trueth in all but one; I in twelue thouſand none:
God ſaue the King, will no man ſay Amen:
Am I both Prieſt and Clarke; well then, Amen,
God ſaue the King, although I be not hee,
And yet Amen, if heauen do thinke him mee:
To doe what ſeruice am I ſent for hither?
Yorke. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
Which tired maieſtie did make thee offer;
The reſignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Harry Bullingbrooke*.
Rich. Seaſe the Crowne.

Heere Cooſin, on this ſide my hand, and on that ſide yours:
Now is this golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets filling one an other,
The emptier euer dancing in the ayre,
The other downe vnſeene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of teares, am I,
Drinking my griefe, whilſt you mount vp on high.
Bull. I thought you had been willing to reſigne?
Rich. My Crowne I am, but ſtill my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depoſe,
But not my Griefes, ſtill am I King of thoſe.
Bul. Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne.
Rich. Your cares ſet vp, do not plucke my cares downe:
My care is loſſe of care, by old care don,
Your care is gaine of care by new care won:
The cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
They tend the Crowne, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.
Bull. Are you contented to reſigne the Crowne?
Rich. I, no no I; for, I muſt nothing bee,
Therefore no no, for I reſigne to thee.
Now marke me how I will vndoe my ſelfe:
I giue this heauie waight from off my head,
And this vnweildie Scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart:
With mine owne teares I waſh away my balme,
With mine owne hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne tongue deny my ſacred ſtate,
With mine owne breath releaſe all duties rites,
All pompe and maieſtie I do forſweare,
My Manners, Rentes, Reuenewes I forgoe,
My Actes, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke that ſweare to thee:
Make me that nothing haue, with nothing grieud,
And thou with all pleaſd, that haſt all atchieud:
Long mayſt thou liue in *Richards* ſeat to ſit,
And ſoone lie *Richard* in an earthy pit:

Line 1. if you raise this house against this house
& resist it, let it—.

From line 9 to † in Sign. H 3 b. not in the edit. of 1597 — In that copy after Northum-berland's speech ending with the word trial, follow these lines:

Bull. Let it be so; and loe on Wednesday next
We solemnly proclaime our coronation:
Lords be ready all. *Exeunt.*

God saue King *Harry*, vnkinged *Richard* sayes,
And send him many yeeres of Sun-shine dayes.
What more remaines?
North. No more, but that you read
These accusations, and these grecuous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the State and profit of this Land;
That by confessing them, the soules of men
May deeme that you are worthily deposde.
Rich. Must I doe so? and must I rauell out
My weaud vp Folly, gentle *Northumberland?*
If thy offences were vpon record,
Would it not shame thee in so faire a troope,
To read a lecture of them, if thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou finde one haynous article,
Contayning the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong warrant of an Oath,
Markt with a blot, damd in the booke of heauen:
Nay of you that stand and looke vpon,
Whilst that my wretchednesse doth bate my selfe;
Though some of you (with *Pilat*) wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie; yet you *Pilates*,
Haue heere deliuer me to my sowre Crosse,
And water can not wash away your sinne.
North. My Lord dispatch, read ore these Articles.
Rich. Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blindes them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traytors heere:
Nay, if I turne mine eyes vpon my selfe,
I find my selfe a Traytor with the rest;
For I haue giuen heere my soules consent
To vndecke the pompous body of a King;
Made Glory base, and Soueraigntie a slaue;
Proud Maiestie a subiect, State a peasant.
North. My Lord.
Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no mans Lord; I haue no name, no title,

No not that name was giuen me at the Font,
But tis vsurpt; alacke the heauie day
That I haue worne so many Winters out,
And know not now, what name to call my selfe.
O that I were a mockerie King of Snow,
Standing before the sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my selfe away in water drops.
Good King, great King; and yet not greatly good:
And if my name be starling, yet in Englang
Let it commaund a mirour hether strayte
That it may shew me what a face I haue,
Since it is banckrout of his Maiestie.
Bull. Goe some of you and fetch a Looking-glasse.
North. Read ore this paper while the Glasse doth come.
Rich. Feind, thou torments me ere I come to Hell.
Bull. Vrge it no more my Lord Northumberland.
North. The Commons will not then be satisfied.
Rich. They shall be satisfied, Ile read enough,
When I do see the very Booke indeed,
Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe.
Giue me the Glasse: no deeper wrinckles yet?
Hath Sorrow stroke so many blowes vpon this
Face of mine, and made no deeper woundes?
Oh flattering Glasse, like to my followers in prosperitie!
Was this the face that euery day vnder his
Houshould roofe did keepe ten thousand men?
Was this the face that faast so many follies,
And was at last outfaast by *Bullingbrooke?*
A brittle Glorie shineth in this face,
As brittle as the Glorie is the face,
For there it is crackt in a hundred shiuers:
Marke silent King the morall of this sport,
How soone my sorrow hath destroyde my face.
Bull. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyd
The shadow of your face.
Rich. Say that againe: the shadow of my sorrow;
Ha lets see; tis very true, my griefe

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Lies all within, and theſe externall manners
Of laments are meerely ſhadowes to the vnſeene,
Griefe that ſwelles with ſilence in the tortured ſoule:
And I thanke thee King that not onely giueſt
Me cauſe to wayle, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe: Ile begge one boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Bull. Name it faire Cooſin.
Rich. Faire Cooſe, why? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a king, my flatterers were then but ſubiects,
Being now a ſubiect, I haue a King heere
To my flatterer; being ſo great, I haue no need to beg.
Bul. Yet aske.
Rich. And ſhall I haue it?
Bul. You ſhall.
Rich. Why then giue me leaue to goe.
Bull. Whither?
Rich. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſights.
Bull. Goe ſome of you conuey him to the Tower.
Rich. O good conuey, conueyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.
Bull. On Wedneſday next we ſolemnely ſet downe
Our Coronation; Lords prepare your ſelues.
Exeunt. Manet Weſt. Carleill, Aumerle.
Abbot. A woful Pageant haue we heere beheld.
Carl. The woe's to come; the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as ſharpe to them as thorne.
Aum. You holy Clergie men, is there no plot,
To rid the Realme of this pernitious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely ſpeake my minde herein,
You ſhall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intentes, but alſo to effect,
What euer I ſhall happen to deuiſe:
I ſee your browes are full of diſcontent,
Your heart of ſorrow, and your eyes of teares;
Come home with me to ſupper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall ſhew vs all a merry day.
Exeunt.
Enter

Line 30 My Lo: before — 35 hearts —

Enter Queene, with her attendants.
Queene. This way the King will come, this is the way
To *Iulius Cæſars* ill erected Tower,
To whoſe flint boſome my condemned Lord
Is doomde a priſoner by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Heere let vs reſt, if this rebellious earth
Haue any reſting for her true Kings Queene.
Enter Richard.
But ſoft, but ſee, or rather, do not ſee,
My faire Roſe wither: yet looke vp, behold,
That you in pittie may diſſolue to deaw,
And waſh him freſh againe with true loue teares.
Ah thou the modell vvhere old *Troy* did ſtand!
Thou mappe of Honour, thou King *Richards* toombe,
And not King *Richard:* thou moſt beauteous Inne,
Why ſhould hard fauourd griefe be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an Alehouſe gueſt?
Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire woman, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden, learne good ſoule,
To thinke our former ſtate a happy dreame,
From which awakt, the trueth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this: I am ſworne (brother ſweete)
To grimme Neceſsitie, and he and I
Will keepe a league till death. Hie thee to *France*,
And cloyſter thee in ſome religious houſe:
Our holy liues muſt winne a new worlds Crowne,
Which our praphane houres heere, haue throwne downe.
Queene. What is my *Richard* both in ſhape and minde,
Transformd and weakned? hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depoſde thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The Lyon dying thruſteth foorth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage,
To be o'repowerd, and wilt thou Pupil-like
Take thy correction, mildely kiſſe the rodde,
And fawne on Rage with bace humilitie,
Which art a Lion and a King of beaſtes.
King. A King of Beaſtes indeed, if aught but beaſt,

Line 34 Take thee — 36 the king —
37 but beaſt —

I had been ſtill a happy King of men.
Good (ſometime Queene) prepare thee hence for *France*,
Thinke I am dead, and that euen heere thou takeſt
As from my death-bed my laſt liuing leaue.
In Winters tedious nights ſit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales
Of woefull ages long agoe betide,
And ere thou bid good night, to quite their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And ſende the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the ſenceleſſe brands will ſimpathy
The heauie accent of thy mouing tongue,
And in compaſsion weepe the fire out;
And ſome will mourne in aſhes, ſome cole blacke,
For the depoſing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the minde of *Bullingbrooke* is changde,
You muſt to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.
And Madam, there is order tane for you,
With all ſwift ſpeed you muſt away to France.
King. *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* aſcendes my throne,
The time ſhall not be many houres of age
More then it is, ere foule ſinne gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption, thou ſhalt thinke,
Though he deuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He ſhall thinke, that thou which knowſt the way
To plant vnrightfull Kinges, vvill knovv againe,
Being nere ſo little vrgd another vvay,
To plucke him headlong from the vſurped throne.
The loue of vvicked men conuerts to feare,
That feare, to hate; and hate turnes one or both
To vvorthy danger and deſerued death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
Take leaue and part, for you muſt part foorthwith.
King. Doubly diuorc't, (bad de men) you violate

Line 2 ſometimes—. 4 thy coast—. 6 the tales—. 8 griefs. 11 sympathize—. 29 will know—.

A twofold mariage, betwixt my Crowne and me,
And then betwixt me, and my maried wife.
Let me vnkiſſe the oath betwixt thee and me:
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſſe t'was made,
Part vs *Northumberland*, I towards the North,
Where ſheuering cold and ſickneſſe pines the clime:
My Wife to France, from whence ſet foorth in pompe,
She came adorned hither, like ſweete May,
Sent backe like Hollowmas; or ſhortſt of day.
Queen. And muſt we be deuided? muſt we part?
King. I, hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart.
Queene. Baniſh vs both, and ſend the King with me.
King. That were ſome loue, but litle policie.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.
King. So two togither weeping, make one woe;
Weepe for me in France, I for thee heere,
Better farre off then neere be neare the neere:
Goe count thy way with ſighes, I mine with groanes.
Queene. So longeſt way ſhall haue the longeſt moanes.
King. Twiſe for one ſtep Ile grone, the way being ſhort,
And peece the way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow lets be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is ſuch length in griefe:
One kiſſe ſhall ſtoppe our mouthes, and doubly part,
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart:
Queene. Giue me my owne againe, twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may ſtriue to kill it with a groane.
King. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay,
Once more adew, the reſt let ſorrow ſay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Yorke and the Ducheſſe.

Duc. My Lord, you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you breake the ſtory,
Of our two Coosins comming into London.
Yorke. Where did I leaue?
Duc. At that ſad ſtop my Lord,

 Where

Line 2 twixt thee my crowne—. 3 twixt thee—. 16 Weep thou for—. 34 story of—.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22311) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.43[1]) Octavo

Where rude misgouernd hands from windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head.
Yorke. Then (as I sayd) the Duke great Bullingbrooke,
Mounted vpon a hote and fierie steede,
Which his aspiring rider seemde to know,
With slow, but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cride, God saue the *Bullingbrooke*,
You would haue thought the very Windowes spake:
So many greedy lookes of young and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage, and that all the Walles,
With painted imagery had sayd at once,
Iesu preserue the welcome Bullingbrooke,
Whilst he from the one side to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke
Bespake them thus, I thanke you Countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.
Dut. Alacke poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilst?
Yorke. As in a Theater the eyes of men,
After a well graced Actor leaues the Stage,
Are idely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eyes
Did scoule on gentle *Richard*, no man cried, God saue him:
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But Dust was throwne vpon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles,
The badges of his griefe and patience;
That had not God for some strong purpose steeld,
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him:
But Heauen hath a hand in these euentes,
To whose high will we bound our calme contentes,
To Bullingbrooke are we sworne subiect now,
Whose state and honour I for ay allow.
Dut. Heere comes my sonne Aumerle. (*Enter Aum.*
Yorke.

Line 18 rode he— Antepenult subjects—

Yorke. Aumerle that was,
But that is lost, for being Richards friend:
And Madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his trueth
And lasting fealtie to the new made King.
Dut. Welcome my sonne, who art the Violets now,
That strew the greene lappe of the new-come spring.
Aum. Madam I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes I had as liefe be none as one.
Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new spring of time,
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford? do these iusts & triumphs hold?
Aum. For aught I know (my Lord) they do.
Yorke. You will be there I know.
Aum. If God preuent not I purpose so.
York. What seale is that that hangs without thy bosome?
Yea, lookst thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aum. My Lord, tis nothing.
Yorke. No matter then who see it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.
York. Which for some reasons (sir) I meane to see.
I feare, I feare.
Dut. What should you feare?
Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into
For gay apparrell against the triumph.
Yorke. Bound to himselfe, what doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to: Wife, thou art a foole;
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.
Yorke. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say:
He plucks it out of his bosome, and reades it.
Treason, foule treason: villaine, traytor, slaue.
Dut. What is the matter, my Lord?
Yorke. Ho, who is within there? saddle my Horse:

 God

Line 6 who are the— 28 triumph day.

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God for his mercy! what trechery is here?
Du. Why, what is it my Lord?
Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say, saddle my horse,
Now by mine honour, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villaine.
Du. What is the matter?
Yorke. Peace foolish woman.
Du. I will not peace, what is the matter Aumerle?
Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answere.
Du. Thy life answere?
Yorke. Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.
His Man enters with his Bootes.
Du. Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amazd,
Hence villaine, neuer more come in my sight.
Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say.
Du. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?
Wilt not thou hide the trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more sonnes? or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou pluck my faire sonne from mine age,
And robbe mee of a happie mothers name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?
Yorke. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?
A dozen of them heere, haue tane the sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.
Du. He shall be none, weele keepe him heere,
Then what is that to him?
Yor. A way fond woman, were he twentie times my sonne,
I would appeach him.
Du. Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldst be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde, thou dost suspect
That I haue beene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:
Sweete

Line 4 Not by mine honour, by my life, by my troth.
18 thou not—.

Sweete Yorke, sweete husband be not of that minde,
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like me or any of my kinne,
And yet I loue him.
Yorke. Make way vnruly woman. *Exit.*
Du. After Aumerle: mount thee vpon his horse,
Spur, post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee,
Ile not be long behind, though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke,
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardoned thee, away, be gone.
Enter the King with his Nobles.
King H. Can no man tell me of my vnthriftie sonne?
Tis full three months since I did see him last;
If any plague hang ouer vs, tis hee;
I would to God my Lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, mongst the Tauernes there,
For there they say, he daily doth frequent,
With vnrestrained loose companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and robbe our passengers,
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honor to support so dissolute a crew.
H. Per. My Lord, some two daies since I saw the Prince,
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.
King. And what said the gallant?
Percie. His answere was, he would to the stewes,
And from the commonest creature plucke a gloue,
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.
King H. As dissolute as desperate, yet through both
I see some sparkles of better hope, which elder yeares
May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?
Enter Aumerle amazed.
Aum. Where is the King? (so wildly?
King H. What meanes our cosin that he stares and lookes

Line 3. Not like to me—. 28 unto thee—.
33 sparkes

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Aum. God saue your Grace; I do beseech your Maiestie,
To haue some conference with your Grace alone.
King. Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs heere alone:
What is the matter with our Cosin now?
Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnlesse a pardon ere I rise or speake.
King. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how heynous ere it be,
To winne thy after loue, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then giue me leaue that I may turne the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
King. Haue thy desire.

The Duke of Yorke knocks at the doore and cryeth.

Yorke. My liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
King. Villaine, Ile make thee safe.
Au. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause to feare,
Yorke. Open the doore, secure foole, hardy King,
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.
King. What is the matter vncle, speake, recouer breath,
Tell vs, how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it?
Yorke. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know,
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past,
I doe repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
Yorke. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe:
I tore it from the traitors bosome (King)
Feare, and not loue, begets his penitence:
Forget to pitty him, lest thy pitty proue
A serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.
King. O heynous, strong, and bolde conspiracy!
O loyall father of a treacherous sonne!
Thou sheere immaculate and siluer Fountaine,

From

Line 11. that may turne.

From whence this streame through muddy passages
Hath hald his current, and defilde himselfe:
Thy ouerflow of good conuertes to bad,
And thy abundant goodnes shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing sonne.
Yorke. So shall my Vertue, be his Vices bawde,
And he shall spend mine honour, with his shame,
As thriftles Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold:
Mine honour liues when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamde life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kilst me in his life, giuing him breath,
The traytor liues, the true man's put to death.
Dut. What ho, my Liege for Gods sake let me in.
King. What shrill voyc'd suppliant makes this eger cry?
Dut. A Woman, and thy Aunt (great King) 'tis I,
Speake with me, pitty me, open the doore,
A Beggar begs, that neuer begd before.
King. Our scene is alterd from a serious thing,
And now changde to the Beggar and the King.
My dangerous Cosin, let your Mother in,
I know she is come to pray for your foule sinne.
Yorke. If thou do pardon whosoeuer pray,
More sinnes for this forgiuenes, prosper may:
This festred ioynt cut off, the rest rest sound,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.
Dut. Oh King, beleeue not this hard hearted man
Loue louing not it selfe, none other can.
Yorke. Thou frantike woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traytor reare?
Dut. Sweete Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.
King H. Rise vp good Aunt.
Dut. Not yet I thee beseech,
For euer will I walke vpon my knees,
And neuer see day that the happy sees,
Till thou giue ioy; vntill thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
Aum. Vnto my mothers prayers I bend my knee.

Yorkes

Yorke. Againſt them both my true ioynts bended be,
Ill mayſt thou thriue if thou graunt any grace.
Dutc. Pleades he in earneſt? looke vpon his face:
His eyes do drop no teares, his prayers are in ieſt,
His wordes do come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart and ſoule, and all beſide:
His weary ioynts vvould gladly riſe I knovv,
Our knees ſtill kneele till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of falſe hypocriſie,
Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.
King. Good Aunt ſtand vp.
Dutc. Nay, do not ſay, ſtand vp;
Say pardon firſt, and afterwards ſtand vp,
And if I were thy nurſe thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeach:
I neuer longd to heare a word till now,
Say pardon King, let pittie teach thee how:
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweete;
No word like Pardon for Kings mouthes ſo meete.
Yorke. Speake it in French, King ſay, *Pardonne moy.*
Dutch. Doſt thou teach pardon? pardon to deſtroy:
Ah my ſowre Husband, my hard hearted Lord!
That ſets the word it ſelfe againſt the word;
Speake pardon as tis currant in our land,
The chopping French we do not vnderſtand:
Thine eye begins to ſpeake, ſet thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers doe pierce,
Pittie may mooue thee pardon to rehearſe.
King H. Good Aunt ſtand vp.
Dutch. I doe not ſue to ſtand;
Pardon is all the ſute I haue in hand.
King. I pardon him, as God ſhall pardon me.
Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee.

Yet

Line 5 His wordes come — 14 Yorke Goodae.

Yet am I ſicke for feare, ſpeake it againe;
Twice ſaying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one Pardon ſtrong.
King. I pardon him with all my heart.
Dutc. A God on earth thou art.
King But for our truſty brother in law and the Abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtrait ſhall dog them at the heeles,
Good vncle, helpe to order ſeuerall powers
To Oxford, or where ere theſe traitours are,
They ſhall not liue within this world I ſweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.
Vncle farewell, and cooſin adue,
Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true.
Dutc. Come my olde ſonne, I pray God make thee new.
Exeunt. Manet Sir Pierce Exton &c.
Exton. Didſt thou not marke the K. what works he ſpake?
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
Was it not ſo?
Man. Theſe were his very wordes.
Exton. Haue I no friend quoth he? he ſpake it twice,
And vrgde it twice together, did he not?
Man. He did.
Exton. and ſpeaking it, he wiſtly lookt on me,
As who ſhould ſay, I would thou wert the man,
That would diuorce this terrour from my heart,
Meaning the King at *Pomfret.* Come, lets go,
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his foe. *Exeunt.*
Enter Richard alone.
Rich. I haue been ſtudying how to compare
This Priſon where I liue, vnto the world:
And for becauſe the world is populous,
And heere is not a creature but my ſelfe,
I can not do it: yet Ile hammer it out:
My braine Ile prooue the famale to my ſoule;
My ſoule the father, and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtil-breeding thoughts:

K And

Line 17 words — 24 wishtly — 30 how I may compare —

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And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world:
For no thought is contented: the better sort,
As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the word it selfe
Against thy word, as thus: Come little ones, and then againe
It is as hard to come as for a Cammell
To threed the small posterne of a small needles eye:
Thoughts tending to ambition they doe plot
Vnlikely wonders: how these vaine weake nayles
May teare a passage thorow the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles:
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselues,
That they are not the first of Fortunes slaues,
Nor shall not be the last, like seely beggars;
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuge their shame,
That many haue, and others must sit there.
And in this thought they finde a kind of ease,
Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe
Of such as haue before indurde the like.
Thus play I in one Prison many people,
And none contented; sometimes am I a King,
Then treasons make me wish my selfe a Begger,
And so I am: then crushing Penurie
Perswades me I was better when a King;
Then am I a King againe, and by and by,
Thinke that I am vnkingde by *Bullingbrooke*,
And straite am nothing. But what ere I be,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleasde, till he be easde
With being nothing. Musicke do I heare; *Musicke playes.*
Ha, ha, keepe time; how sowre sweete Musicke is
When Time is broke, and no proportion kept;
So is it in the musicke of mens liues:
And heere haue I the daintinesse of eare
To checke Time broke in disordered string:

But

Line 6 Against the word. 8 To threed the posterne. 22 one person. 23 am I king. 27 Then am I kingde. Alt. in a disordered.

But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke:
I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me:
For now hath Time made his numbring clocke;
My thoughts are minuts, and with sighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eyes the outward watch
Whereto my Finger like a Dials poynt,
Is poynting still, in cleansing them from teares.
Now sir, the sound that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, which strike vpon my heart,
Which is the Bell: so sighes, and Teares, and Groanes,
Shew Minutes, Times, and Houres: but my Time
Runnes posting on in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,
While I stand fooling heere his iacke of the Clocke:
This Musicke maddes me, let it sound no more,
For though it haue holpe madd men to their wits,
In me it seemes it will make wise men madd.
Yet blessing on his heart that giues it me,
For t'is a signe of loue: aud loue to *Richard*,
Is a strange Brooch in this al-hating world.

Enter a Groome of the Stable.

Groome. Haile royall Prince.
Rich. Thankes noble Peare:
The cheapest of vs is ten groats too deare.
What art thou? and how commest thou hither,
Where no man neuer comes but that sad Dogge,
That bringes me food to make misfortune liue?
Groome. I was a poore Groome of thy stable, King,
When thou wert King: who trauelling towards Yorke,
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue,
To looke vpon my sometimes royall maisters face:
Oh how it ernd my heart, when I beheld
In London streetes that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbarie,
That Horse, that thou so often hast bestride,
That Horse, that I so carefully haue drest.
Rich. Rode he on Barbarie, tell me gentle friend,

K 2

How

Line 4 made me his.

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How went he vnder him?

Groome. So proudly, as if he disdaind the ground.

Rich. So proud that Bullingbrooke was on his backe:
That Iade hath eate bread from my royall hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
Would he not stumble? would he not fall downe?
Since pride must haue a fall, and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiuenes Horse, why do I rayle on thee?
Since thou created to be awde by man,
Wast borne to beare, I was not made a Horse,
And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spurrde, galde, and tyrde by iauncing Bullingbrooke.

Keeper. Fellow giue place, heere is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.

Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

Exit Groome. Enter one to Richard with meat.

Keeper. My Lord, wilt please you to fall to?

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keeper. My Lord I dare not, sir Pierce of Exton,
Who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

Rich. The diuell take Henry of Lancaster and thee:
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Keeper. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

The murderers rush in.

Rich. How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine, thy owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument,
Goe thou and fill another roome in Hell.

Heere Exton strikes him downe.

Rich. That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person: Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the Kings blood staind the Kings owne land:
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on hie,
Whilst my grosse flesh sinkes downeward heere to die.

Exton. As full of valoure, as of royall blood:
Both haue I spilld; Oh would the deed were good:
For now the Diuell that told me I did well,

Saye

Sayes that this deed is chronicled in Hell:
This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare,
Take hence the rest, & giue them buriall heere. *Exit.*

Enter Bullingbrooke with the Duke of York.

King. Kind vnckle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is, that the Rebels haue consumed with fire
Our towne of Ciceter in Glocestershire:
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not:
Welcome my Lord, what is the newes?

Enter Northumberland.

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happinesse;
The next newes is, I haue to London sent
The heades of Oxford, Salisburie, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discoursed in this Paper heere.

King. We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paynes,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Lord Fitzwaters.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,
The heads of Broccas, and sir Benet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted Traytors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire ouerthrow.

King. Thy paines Fitz: shall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit well I wot.

Enter Henrie Percie.

Per. The graund conspirator Abbot of Westminster,
With clogge of conscience and sowre melancholie,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the Graue;
But heere is *Carlell* liuing, to abide
Thy kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

King. *Carlell*, this is your doome,
Choose out some secret place, some reuerend roome
More then thou hast, and with it ioy thy life,
So as thou liu'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemie thou hast euer been,
High sparkes of honour in thee haue I seene.

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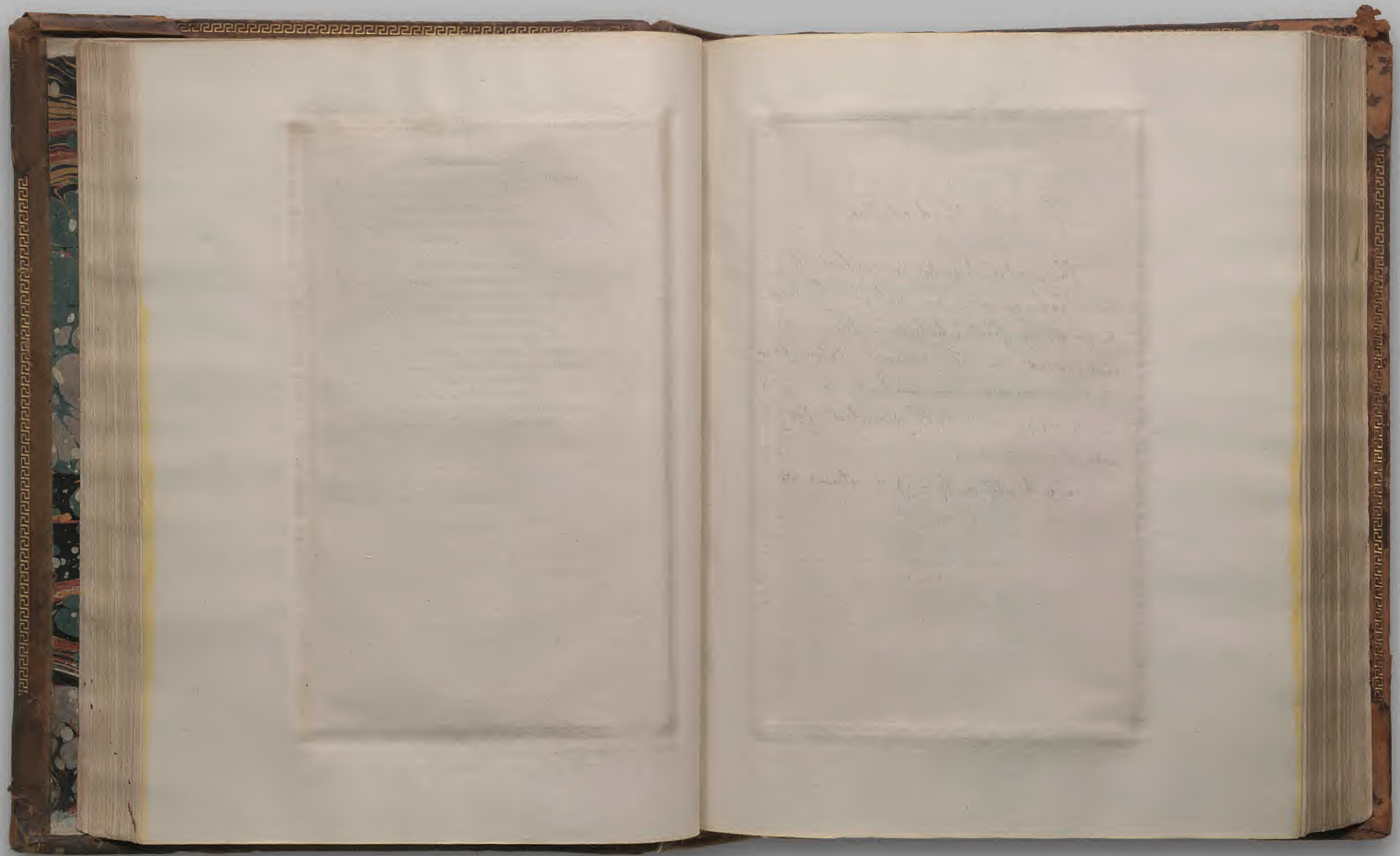
Enter Exton with the Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I preſent
Thy buried feare: herein all breathleſſe lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of *Burdeaux*, by mee hither brought.
King. *Exton*, I thanke thee not, for thou haſt wrought
A deede of ſlaughter with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous land.
Exton. From your owne mouth (my Lo.) did I this deed.
King. They loue not poyſon, that do poyſon need,
Nor doe I thee, though I did wiſh him dead;
I hate the murtherer, loue him murthered:
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely fauour:
With *Cane* goe wander through the ſhade of night,
And neuer ſhew thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I proteſt my ſoule is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinckle me to make me grow:
Come mourne with me, for what I doe lament,
And put on ſullen blacke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the Holy land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand.
March ſadly after, grace my mournings heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

FINIS.

Line 6 of flaunder — 15 through shades of.



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This is the third edition.

The words "Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare" are not in the title-page of the first edition. They were introduced in the second edition printed in 1599. The editions of 1598 and 1599 were both printed for Andrew Wise.

See the edition of 1599 in volume VII.

Wanting sig. C1
Jan. 1916

THE HISTORY OF Henrie the fourth,

With the battell at Shrewsburie, *betweene the King, and* Lord Henry Percy, *surnamed* Henry Hotspur *of the North.*

With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstalffe.

Newly corrected by *W. Shake-speare.*

LONDON
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1604.

THE HISTORIE OF Henry the fourth.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle *of Weſtmerland, with others.*

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breath ſhort winded accents of new broils
To be commenc't in ſtronds a far remote:
No more the thirſtie entrance of this ſoile
Shall dawbe her lips with her owne childrens (bloud.
No more ſhall trenching war channell her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flourets with the armd hoofes
Of hoſtile paces: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubld heauen,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke
And furious cloſe of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall welbeſeeming rancks
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of war, like an ill ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter: therefore friends,
As far as to the ſepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe ſouldiour now, vnder whoſe bleſſed croſſe
We are impreſſed and ingag'd to fight,
Forth with a power of Engliſh ſhall we leuy,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,
To chaſe theſe Pagans in thoſe holy fields,
Ouer whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feete,

Which 1400. yeeres ago were naild,
For our aduantage, on the bitter croſſe.
But this our purpoſe now is twelue month old,
And bootleſſe t'is to tell you we will goe.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cooſen Weſtmerland,
What yeſternight our Counſell did decree
In forwarding this deere expedience.
Weſt. My liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet downe
But yeſternight, when all athwart there came
A poſt from Wales, loaden with heauy newes,
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herdforſhire to fight
Againſt the irregular, and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
A thouſand of his people butchered,
Vpon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly ſhameleſſe transformation
By thoſe Welchwomen done, as may not be
Without much ſhame, retold, or ſpoken of.
King. It ſeemes then that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our buſineſſe for the holy Land.
Weſt. This matcht with other like my gracious L.
For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes
Came from the North, and thus it did import:
On holy roode day, the gallant Hotſpur there,
Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,
That euer valiant and approoued Scot,
At Holmedon met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloudy houre:
As by diſcharge of their artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horſe
Vncertaine of the iſſue any way.
King. Here is deare, a true induſtrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horſe.

Stain'd with the variation of each ſoile,
Betwixt that Holmedon, and this ſeate of ours:
And he hath brought vs ſmooth and welcome newes,
The Earle of Douglas is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold Scots, two and twenty knights
Balkt in their owne blood. Did ſir Walter ſee
On Holmedons plaines, of priſoners Hotſpur tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldeſt ſonne
To beaten Douglas, and the Earle of Athol,
Of Murrey, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable ſpoile?
A gallant prize? Ha cooſen, is it not? In faith it is.
Weſt. A conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.
King. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſinne
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to ſo bleſt a ſonne:
A ſonne, who is the theame of honors tongue,
Amongſt a groue, the very ſtraighteſt plant,
Who is ſweete fortunes minion and her pride,
Whilſt I by looking on the praiſe of him,
See ryot and diſhonour ſtaine the brow
Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd,
That ſome night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes, our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet,
Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you cooſe
Of this yong Percies pride? The priſoners,
Which he in this aduenture hath ſurpriz'd,
To his owne vſe he keepes, and ſends me word,
I ſhall haue none, but Mordake Earle of Fife.
Weſt. This is his vnckles teaching: This is Worceſter,
Maleuolent to you in all aſpects,
Which makes him prune himſelfe, and briſtle vp
The creſt of youth againſt your dignitie.
King. But I haue ſent for him to anſwere this:
And for this cauſe, a while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to Ieruſalem.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22282) LONDON, 1604 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.43[2]) Octavo

Cooſin, on wedneſday next our Counſell we will hold
At Windſor, ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeede to vs againe,
For more is to be ſaide and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

West. I will, my Liege. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince of Wales and Sir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Falſ. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted, with drinking of olde ſacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping vpon benches after noone; that thou haſt forgotten to demaund that truely which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? vnleſſe houres were cups of ſacke, and minutes capons, and clockes the tongues of Baudes, and Dialles the ſignes of leaping houſes, and the bleſſed ſunne himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coulered taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhoudeſt be ſuperfluous to demaunde the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeede you come neere mee now *Hal*, for we that take purſes, go by the moone & the ſeuen ſtarres, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring knight ſo faire: and I prethee ſweet wag, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy grace: maieſtie I ſhould ſay, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to bee prologue to an egge and butter.

Prince Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Mary then, ſweete wag, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the nightes body, bee called theeues of the daies beautie: let vs bee *Dianaes* foreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone, and let men ſay, we bee men of good gouernment, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtreſſe the moone, vnder whoſe countenance wee ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſaieſt well, and it holdes well too, for the fortune of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the ſea, being gouerned as the ſea is by the moone, as for proofe. Now a purſe

a purſe of golde moſt reſolutely ſnacht on Munday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday morning, got with ſwearing, lay by, and ſpent with crying, bring in: now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the ladder, and by & by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallowes.

Falſ. By the Lord thou ſaieſt true lad, and is not my hoſteſſe of the tauerne a moſt ſweete wench?

Prin. As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the caſtle, and is not a buffe ierkin a moſt ſweete robe of durance?

Falſ. How now, how now mad wagge, what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague haue I to doe with a buffe ierkin?

Prince. Why what a poxe haue I to do with my hoſteſſe of the tauerne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cald her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Falſ. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

Prin. Yea and elſe where, ſo far as my coine would ſtretch, and where it would not, I haue vſed my credit

Falſ. Yea, and ſo vſed it, that were it not heere apparant that thou art heire apparant. But I prethee ſweet wag, ſhall there bee gallowes ſtanding in England when thou art King? and reſolution thus fubd as it is with the ruſtie curbe of old father Antickе the law: do not thou when thou art King hang a theefe.

Prince. No, thou ſhalt,

Falſ. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord Ile be a braue iudge.

Prince. Thou iudgeſt falſe already. I meane thou ſhalt haue the hanging of the theeues, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Falſ. Well *Hal*, well, and in ſome ſort it iumpes with my humor, as well as waiting in the Court I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of ſutes?

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſutes, whereof the hangman hath no leane wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb Cat, or a lugd Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lion, or a louers Lute.

Falſ. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnſhire bagpipe.

Prince. What ſaieſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of Moore-ditch?

Moore-ditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauory ſmiles, and art indeede the moſt comparatiue raſcallieſt ſweet yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanitie, I would to God thou and I knew where a commoditie of good names were to bee bought: an old Lord of the councell rated me the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir, but I markt him not, and yet hee talkt very wiſely, but I regarded him not, and yet hee talkt wiſely and in the ſtreet too.

Prince. Thou didſt well, for wiſedom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a ſaint: thou haſt done much harme vnto me, *Hal*, God forgiue thee for it: before I knew thee *Hal*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truely, little better then one of the wicked: I muſt giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: by by the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: ile be damnd for neuer a kings ſonne in Chriſtendom.

Prin. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow Iacke?

Falſ. Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one, and I do not, call me villaine and baffell me.

Prin. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from praying, to purſe taking.

Falſ. Why, *Hal*, t'is my vocation *Hal*, t'is no ſinne for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poines.*

Poines, now ſhall wee know, if Gads hill haue ſet a match. O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? this is the moſt omnipotent villaine that euer cryed, ſtand, to a true man.

Prince Good morrow *Ned*.

Poines. Good morrow ſweete *Hal*. What ſayes Monſieur remorſe? what ſayes ſir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Iacke? how agrees the diuell and thee about thy ſoule, that thou ſoldeſt him on good Friday laſt, for a cuppe of Medera and a colde Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn ſtandes to his worde, the diuell ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of prouerbes: hee will giue the diuell his due.

Poines.

Poynes. Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prince. Elſe he had bin damnd for coſening the diuell.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are pilgrims going to Canturbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purſes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horſes for your ſelues. Gads-hill lies to night in Rochester, I haue beſpoke ſupper to morrow night in Eaſtcheape: we may do it as ſecure as ſleep: if you wil go, I will ſtuffe your purſes full of crownes: if you wil not, tarie at home and be hangd.

Falſ. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarrie at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Po. You will chops.

Falſ. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

Falſ. Ther's neither honeſtie, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cameſt not of the bloud royall, if thou dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my daies I'le be a madcap.

Falſ. Why that's well ſaid.

Prin. Well, come what will, I'le tarrie at home.

Falſ. By the Lord I'le be a traitour then, when thou art King.

Prince. I care not.

Po. Sir Iohn, I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone, I wil lay him downe ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he ſhall go.

Falſ. Well, God giue thee the ſpirit of perſwaſion, and him the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt, may moue, and what he hears, may be beleeued, that the true prince may (for recreation ſake) proue a falſe theefe, for the poore abuſes of the time want countenance: farewell, you ſhall finde me in Eaſtcheape.

Prin. Farewell the latter ſpring, farewell Alhollowne ſummer.

Poy. Now my good ſweete hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow, I haue a ieaſt to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. Falſtalffe, Harney, Roſsill, and Gadshill ſhall rob thoſe men that we haue already way-laid, your ſelfe & I will not be there: and when they haue the bootie, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

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Prin. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Po. Why,we will set forth before or after them,andappoint them a place of meeting,wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themselues,which they shall haue no sooner atchieued,but weele set vpon them.

Prin. Yea,but t'is like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

Po. Tut,our horses they shall not see, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change after we leaue them:and sirra,I haue cases of buckrom for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea,but I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Po. Well,for two of them,I know them to be as true bred cowards as euer turnd backe: and for the third,if he fight longer then he sees reason,Ile forswear armes. The vertue of this ieast will be the incomprehensible lies, that this same fat rogue will tell vs when wee meete at supper, how thirtie at least he fought with, what wards,what blowes,what extremities he indured,and in the reproofe of this lyes the ieast.

Prince Well,Ile go with thee, prouide vs all things necessarie, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile suppe: farewell.

Po. Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poines.*

Prin. I know you all,and will a while vphold
The vnyokt humour of your idlenes,
Yet herein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother vp his beautie from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted he may be more wondred at
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists
Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him.
If all the yeere were playing holy-daies,
To sport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they seldome come, they wisht for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:
So when this loose behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promised,

By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
And like bright mettall on a sullen ground,
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall shew more goodly,and attract more eyes
Then that which hath no foile to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time when men thinke least I will. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur. Sir Walter Blunt,with others.

King My bloud hath bene too colde and temperate,
Vnapt to stir at these indignities,
And you haue found me, for accordingly
You tread vpon my patience, but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be my selfe
Mightie,and to be feard, then my condition,
Which hath bene smooth as oyle,soft as yong downe,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soule ne're payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our house(my soueraigne Liege) little deserues
The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,
And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make so portly. *North.*My Lord.

King. Worcester,get thee gone,for I do see
Danger,and disobedience in thine eie:
O sir,your presence is too bold and peremptorie,
And Maiestie might neuer yet endure
The moodie frontier of a seruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs:when we neede
Your vse and councell,we shall send for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to speake.

North. Yea,my good Lord.
Those prisoners in your highnes name demanded,
Which Harry Percy heere at Holmedon tooke,
Were,as he saies,not with such strength denied
As is deliuered to your Maiestie.
Either enuie therefore,or misprision,
Is guiltie of this fault, and not my sonne.

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Hotſp. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage, and extreame toyle,
Breathleſſe and faint, leaning vpon my ſword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neate and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a bridegroome, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harueſt home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his noſe, and took't away againe:
Who therewith angry, when it next came there
Tooke it in ſnuffe, and ſtill he ſmilde and talkt:
And as the ſouldiours bore dead bodies by,
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmannerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhandſome coarſe
Betwixt the wind and his nobilitie.
With many holy-day and ladie tearmes
He queſtioned me: among the reſt demanded
My priſoners in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then, all ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtred with a Popingay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not, for he made me mad
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweete,
And talke ſo like a waiting gent'ewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God ſaue the marke:
And telling me the ſoueraignſt thing on earth,
Was Parmacitie, for an inward bruiſe,
And that it was great pitie, ſo it was,
This villanous ſaltpeeter ſhould be digd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroyed
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelfe haue bene a ſouldiour.
This balde vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectly (as I ſaid)

And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation,
Betwixt my loue and your high Maieſtie.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my Lord,
What e're *Harry Percie* then had ſaid
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die, and neuer riſe
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he vnſay it now.
King Why yet he doth deny his priſoners,
But with prouiſo and exception,
That we at our owne charge ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His brother in law, the fooliſh Mortimer,
VVho in my ſoule hath wilfully betraid
The liues of thoſe, that he did lead to fight
Againſt the great Magitian, damned Glendower,
Whoſe daughter, as we heare, the Earle of March
Hath lately maried. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeeme a traitour home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with feares,
When they haue loſt and forfeited themſelues?
No, on the barren mountaine let him ſtarue:
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me for one penny coſt,
To ranſome home reuolted Mortimer.
Hot. Reuolted Mortimer?
He neuer did fall off, my ſoueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of warre: to proue that true,
Needes no more but one tongue: for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke,
VVhen on the gentle Seuerns ſiedgie banke,
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an houre,
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breathd, and three times did they drinke
Vpon agreement of ſwift Seuerns floud,
VVho then affrighted with their bloudie lookes,

Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
Bloud-stained with these valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer
Receiue so many,and all willingly:
Then let not him be slandered with reuolt.
King. Thou dost bely him Percy, thou dost bely him,
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee he durst as well haue met the diuell alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemie.
Art thou not asham'd? but sirra,henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your prisoners,or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the diuell come and rore for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
North. What?drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,
Here comes your Vncle. *Enter Wor.*
Hot. Speake of Mortimer.
Zounds I will speake of him:and let my soule
Want mercie,if I do not ioyne with him:
Yea,on his part Ile emptie all these veines,
And shead my deare bloud,drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the downe-trod Mortimer
As high in the ayre as this vnthankfull King,
As this ingrate and cankred Bullingbrooke.
North. Brother,the King hath made your nephew mad,
Wor. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will forsooth haue all my prisoners,
And when I vrg'd the ransome once againe
Of my wiues brother,then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

And on my face he turn'd an eie of death,
Trembling euen at the name of Mortimer.
Wor. I cannot blame him,was not he proclaimd
By Richard that dead is, the next of bloud?
North. He was,I heard the proclamation:
And then it was,when the vnhappy King,
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon)did set forth
Vpon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted,did returne
To be depos'd,and shortly murdered.
Wor. And for whose death,we in the worlds wide mouth
Liue scandaliz'd and fouly spoken off.
Hot. But soft I pray you,did King Richard then
Proclaime my brother Mortimer
Heire to the crowne?
North. He did,my selfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay,then I cannot blame his cosen King,
That wisht him on the barren mountaines starue.
But shall it be that you that set the crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake weare the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation?shall it be
That you a world of curses vndergo,
Being the agents,or base second meanes,
The cordes,the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O pardon me,that I descend so low,
To shew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this subtil King,
Shall it for shame be spoken in these daies,
Or fill vp chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobilitie and power
Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe,
(As both of you God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe Richard that sweete louely Rose,
And plant this thorne,this canker Bullingbrooke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded,and shooke off
By him,for whom these shames ye vnderwent?

No,

No, yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reuenge the ieering and diſdaind contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwere all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.

Wor. Peace coſin, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a ſecret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing diſcontents
Ile read you matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous ſpirit,
As to o'rewalke a Current roring lowd,
On the vnſtedfaſt footing of a ſpeare.

Hot. If he fall in, good-night, or ſinke or ſwim,
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the Weſt,
So honor croſſe it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: O the bloud more ſtirs
To rowſe a Lyon, than to ſtart a Hare.

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.
By heauen me thinks it were an eaſie leape,
To plucke bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without corriuall all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowſhip.

Wor. He apprehends a world of ſigures heere,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend,
Good coſin giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy,

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble Scots that are your priſoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all;
By God he ſhall not haue a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would ſaue his ſoule, he ſhall not.

Ile

Ile keepe them by this hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no eare vnto my purpoſes:
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keepe.
Hot. Nay, I will: thats flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſome Mortimer,
Forbad my tongue to ſpeake of Mortimer:
But I will finde him when he lies a ſleepe,
And in his eare Ile hollo Mortimer:
Nay, Ile haue a ſtarling ſhalbe taught to ſpeake
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Heare you coſen a word.
Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,
And that ſame ſword and buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance:
I would haue him poiſoned with a pot of Ale.
Wor. Farewell kinſman, Ile talke to you
When you are better tempered to attend.
Nor. Why what a waſpe-tongue and impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this womans moode,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?
Hot. Why looſe you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with rods,
Netled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I heare
Of this vile polititian Bullingbrooke.
In Richards time, what do you call the place?
A plague vpon it, it is in Gloceſterſhire;
T'was where the mad-cap Duke his vncle kept,
His vncle Yorke, where I firſt bowed my knee
Vnto this King of ſmiles, this Bullingbrooke:
Zblood, when you and he came backe from Rauenſpurgh.
Nor. At Barkly caſtle. *Hot.* You ſay true.
Why what a candie deale of curteſie,
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me,
Looke when this infant fortune came to age,
And gentle Harry Percy, and kinde coſen:

1 Henry IV. 1604
C1 recto
from the Capell copy
TCC

O, the diuell take ſuch cooſeners, God forgiue me,
Good vncle tell your tale, I haue done.
Wor: Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leiſure.
Hot: I haue done yfaith.
Wor: Then once more to your Scottiſh priſoners,
Deliuer them vp, without their ranſome ſtrait,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for divers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſurde
Will eaſely be granted you, my lord.
Your ſonne in *Scotland* being thus employed,
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate welbelu'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot-ſpurre Of *Yorke*, is it not?
Wor: True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Briſtow* the lord *Scroope*:
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And onely ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hotſpurre I ſmell it. Vpon my life it will doe well.
Nor: Before the game is afoot, thou ſtill letſt ſlip.
Hotſpurre Why it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland* and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with Mortimer, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hotſpurre In faith it is exceedingly well aimd.
Wor: And tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeede,
To ſaue our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For, beare our ſelues as euen as we can,
The king will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our ſelues vnſatisfide,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth beginne
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hotſpurre

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Hot. He does, he does, weele be reueng'd on him.

Wor. Cooſin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly:
Ile ſteale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne ſtrong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.

Nor. Farewell good brother, we ſhall thriue, I truſt.

Hot. Vncle adieu: O let the houres be ſhort,
Till fields, and Blowes, and grones applaud our ſport, *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a lanterne in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho. An it be not foure by the day, Ile be hangd, Charles waine is ouer the new chimney, and yet our horſe not packt. What Oſtler.

Oſt. Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prethee Tom, beat cuts ſaddle, put a few flocks in the point, poore iade is wrung in the withers, out of all ceſſe.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peaſe and beanes are as danke here as a dog, and that is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this houſe is turned vpſide downe ſince Robin Oſtler died.

1 *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed ſince the price of oates roſe, it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I thinke this be the moſt villanous houſe in all London roade for fleas, I am ſtung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the maſſe there is nere a king chriſten could be better bit, then I haue bene ſince the firſt cocke.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow vs nere a iordane, and then we leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breedes fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What Oſtler, come away, and be hangd, come away.

2 *Car.* I haue a gammon of Bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be deliuered as far as Charing Croſſe.

2 *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my Panier are quite ſtarued: what Oſtler? a plague on thee, haſt thou neuer an eye in thy head? canſt not heare, and t'were not as good deede as drinke to

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breake the pate on thee, I am a verie villaine, come & be hanged, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gadshill, Good morrow Carriers, what's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy lanterne, to se my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay by God soft, I know a tricke worth two of that I faith.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* I, when, canst tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) marry Ile see the hanged first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Mugs, wee'le call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for th. y haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine. *Exeunt.*

Gad. What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth picke purse.

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: for thou var.est no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction, doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow master Gadshill, it holds currant that I told you yester night, there's a Franckelin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred markes with him in gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for egges and butter, they will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarks, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worshipest Saint Nicholas, as truly as a man of falshood may.

Ga. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old sir Iohn hangs with me, and thou knowest hee is no starueling: tut, there are other

Troians

Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession, some grace, that would (if matters should be look't into) for their owne credit sake make all whole. I am ioyned with no footeland rakers, no long-staffe sixpennie strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple hewd maltworms, but with nobilitie, and tranquillity, Burgomasters & great Oneyers, such as can hold in such as will strike sooner then speake, and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray, and yet (Zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their saint the Common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their bootes.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their bootes? will she hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will, iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a castle cocksure: we haue the receite of Fernseede, wee walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Fernseed, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to all men: bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable, farewell, ye muddy knaue.

Enter Prince, Poines, and Peto, &c.

Poin. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remooued Falstalffs horse, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

Prin. Stand close. *Enter Falstalffe.*

Fals. Poynes. Poynes, and be hangd Poynes.

Prince. Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascall, what a brawling doest thou keepe?

Fals. What Poynes, Hal?

Prin. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seeke him.

Fals. I am accurst to rob in that theeues companie, the rascall hath remooued my horse, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauell but foure foote by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forsworne his company hourely any time this xxij. yeere, and yet I am be-

 witcht

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witcht with the rogues company. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd. It could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hal, a plague vpon you both. Bardoll, Peto, Ile starue e're Ile rob a foote further, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true man, and to leaue these rogues; I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground is threescore and ten miles afoote with me: and the stonie hearted villaines knowe it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot bee true one to another.

They whistle.

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my horse, you rogues, giue me my horse and be hangd.

Prince Peace ye fat guts, lie down, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Falst. Haue you any leavers to lift me vp againe being downe? zbloud ile not beare mine owne flesh so farre afoote againe, for all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer: what a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prince Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Falst. I prethee good prince *Hal*, helpe me to my horse, good kings sonne.

Prince Out you rogue, shal I be your Ostler

Falst. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sacke be my poison: when jeast is so forward, and afoote too, I hate it,

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand. *Falst.* So I do against my will.

Poines O tis our setter, I know his voyce: *Bardol* what newes?

Bar: Case yee, case yee, on with your vizardes, theres money of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the kings exchequer.

Falst. You lie you rogue, tis going to the kings Tauerne.

Gad: Theres enough to make vs all.

Falst: To be hanged.

Prince You foure shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poines and I will walke lower: if they scape from your encounter,

ter, then they light on vs.

Peto: But how many be they of them?

Gad: Some eight, or ten.

Falst: Zounds, will they not rob vs?

Prince What a coward sir *Iohn* Pawnch?

Falst: Indeede I am not *Iohn* of *Gaunt* your grandfather, but yet no coward, *Hal.*

Prince Well, weele leaue that to the proofe.

Poines Sirra *Iacke*, thy horse standes behinde the hedge, when thou needst him, there thou shalt find him: farewell, & stand fast.

Falst. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hangd.

Prince Ned, where are our disguises?

Poines Here hard by, stand close.

Falst: Now my maisters, happy man be his dole, say I, euery man to his businesse. *Enter the Trauelers*

Trauel: Come neighbor, the boy shall leade our horses down the hill, weele walke afoote a while, and ease our legges.

Theeues Stand. *Trauel.* Iesus blesse vs.

Falst. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horeson caterpillers! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

Trauel: O, we are vndone, both we and ours, for euer.

Falst: Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no ye fatte chuffes, I would your store were here: on bacons, on, what yee knaues? young men must liue, you are grand jurers, are yee? weele jure yee yfaith. *Exeunt*

Here they rob them, and binde them: Enter the Prince and Poines.

Prince The theeues haue bound the true men: now coulde thou and *I* rob the theeues, and go merrily to London, it woulde be argument for a weeke, laughter for a moneth, and a good jest for euer.

Poines Stand close, *I* heare them comming.

Enter the theeues againe.

Falst: Come my masters, let vs share, and then to horse before day: and the Prince and Poines be not twoo arrand cowardes, theres no equitie stirring, theres no more valour in that Poines; than in a wilde ducke.

Prince

Prin. Your money.
Poin. Villaines.
As they are ſharing, the Prince and Poines ſet vpon them, they all runne away, and Falſtaffe after a blow or two runs away too, leauing the bootie behinde them.

Prin. Got with much eaſe. Now merily to horſe: the theeues are ſcattered, and poſſeſt with feare ſo ſtrongly, that they dare not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, away good Ned, Falſtalffe ſweares to death, and lards the leane earth as hee walkes along: wer't not for laughing I ſhould pitie him.

Poines How the rogue roar'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur ſolus, reading a letter.

But for mine owne part my Lord, I could be well contented to bee there, in reſpect of the loue I beare your houſe.

He could be contented, why is he not then? in the reſpect of the loue he beares our houſe: he ſhewes in this, he loues his owne barne better then he loues our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous.

Why that's certaine, t'is dangerous to take a cold, to ſleepe, to drinke, but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we plucke this flower ſafetie.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named vncertaine, the time it ſelfe vnſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoyſe of ſo great an oppoſition.

Say you ſo: ſay you ſo. I ſay vnto you againe, you are a ſhallow cowardly hinde, and you lye: what a lacke-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends true and conſtant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends; what a froſtie ſpirited rogue is this? why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall courſe of the Action. Zoundes and I were now by this raſcall, I could braine him with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my father, my vncle, and my ſelfe, Lorde Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower? is there not beſides the Dowglas? haue I not al their letters to meete me in armes by the ninth of the next month, and are they not ſome of them ſet forward already? what a pagan raſcall is this, and infidel? Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſincerity of feare and cold heart, will hee to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide

my ſelfe, & go to buffets, for mouing ſuch a diſh of skim milke with ſo honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the king, we are prepared. I will ſet forward to night. *Enter his Lady.*
How now Kate, I muſt leaue you within theſe two houres?

Lady O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A baniſht woman from my Harries bed?
Tell me, ſweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomake, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleepe?
Why doſt thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſitſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh bloud in thy cheekes?
And giuen my treaſures and my rights of thee
To thicke eyde muſing, and curſt melancholy?
In thy faint ſlumbers, I by thee haue watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of yron warres,
Speake tearmes of mannage to thy bounding ſteede,
Cry courage to the field. And thou haſt talkt
Of ſallies, and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of baſilisks, of canon, culuerin,
Of priſoners ranſome, and of ſouldiers ſlaine,
And all the currents of a heddy fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath beene ſo at warre,
And thus hath ſo beſtird thee in thy ſleepe,
That beds of ſweat haue ſtood vpon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late diſturbed ſtreame,
And in thy face ſtrange motions haue appeard,
Such as we ſee when men reſtraine their breath,
On ſome great ſodaine haſte. O what portents are theſe?
Some heauy buſineſſe hath my Lord in hand,
And I muſt know it, elſe he loues me not.

Hot. What ho, is Gilliams with the packet gone?
Ser. He is, my Lord, an houre agoe.
Hot. Hath Butler brought thoſe horſes from the ſheriffe?
Ser. One horſe, my Lord, he brought euen now.
Hot. What horſe? a roane? a crop-eare, is it not?
Ser. It is, my Lord.

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Hot. That Roane ſhall be my throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. O Eſperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What ſaieſt thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe (my loue) my horſe.

La. Out you madhedded ape, a weazell hath not ſuch a deale of ſpleene, as you are toſt with. In faith Ile knowe your buſines Harry, that I will: I feare, my brother Mortimer doth ſtir about his title, and hath ſent for you to line his enterpriſe, but if you go.

Hot. So far a foote, I ſhall be wearie, loue.

La. Come, come you Paraquito, anſwer me directly, vnto this queſtion that I ſhall aske: in faith Ile breake thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler, loue, I loue thee not,
I care not for thee Kate, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We muſt haue bloudie noſes, and crackt crownes,
And paſſe them currant too: gods me, my horſe:
What ſaiſt thou Kate? what wouldſt thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?
Well, do not then? for ſince you loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe. Do you not loue me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeake in ieaſt, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſebacke, I will ſweare,
I loue thee infinitely. But harke you Kate,
I muſt not haue you henceforth, queſtion me,
Whither I go: nor reaſon, where about:
Whither I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This euening muſt I leaue you gentle Kate:
I know you wiſe, but yet no farther wiſe,
Then Harry Percies wife: conſtant you are,
But yet a woman, and for ſecrecy,
No Lady cloſer, for I well beleeue,
Thou wilt not vtter, what thou doſt not know:
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle Kate.

La. How, ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you goe too:
To day will I ſet forth, to morrow you:
Will this content you *Kate?*

Lady It muſt of force. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prince Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poines Where haſt bin *Hal?*

Prince With three or foure logger-heads, amongeſt three or foure ſcore hogſ-heads. I haue ſounded the very baſe ſtring of humilitie. Sirra, I am ſworne brother to a leaſh of drawers, and can call them all by their chriſten names, as Tom, Dicke, and Francis: they take it already vpon their ſaluation, that though I be but prince of *Wales*, yet I am the king of curteſie, and tell me flattely I am no prowde *Iacke*, like *Falſtaffe*, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettall, a good boy (by the Lord ſo they call mee) and when I am King of *England*, I ſhall commaund all the good lads in *Eaſtcheape*. They call drinking deepe, dying ſcarlet, and when you breathe in your watering, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that *I* can drincke with any Tinkar in his owne language, during my life. I tell thee Ned, thou haſt loſt much honour that thou wert not with me in this action; but ſweet Ned: to ſweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this penniworth of ſugar, clapt euen now into my hand, by an vnder-skinker, one that neuer ſpake other Engliſh in his life, than eight ſhillings and ſixe pence, and you are welcome, with this ſhril addition, anon, anon ſir; skore a pinte of baſtard in the halfe moone, or ſo. But Ned, to driue away the time till *Falſtaffe* come: *I* prethee, doe thou ſtand in ſome by-roome, while *I* queſtion my puny drawer, to what end he gaue me the ſugar, and doe thou neuer leaue calling *Frances*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, anone: ſteppe aſide, and ile ſhew thee a preſent.

Poines Frances.

Prince Thou art perfect.

Prince Frances. *Enter Drawer.* (*Ralfe.*

Frances. Anone anone ſir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet,

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Prince Come hither, Frances. *Frances* My lord.
Prince How long haſt thou to ſerue, Frances?
Frances Forſooth fiue yeeres, and as much as to
Poines Frances.
Frances Anone, anone ſir.
Prince Fiue yeeres, berlady a long leaſe for the clincking of pewter; But Frances, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it,
Frances O lord ſir, ile be ſworne vpon all the books in *England*. I could finde in my heart
Poines Frances. *Frances* Anone ſir.
Prince How olde arte thou, *Frances*?
Frances Let me ſee, about Michaelmas next I ſhal be
Poines Frances.
Frances Anone ſir, pray you ſtay a little my lord.
Prince Nay but hearke you *Frances*, for the ſugar thou gaueſt me, t'was a penyworth, waſt not?
Frances O lord, I would it had bin two.
Prince I will giue thee for it, a thouſand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.
Poines Frances *Frances* Anone, anone.
Prince Anone *Frances*? No *Frances*, but to morrow *Frances*: or *Frances*, on thurſeday: or indeede *Frances*, when thou wilt: But *Frances*.
Frances My lord.
Prince Wilt thou robbe this leatherne jerkin, criſtall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke ſtocking, caddice garter, ſmoothe tongue, Spaniſh powch?
Frances O lord ſir, who doe you meane?
Prince Why then your browne baſtard is your onely drinke: for looke you *Frances*, your white canuaſſe doublet will ſullie. In Barbary ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.
Frances What ſir? *Poines Frances.*
Prince Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call?
¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to goe. *Enter Vintner.*
Vint. What, ſtandſt thou ſtill, and hearſt ſuch a calling? looke to

to the gheſts within. My Lord, old ſir Iohn with halfe a douzen more, are at the doore, ſhall I let them in?
Prin. Let them alone a while, and then open the doore: *Poines.*
Poines. Anon, Anon ſir. *Enter Poines.*
Prince. Sirra, Falſtaffe and the reſt of the theeues are at the doore, ſhall we be merry?
Poi. As merry as Crickets, my lad, but harke ye, what cunning match haue you made with this ieſt of the Drawer? come, what's the iſſue?
Prince. I am now of all humors, that haue ſhewed themſelues humors, ſince the olde dayes of goodman Adam, to the pupill age of this preſent twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke Frances?
Fran. Anon, anon ſir.
Prin. That euer this fellow ſhould haue fewer wordes then a Parrat, and yet the ſonne of a woman. His induſtrie is vp ſtaires and downe ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percies minde, the Hotſpur of the North, he that kils me ſome ſixe or ſeauen douzen of Scots at a breakefaſt, waſhes his handes, and ſayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my ſweet Harry, ſaies ſhe! how many haſt thou kild to day? Giue my Roane horſe a drench (ſayes hee) and anſwers, ſome fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falſtaffe, ile play Percy, and that damnde Brawne ſhall play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Rino*, ſaies the drunkard: call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Poines. Welcome Iacke, where haſt thou beene?
Falſt. A plague of all cowards I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of ſacke boy? Ere I leade this life long, ile ſowe neather ſtockes, and mend them, and foote them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of ſacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant? *he drinketh.*
Prince. Didſt thou neuer ſee Titan kiſſe a diſh of butter, pitifull harted Titan that melted at the ſweete tale of the ſunne? if thou didſt, then behold that compounded.

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Falſ. You rogue, heeres lime in this ſacke too, there is nothing but rogery to be found in villanous man, yet a coward is worſe then a cup of ſacke with lime in it. A villanous coward, Go thy waies old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring: there liues not three good men vnhangd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I ſay, I would I were a weauer, I could ſing Pſalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I ſay ſtill.

Prin. How now, Wolſacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A kings ſonne? if I do not beate thee out of thy kingdome with a dagger of lath, and driue all thy ſubiects afore thee like a flocke of wilde geeſe, ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of Wales.

Prin. Why you horeſon round-man, what's the matter?

Falſt. Are you not a coward? anſwere me to that, and Poines there.

Poin. Zoundes yee fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord, ile ſtab thee.

Falſt. I call thee coward? ile ſee thee damnde, ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thouſand pound, I could runne as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon ſuch backing: giue mee them that will face me: giue me a cup of ſacke, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Pri. O villaine, thy lips are ſcarſe wip't ſince thou drunkſt laſt.

Falſ: All's one for that. *He drinketh.*

A plague of all cowards ſtill ſay I.

Prince What's the matter?

Falſ: Whats the matter? here be foure of vs haue tane a thouſand pound this morning.

Prince Where is it? *Iacke*, where is it?

Falſ. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prince VVhat, a hundred, man?

Falſ: I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe ſword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue ſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, foure through the hoſe, my

my buckler cut through and through, my ſworde hack't like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum.* I neuer dealt better ſince I was a man, all would not doe. A plague of all cowards, let them ſpeake; if they ſpeake more or leſſe then trueth, they are villaines, and the ſonnes of darkeneſſe.

Gad. Speake, ſirs, how was it?

Roſ. We foure ſet vpon ſome douzen.

Falſt. Sixteene, at leaſt, my Lord.

Roſ. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew elſe, and Ebrew Iew.

Roſ. As we were ſharing, ſome 6. or 7. freſh men ſet vpon vs.

Falſt. And vnbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought ye with them all?

Falſt. All? I knowe not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore old Iacke, then am I no two leg'd creature.

Prin. Pray God, you haue not murthered ſome of them.

Falſt. Nay, that's paſt praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them. Two I am ſure I haue payed, two rogues in buckrom ſutes: I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, ſpitte in my face; call mee horſe: thou knoweſt my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure rogues in buckrom let drive at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou ſayd'ſt but two, euen now.

Fal. Foure, Hal, I told thee foure.

Po. I, I, he ſaid, foure.

Fal. Theſe foure came all afront, and mainely thruſt at mee; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their ſeuen points in my target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Fal. In Buckrom.

Poines. I, foure, in buckrom ſuites.

Fal. Seuen, by theſe hiltes, or I am a villaine elſe.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we ſhall haue more anon.

Fal. Doeſt thou heare me, Hal?

Prin. I, and marke thee too, Iacke.

Falſt.

Falſt. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſt. Their points being broken,

Poines. Downe fell his hoſe.

Falſt. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me cloſe, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

Falſt. But as the diuell would haue it, three miſ-begotten knaues, in kendall greene, came at my backe, and let driue at me, for it was ſo darke, Hal, that thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſſe as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horeſon obſcene greaſie tallow-catch.

Falſt. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the trueth the trueth?

Prin. Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in Kendall greene, when it was ſo darke thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon, What ſayeſt thou to this?

Poines. Come, your reaſon, Iacke, your reaſon.

Falſt. What, vpon compulſion? Zoundes, and I were at the ſtrappado, or all the rackes in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plenty as blacke-berries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prince. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-backe-breaker, this huge hil of fleſh.

Fal. Zbloud you ſtarueling, you elfskin, you dried neats-tongue, buls-pizzel, you ſtockefiſh: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you tailers yard, you ſheath, you bowcaſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Wel, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe compariſons, heare me ſpeake but this.

Poynes. Marke, Iacke.

Prin. We two, ſaw you foure, ſet on foure, and bound them, and were maſters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhall put you downe: then did wee two ſet on you foure, and with a word,

word, outfac't you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can ſhew it you here in the houſe: and Falſtalffe, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, & roard for mercy, and ſtill run and roare, as euer I heard bul-calfe. What a ſlaue art thou to hacke thy ſword as thou haſt done? and then ſay it was in fight. What tricke? what deuice? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame?

Poin. Come, lets heare, Iacke, what tricke haſt thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare you, my maſters, was it for me, to kill the heire apparant? ſhould I turne vpon the true Prince? why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as Hercules: but, beware inſtinct, the Lyon will not touch the true Prince, inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lyon, and thou, for a true Prince: but, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hoſteſſe, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow, gallants, lads, boyes, heartes of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhippe come to you. What, ſhall we be merrie, ſhall we haue a play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Fal. A, no more of that Hal, & thou loueſt me. *Enter hoſteſſe.*

Ho. O Ieſu, my Lord the Prince!

Prin. How now, my Lady the hoſteſſe, what ſaiſt thou to me?

Ho. Marry, my L. there is a noble-man of the court, at doore would ſpeake with you: he ſaies, he comes from your father.

Prin. Giue him as much, as will make him a royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my mother,

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Ho. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauitie out of his bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his anſwere?

Prin. Prethee do, Iacke. *Fal.* Faith, and Ile ſend him packing. *Exit.*

Prin. Now ſirs, birlady you fought faire, ſo did you Peto, ſo did you Bardol, you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon inſtinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I ſaw others runne.

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Prin. Faith, tell me now in earneſt, how came Falſtalffs ſword o hackt?

Peto. Why, hee hackt it with his dagger, and ſaid he would ſweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to do the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleede, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the bloud of true men. I did that I did not this ſeuen yeere before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuiſes.

Prin. O villaine thou ſtoleſt a cup of ſacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the maner, & euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? do you behold theſe exhalations? *Prince* I do.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot liuers, and cold purſes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falſtalffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Iacke, here comes bare-bone: how now my ſweete creature of bumbaſt, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine owne knee?

Fal. My owne knee? when *I* was about thy yeeres (Hal) *I* was not an Eagles talent in the waſte: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, heere was ſir *Iohn Bradi* from your father: you muſt to the court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the North, Percy, & he of Wales, that gaue Amamon the baſtinado, & made Lucifer cuckold, and ſwore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the croſſe of a Welch hooke: what a plague call you him?

Poines O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the ſame, and his ſonne in law Mortimer, and olde Northumberland, and the ſprightie Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horſe-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high ſpeede, and with a piſtoll kilies a ſparrow flying,

Fal.

Fal: You haue hit it.

Prince So did he neuer the ſparrow.

Fal: Well, that raſcall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

Prince Why what a raſcall art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal: A horſebacke (ye cuckoe) but afoote he will not budge a foote.

Prince Yes *Iacke*, vpon inſtinct.

Falſt: I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: well, he is there too, and one Mordacke, and a thouſand blew caps more. *Worceſter* is ſtolne away to night, thy fathers beard is turnd white with the newes, you may buy land now as cheape as ſtinking mackrell.

Prince Then tis like, if there come a hote Iune, and this ciuill buffeting hold, we ſhal buy maidenheads as they buy hobnailes, by the hundreds.

Falſt: By the maſſe lad, thou ſaiſt true, it is like wee ſhall haue good trading that way: but tell me *Hal*, art not thou horribly afeard? thou being heire apparant, could the world picke thee out three ſuch enemies againe, as that fiend *Dowglas*, that ſpirit *Percy*, and that diuell Glendower? art not thou horribly afraide? doth not thy bloud thrill at it?

Prince Not a whit yfaith, I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

Falſt. VVell, thou wilt be horribly chidde to morrow when thou commeſt to thy father: if thou doe loue me, practiſe an anſwer.

Prince Doe thou ſtand for my father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

Falſt: Shall *I*? content: this chaire ſhall be my ſtate, this dagger my ſcepter, and this cuſhion my crowne.

Prince Thy ſtate is taken for a ioynd ſtoole, thy golden ſcepter for a leaden dagger, and thy pretious rich crowne, for a pittifull balde crowne.

Falſt: VVell, and the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be mooued. Giue mee a cuppe of ſacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought *I* haue wept, for *I* muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and *I* will doe it, in King *Cambiſes* vaine.

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Prince Well, here is my leg.

Falſ: And here is my ſpeech, ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

Ho. O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Falſ: Weepe not, ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how how he holds his countenance?

Falſ: For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queene,
For teares doe ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Hot. O Ieſu, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry players, as euer I ſee.

Falſ. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-braine.

Harry, I do not only maruell, where thou ſpendeſt thy time: but alſo, how thou art accompanied. For, though the cammomil the more it is troden on, the faſter it growes: yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: thou art my ſonne, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion, but chiefly, a villainous tricke of thine eie, and a fooliſh hanging of thy neather lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to mee, heere lieth the point: why, being ſonne to me, arte thou ſo pointed at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen prooue a micher, and eate blacke-berries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the ſonne of *England* proue a thiefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch (as antient writers doe reporte) dooth defile: ſo dooth the company thou keepeſt: for *Harry*, now I do not ſpeake to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words onely, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince What maner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

Falſ. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull look, a pleaſing eie, and a moſt noble carriage, and as I think, his age ſome fifty, or birlady, inclining to three ſcore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtalfe*: if that man ſhould be lewdly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I ſee vertue in his lookes: if then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree; then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtalfe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: and tel me now, thou naughtie varlet, tell me, where haſt thou bin this month?

Prince

Prince Doſt thou ſpeake like a king? do thou ſtand for mee, and ile play my father.

Falſt. Depoſe me; if thou doſt it halfe ſo gracely, ſo maieſtically both in worde and matter, hang mee vp by the heeles for a rabbet ſucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Prince Well, heere I am ſet.

Falſt. And here I ſtand, iudge, my maſters.

Prince Now, Harry, whence come you?

Falſt. My noble Lord, from Eaſtcheape.

Prince The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Falſt. Zblood my Lord, they are falſe: nay, ile tickle yee for a yong Prince Ifaith.

Prince Swearſt thou, vngracious boy? henceforth ne're looke on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a diuell haunts thee, in the likeneſſe of an old fat man, a tun of man is thy companion: why doſt thou conuerſe with that truncke of humours, that boulting hutch of beaſtlineſſe, that ſwolne parcell of dropſies, that huge bombard of ſacke, that ſtuft cloake-bag of guts, that roſted Manningtree Oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquitie, that father ruffian, that vanitie in yeeres, wherein is he good? but to taſte ſacke & drinke it? wherein neat & cleanly, but to carue a capon & eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein craftie, but in villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falſt. I would your grace would take mee with you, whom meanes your grace?

Prince That villanous abhominable miſleader of youth: Falſtalffe, that old white bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince I know thou doeſt.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in my ſelfe, were to ſay more then I know: that hee is olde, the more the pitie, his white haires doe witneſſe it: but that he is, ſauing your reuerence, a whoremaſter, that I vtterly deny: if ſacke and ſugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a ſinne, thē many an old hoſt that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, thē Pharaos leane kine are to be loued. No, my good lord, baniſh Peto, baniſh Bardol, baniſh Poines, but for ſweet Iacke

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Falſtalffe, kinde Iacke Falſtalffe, true Iacke Falſtalffe, valiant Iacke Falſtalffe, and therefore more valiant, being as hee, is olde Iacke Falſtalffe, baniſh not him thy Harries company, baniſh not him thy Harries company; baniſh plumpe Iacke, and baniſh all the world.

Prince I, do, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a moſt monſtrous watch, is at the doore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play: I haue much to ſay in the behalfe of that Falſtalffe.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſ. O Ieſu, my Lord, my Lord!

Prince Heigh, heigh, the diuell rides vpon a fiddle ſticke, what's the matter?

Ho. The Sherife and all the watch are at the doore, they are come to ſearch the houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Fal. Doeſt thou heare, Hal? neuer call a true piece of gold a counterfet, thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prince And thou, a naturall coward without inſtinct.

Fal. I deny your Maior, if you will deny the Sherife, ſo, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I ſhall as ſoone bee ſtrangled with a halter as another.

Prin. Goe, hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke vp aboue: now my maſters, for a true face and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I haue had, but their date is out, and therefore ile hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now maſter Sherife, what is your will with me?

She. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houſe.

Prin. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lorde, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat, as butter.

Prin. The man, I doe aſſure you, is not here,
For I my ſelfe at this time haue imployd him:

And

And Sherife, I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwere thee or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall,
And ſo let me intreat you leaue the houſe.

Sher. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen
Haue, in this robbery, loſt 300. markes.

Prin. It may be ſo: if he haue rob'd theſe men,
He ſhall be anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is god morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I thinke it be two a clocke. *Exit.*

Prince This oylie raſcall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

Peto Falſtalfe? faſt aſleepe behinde the Arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

Prince Harke, how hard he fetches breath, ſearch his pockets.

He ſearcheth his pocket, and findeth certaine papers.

Prince What haſt thou found?

Peto Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince Lets ſee what they be: reade them.

Item, a capon	2.s.ii.d.
Item, ſawce	iiii.d.
Item, ſacke, two gallons	v.s.viii.d.
Item, anchaues and ſacke after ſupper	2.s.vi.d.
Item, bread	ob.

O monſtrous! but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of ſacke? what there is elſe, keepe cloſe, weele reade it at more aduantage: there let him ſleepe till day; ile to the court in the morning. We muſt all to the warres, and thy place ſhalbe honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will be a march of twelue ſcore; the money ſhal be payd backe againe with aduantage; be with me betimes in the morning, and ſo good morrow *Peto*.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mor. Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſure.

And

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, & cosin Glendower wil you sit downe? and vncle Worcester; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the map.

Glendo. No, here it is; sit Cosen Piercie, sit good Cosen Hotspur, for by that name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sight he wisheth you in heauen.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie
The front of heauen was full of fierie shapes
Of burning cressets, and at my birth
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hots. Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your mothers cat had but kittened, though your selfe had neuer bene borne.

Glen. I say, the earth did shake when *I* was borne.

Hotsp. And *I* say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hotsp. Oh! then the earth shooke to see the heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your natiuitie.
Diseased nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions, oft the teeming earth
Is with a kinde of collicke pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of vnruly winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement striuing,
Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples downe
Steeples and mossegrowen Towers. At your birth
Our Grandam earth, hauing this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glen. Cosen, of many men
I do not beare these crossing: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my birth
The front of heauen was full of fierie shapes,
The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

These signes haue markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the rolle of common men:
Where is he living, clipt in with the sea,
That chides the bancks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupill, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but womans sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious waies of Art,
And hold me pace, in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke, there's no man speakes better Welsh:
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace cosen Percy, you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call spirits from the vasty deepe.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach you cosen, to command the deuill.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coose, to shame the deuill,
By telling truth. Tell truth and shame the diuell:
If thou haue power to raise him, bring him hither,
And *Ile* be sworne, *I* haue power to shame him hence:
Oh while you liue, tell truth and shame the deuill.

Mor. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head
Against my power, thrice from the bancks of Wye,
And sandy bottomd Seuerne haue I sent him
Bootles home, and weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without bootes, and in fowle weather too?
How scapes he agues, in the diuels name?

Glen. Come, here is the map, shall we deuide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?

Mor. The Arch-deacon hath deuided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from Trent, and Seuerne hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assignd:
All Westward, Wales beyond the Seuerne shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and deare coose, to you,
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,

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And our indentures tripartite are drawne,
Which being ſealed enterchangeably,
(A buſineſſe that this night may execute:)
To morrow,cooſen Percy,you and I,
And my good Lord of Worceſter, will ſet forth:
To meet your father,and the Scottiſh power,
As is appointed vs,at *Shrewsbury*.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we neede his helpe theſe fourteene daies:
Within that ſpace,you may haue drawne together
Your tenants,friends,and neighbouring gentlemen.
Glen. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you,Lords,
And in my conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whome you now muſt ſteale, and take no leaue,
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.
Hot. Me thinks,my moity North from Burton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone,a monſtrous ſcantle out:
Ile haue the current in this place damd vp,
And here the ſmug and ſiluer Trent ſhall runne
In a new channell,faire and euenly,
It ſhall not wind,with ſuch a deepe indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottome here.
Glen. Not wind?it ſhall,it muſt,you ſee it doth.
Mor. Yea,but marke, how he beares his conrſe, and runs me vp, with like aduantage on the other ſide, gelding the oppoſed continent,as much, as on the other ſide, it takes from you.
Wor. Yea,but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this Northſide,win this cape of land,
And then he runs ſtraight,and euen.
Hot. Ile haue it ſo,a little charge will do it.
Glen. Ile not haue it altred.
Hot. Will not you?
Glen. No,nor you ſhall not.
Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?

Glen.

Glen. Why,that will I.
Hot. Let me not vnderſtand you then,ſpeake it in Welſh.
Glen. I can ſpeake Engliſh, Lord,as well as you,
For,I was traind vp in the Engliſh Court,
Where,being but yong,I framed to the harpe
Many an Engliſh dittie,louely well,
And gaue the tongue a helpefull ornament:
A vertue,that was neuer ſeene in you.
Hot. Marry,and I am glad of it,with all my heart,
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of theſe ſame miter ballet-mongers:
I had rather heare a braſen canſticke turnd,
Or a dry wheele grate on the axle-tree,
And that would ſet my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing ſo much as minſing Poetry:
T'is like the forc't gate of a ſhuffling nag.
Glen. Come, you ſhall haue Trent turnd.
Hot. I do not care, Ile giue thrice ſo much land
To any well deſeruing friend:
But in the way of bargaine,marke ye me:
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a haire.
Are the indentures drawne? ſhall we be gone?
Glen. The Moone ſhines faire,you may away by night:
Ile haſt the writer, and withall,
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much ſhe doteth on her Mortimer. *Exit.*
Mor. Fie,cooſen Percy,how you croſſe my father.
Hot. I cannot chuſe,ſometime he angers me
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies:
And, of a Dragon and a finleſſe fiſh,
A clip-wingd Griffin and a moulten Rauen,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deale of skimble skamble ſtuffe,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me laſt night,at leaſt,nine houres,
In reckoning vp the ſeuerall diuels names

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That were his lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word, O, he is as tedious
As a tyred horſe, a railing wife,
Worſe then a ſmoky houſe. I had rather liue
With cheeſe and garlike in a Windmill far,
Then feede on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in Chriſtendome.
Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,
And wondrous affable; and as bountifull
As mines of India: ſhall I tell you, cooſen,
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humour, faith he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe:
But do not vſe it oft, let me intreat you.
Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither haue done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience:
You muſt needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And that's the deareſt grace it renders you:
Yet often times it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of maners, want of gouernment,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine,
The leaſt of which, hanting a noble man,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well, I am ſchoold, good manners be your ſpeede,
Here come your wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My wife can ſpeake no Engliſh, I no welſh.
Glen. My daughter weepes, ſhee'le not part with you,

Shee'le

Shee'le be a ſouldier too, ſhee'le to the wars.
Mor. Good father tell her, that ſhe, and my Aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

Glendower ſpeakes to her in Welſh, and ſhe anſweres him in the ſame.

Glen. Shee is deſperate here,
A peeuiſh ſelfe wilde harlotrie, one that no perſwaſion can doe
good vpon.

The Lady ſpeakes in Welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy lookes, that prettie Welſh,
Which thou powreſt downe from theſe ſwelling heauens,
I am too perfect in, and but for ſhame
In ſuch a parley ſhould I anſwere thee.

The Lady againe in Welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling diſputation:
But I will neuer be a truant loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes Welſh as ſweete as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a ſummers bowre,
With rauiſhing diuiſion to her lute.
Glen. Nay, if you melt, then will ſhe runne mad,

The Lady ſpeakes againe in Welſh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it ſelfe in this.
Glen. She bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay you downe,
And reſt your gentle head vpon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the God of ſleepe,
Charming your bloud with pleaſing heauineſſe,
Making ſuch difference twixt wake and ſleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heauenly harneſt teeme
Begins his golden progreſſe in the Eaſt.
Mor. With all my heart, Ile ſit and heare her ſing,
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.
Glen. Do ſo, and thoſe Muſitions that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the ayre a thouſand leagues from hence,
And ſtraight they ſhall be here, ſit and attend.

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Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that *I* may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, ye giddy goose.

The musicke playes.

Hot. Now, *I* perceiue the diuell vnderstands Welsh,
And t'is no maruell he is so humorous,
Birlady he is a good musicion.
La. Then should you be nothing but musicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humours:
Lie still, ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.
Hot. I had rather heare, lady, my brache howle in *Irish*.
La. Would'st haue thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then be still.
Hot. Neither, t'is a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the welsh Ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, she sings.

Here the Ladie sings a welsh Song

Hot. Come, ile haue your song to.
La. Not mine in good sooth.
Hot. Not yours in good sooth? Hart, you sweare like a comfit-makers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, and as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:
And giuest such sarcenet suretie for thy oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'st further then Finsburie.
Sweare me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue, in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger bread,
To velure gards, and Sunday Citizens,
Come, sing.
La. *I* will not sing.
Hot. T'is the next way to turne tayler, or be redbreft teacher: and the indentures be drawne, ile away within these two houres, and so come in when ye will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,
As Hot. Lord Percy, is on fire to go:

By

By this, our booke is drawne, weele but seale,
And then to horse immediatly.
Mor. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords giue vs leaue, the Prince of Wales and *I*
Must haue some priuate conference, but be neere at hand,
For we shall presently haue neede of you. *Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will haue it so,
For some displeasing seruice *I* haue done,
That in his secret doome, out of my blood,
Hee'le breed reuengement and a scourge for me:
But thou dost in the passages of life,
Make me beleeue that thou art onely mark't,
For the hot vengeance, and the rod of heauen,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy princely heart?
Prin. So please your Maiestie, *I* would *I* could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse *I* can purge
My selfe of many *I* am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuisde,
Which oft the eare of greatnesse needes must heare
By smiling pick-thanks and base newes-mongers,
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon, on my true submission.
King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite frow the flight of all thy auncestors,
Thy place in counsell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy yonger brother is supplide,
And art almost an alien to the hearts

Of

Of all the Court and Princes of my bloud,
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of euery man
Prophetically do forethinke thy fall:
Had I ſo lauiſh of my preſence bene,
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheape to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne,
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeleſſe baniſhment,
A fellow of no marke nor likelihoode.
By being ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtirre,
But like a Comet, *I* was wondred at,
That men would tell their children, This is he:
Others would ſay, Where, which is Bullingbrooke?
And then I ſtole all curteſie from heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humilitie,
That *I* did plucke allegeance from mens hearts,
Loud ſhouts, and ſalutations from their mouthes,
Euen in the preſence of the crowned King.
Thus did I keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt,
And wan by rareneſſe ſuch ſolemnitie.
The skipping King, he ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow iaſters, and raſh bauin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royaltie with carping fooles,
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gaue his countenance againſt his name
To laugh at gibing boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery beardleſſe vaine comparatiue,
Grew a companion to the common ſtreetes,
Enfeoſt himſelfe to popularitie,
That being dayly ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfetted with hony, and began to loath
The taſte of ſweeteneſſe, whereof a little

More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to be ſeene,
He was, but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: ſeene, but with ſuch eyes
As ſicke and blunted with communitie,
Affoord no extraordinarie gaze.
Such as is bent on Sun-like Maieſtie,
When it ſhines ſeldome in admiring eyes,
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
Slept in his face, and rendred ſuch aſpect
As cloudy men vſe to doe to their aduerſaries,
Being with his preſence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, ſtandeſt thou,
For, thou haſt loſt thy princely priuiledge,
With vile participation. Not an eye,
But is aweary of thy common ſight,
Saue mine, which hath deſired to ſee thee more,
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,
Make blinde it ſelfe with fooliſh tenderneſſe.

Prin. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my ſelfe. *King.* For all the world,
As thou art to this houre, was Richard then,
When I from France ſet foot at Rauenſpurgh,
And euen as I was then, is Percy now:
Now, by my ſcepter, and my ſoule to boote,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,
Then thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion.
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harneſſe in the Realme,
Turns head againſt the Lyons armed iawes,
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reuerend Biſhops on
To bloody battels, and to bruiſing armes.
What neuer dying honour hath he got,
Againſt renowmed Dowglas? Whoſe high deeds,
Whoſe hot incurſions, and great name in armes,
Holds from all ſouldiers chiefe maioritie,
And militarie title capitall

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Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Chriſt.
Thrice hath this Hotſpur Mars in ſwathling clothes,
This infant warrier,in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great Douglas,tane him once,
Enlarged him,and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And ſhake the peace and ſafetie of our throne,
And what ſay you to this? Percy,Northumberland,
The Archbiſhops grace of Yorke, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate againſt vs,and are vp.
But, wherefore do I tell theſe newes to thee?
Why,Harry,do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neereſt and deareſt enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
To fight againſt me,vnder Percies pay,
To dog his heeles,and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew,how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke ſo, you ſhall not findeit ſo,
And God forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſwayd
Your Maieſties good thoughts away from me.
I will redeeme all this on Percies head,
And,in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your ſonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And ſtaine my fauors in a bloudie maske,
Which waſht away,ſhall ſcoure my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when e're it lights,
That this ſame child of honour and renowne,
This gallant Hotſpur,this all praiſed knight,
And your vnthought of Harry,chance to meete,
For euery honor, ſitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes,and on my head
My ſhames redoubled. For the time will come
That *I* ſhall make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deedes, for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor,good my Lord,
To engroſſe my glorious deeds on my behalfe.

And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render euery glory vp,
Yea,euen the ſleighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This,in the name of God,I promiſe here,
The which,if he be pleaſd,I ſhall performe:
I do beſeech your Maieſtie may ſalue
The long growne wounds of my intemperance:
If not,the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die,a hundred thouſand deaths,
Ere breake the ſmalleſt parcell of this vow.

King. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this,
Thou ſhalt haue charge,and ſoueraigne truſt herein.
How now good Blunt?thy lookes are full of ſpeed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the buſines,that *I* come to ſpeake of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath ſent word,
That Douglas and the Engliſh rebels met,
The eleuenth of this moneth,at Shrewsbury,
A mighty,and a fearefull head they are,
(If promiſes be kept on euery hand,)
As euer offred foule play in a ſtate.

King. The Earle of Weſtmerland ſet forth to day,
With him my ſonne,Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
For this aduertiſement is fiue daies old,
On Wedneſday next,Harry,thou ſhalt ſet forward,
On Thurſday,we our ſelues will march. Our meeting
Is Bridgenorth,and Harry,you ſhall march
Through Glocesterſhire,by which account,
Our buſines valued ſome twelue daies hence,
Our generall forces,at Bridgenorth ſhall meete:
Our hands are full of buſines,let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat,while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, am I not falne away vilely ſince this laſt action? do I not bate? doe *I* not dwindle? Why my skin hangs about me, like an olde Ladies looſe gowne. I am withered like an olde apple Iohn. Well, Ile repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in

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ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a peppercorne, a brewers horſe, the inſide of a Church, Company, villanous company hath bene the ſpoile of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn, you are ſo fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, ſing me a bawdie ſong, make me merry. I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a gentleman needs to bee, vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic't not aboue ſeuen times a week, went to a bawdy houſe not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid mony that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compaſſe, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compaſſe.

Bar. Why, you are ſo fat, ſir Iohn, that you muſt needes be out of all compaſſe: out of all reaſonable compaſſe, ſir Iohn.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou beareſt the lanterne in the poope, but t'is in the noſe of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, ſir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile be ſworne, I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer ſee thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple: for there he is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my othe ſhould bee, By this fire, thats Gods Angel. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the ſonne of vtter darkeneſſe. When thou ranſt vp Gads hill in the night, to catch my horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt bin an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wilde-fire, there's no purchaſe in mony. O, thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlaſting bone-fire light, thou haſt ſaued me a thouſand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: but the ſacke that thou haſt drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheape, at the deareſt Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two & thirty yeeres: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. Godamercy, ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burnt.

How

How now, dame Partlet the hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pickt my pocket? *Enter hoſt.*

Hoſ. Why ſir Iohn, what do you thinke, ſir Iohn? do you think I keepe theeues in my houſe? I haue ſearcht, I haue enquired, ſo haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, ſeruant by ſeruant: the tight of a haire was neuer loſt in my houſe before.

Falſ. Ye lie, Hoſteſſe, Bardoll was ſhau'd and loſt many a haire: and Ile be ſworne, my pocket was pickt: go to, you are a woman, go.

Hoſ. Who? I? No, I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cal'd ſo in mine owne houſe before.

Falſ. Go to, I know you well inough.

Hoſ. No, ſir Iohn, you do not know me, ſir Iohn: I know you ſir Iohn, you owe me mony, ſir Iohn, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of ſhirts to your backe.

Falſ. Doulas, filthy doulas, I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made boulters of them.

Hoſ. Now as I am a true woman, holland of viij. s. an ell: you owe mony here beſides, ſir Iohn, for your diet, and by drinkings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Falſ. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſ. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poore? looke vpon his face. What call you rich? let them coyne his noſe, let them coyne his cheekes, Ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a yonker of me? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in myne Inne, but I ſhall haue my pocket pickt? I haue loſt a ſeale ring of my grandfathers, worth fortie marke.

Hoſ. O Ieſu! I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Falſ. How? the Prince is a Iacke, a ſneak-cup: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgell him like a dog, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falſtalffe meetes him playing on his trunchion like a fife.

Falſ. How now, lad? is the winde in that doore I faith? muſt we all march?

Bar. Yea, two, and two, Newgate faſhion.

Hoſ. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

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Prin. What saiest thou, mistris quickly? how doeth thy husband? *I* loue him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my Lord heare me.

Falst. Prethee let her alone, and list to me.

Prin: What sayst thou *Jacke*?

Falst. The other night, *I* fell asleepe here, behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt: this house is turn'd bawdy house, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didst thou lose, *Jacke*?

Falst. Wilt thou beleeue me, Hal? three or foure bonds of forty pound a'piece, and a seale ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, some eight penny matter.

Host. So *I* told him, my Lord, and *I* said, *I* heard your grace say so: and my Lord hee speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and said he would cudgell you.

Prince What he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Falst. There's no more faith in thee, then a stued prune, nor no more trueth in thee, then in a drawne foxe; and for womanhood, maid Marion may bee the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing, what thing?

Falst. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Host. *I* am nothing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it, *I* am an honest mans wife, and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Falst. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

Falst. What beast? why, an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, sir *John*? why an Otter?

Falst. Why? shee's neither fish nor flesh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

Host. Thou art an vniust man, in saying so, thou or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou sayst true, Hostesse, and he slaunders thee most grossely.

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other day, You ought

ought him a thousand pound.

Prince Sirra, doe *I* owe you a thousand pound?

Falst. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy loue.

Host. Nay, my Lord, hee cald you Iacke, and said hee would cudgell you.

Falst. Did I, Bardoll?

Bar. Indeed, sir *John*, you said so.

Falst. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Pri. I say, 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Falst. Why, Hal? thou knowest, as thou art but a man, *I* dare, but as thou art Prince, I feare thee, as *I* feare the roaring of the Lyons whelpe.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Falst. The king himselfe, is to bee feared as the Lyon: doest thou thinke ile feare thee, as *I* feare thy father? nay, and *I* doe, I pray God my girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? but sirra, there's no roome for faith, trueth, nor honestie, in this bosome of thine. It is all fill'd vp with guttes, and midriffe, Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? why, thou horeson impudent imbost rascall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of bawdy houses, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee long winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but these, I am a villaine; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Doest thou heare, *Hal?* thou knowst in the state of innocencie, *Adam* fell, & what should poore Iacke Falstalfe do in the daies of villany? thou seest, *I* haue more flesh then another man, & therfore more frailty. You confesse then you pickt my pocket.

Prin. It appeares so by the storie.

Fal. Hostesse, I forgiue thee, goe make ready breakefast, loue thy husband, looke to thy seruants, cherish thy ghests, thou shalt find mee tractable to any honest reason: thou seest *I* am pacified still: nay, prethee be gone. *Exit Hostesse.* Now, *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the robbery, lad? how is that answered?

Prin.

Prin. O, my sweet beoffe, I must still be good angel to thee, the money is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, t'is a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my father, & may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with vnwash't hands too.

Bar. Do, my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee, Iacke, a charge of foote.

Fal. I would it had beene of horse. Where shall I finde one that can steale well? O, for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii. or thereabouts; I am hainously vnprouided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laude them, I prayse them. *Prin.* Bardoll. *Bar.* My Lord.

Prin. Go, beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
To my brother Iohn, this, to my Lord of Westmerland.
Go, Peto, to horse, for thou and *I*
Haue thirtie miles to ride yet e're dinner time:
Iacke, meete me to morrow in the temple hall
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, Percy stands on high,
And either we or they must lower lie.

Fal. Rare words, braue world. Hostesse, my breakefast, come,
Oh, I could wish this Tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot, if speaking trueth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas haue,
As not a souldier of this seasons stampe,
Should go so generall currant through the world:
By God, I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place
In my hearts loue hath no man then your selfe:
Nay, taske me to my word, approue me, Lord.

Douglas. Thou art the King of honour,
No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.

Hot. Do so, and t'is well: What letters hast thou there? I can but thanke you.

Mes. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himselfe?

Mes. He cannot come, my Lord, he is grieuous sicke.

Hot. Zounds, how haz he the leisure to be sicke
In such a iustling time? who leads his power?
Vnder whose gouernment come they along?

Mes. His letters beares his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I prethee, tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

Mes. He did, my Lord, foure daies e're I set forth,
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much feard by his Phisitions.

Wor. I would the state of time had first bin whole,
E're he by sicknes had bin visited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hot. Sicke now, droope now, this sicknes doth infect
The very life-bloud of our enterprise,
T'is catching hither, euen to our campe:
He writes me here, that inward sickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,
To lay so dangerous and deare a trust
On any soule remou'd, but on his owne,
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,
That with our small coniunction, we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainely possest
Of all our purposes: what say you to it?

Wor. Your fathers sicknes is a maime to vs.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limme lopt off,
And yet, in faith, it is not his present want
Seemes more, then we shall find it: were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states,
All at one cast? to set so rich a maine,
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good, for therein should we reade

The very botome and the ſoule of hope,
The very liſt, the very vtmoſt bound
Of all our fortunes.
Doug. Faith, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweete reuerſion,
We may boldly ſpend, vpon the hope, of what t'is to come in
A comfort of retirement liues in this.
Hot. A randeous, a home to flie vnto,
If that the Diuell and miſchance looke big
Vpon the maiden-head of our affaires.
Wor. But yet *I* would your father had bene here:
The qualitie and hâire of our attempt
Brookes no diuiſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſedome, loyalty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breede a kinde of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs.
This abſence of your fathers drawes a curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kinde of feare
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You ſtraine too far.
I rather of his abſence make this vſe,
It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men muſt thinke,
If we without his helpe can make a head
To puſh againſt a kingdome, with his helpe
We ſhall or turne it, topſie turuy downe,
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.
Doug. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this tearme of feare.

Enter Sir Ri. Vernon.

Hot.

Hot. My cooſen Vernon, welcome by my ſoule.
Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Weſtmerland, ſeuen thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince Iohn.
Hot. No harme, what more?
Ver. And further *I* haue learnd,
The King himſelfe in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He ſhall be welcome too: where is his ſonne,
The nimble footed madcap, Prince of Wales?
And his Cumrades, that daſt the world aſide,
And bid it paſſe?
Ver. All furniſht, all in Armes:
All plumde like Eſtridges, that with the winde
Baited like Eagles hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in golden coates like images,
As full of ſpirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the ſunne at Midſomer,
Wanton as youthfull goates, wilde as yong buls:
I ſaw yong Harry with his beuer on,
His cuſhes on his thighs, gallantly armde,
Riſe from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the clouds,
To turne and wind a fiery Pegaſus,
And witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.
Hot. No more, no more, worſe then the ſun in March,
This praiſe doth nouriſh agues, let them come,
They come like ſacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyd maid of ſmoky war,
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars ſhall on his altars ſit
Vp to the eares in bloud. I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours: Come, let me take my horſe,
Who is to beare me like a thunderbolt,
Againſt the boſome of the Prince of Wales,

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Harry to Harry, ſhall not horſe to horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe?
Oh, that Glendower were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learnd in Worceſter, as I rode along,
He can drawe his power this fourteene daies.
Dong. That's the worſt tidings, that I heare of it.
Wor. I by my faith, that beares a froſtie ſound.
Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Fortie let it be,
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of vs may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come let vs take a muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merily.
Dong. Talke not of dying, *I* am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of ſacke, our ſouldiours ſhall march through. We'le to Sutton cop-hill to night.
Bar. Will you giue me money, Captaine?
Fal. Lay out, lay out.
Bar. This bottle makes an angell.
Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty, take them all, Ile anſwere the coynage, bid my Lieutenant Peto meete me at Townes end.
Bar. I will, Captaine, farewell. *Exit.*
Fal. If I be aſhamed of my ſouldiers, *I* am a ſowſt gurnet, I haue miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150. ſouldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe me none, but good houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted batchelers, ſuch as had beene askt twice on the banes, ſuch a commodity of warme ſlaues, as had as lieue heare the Diuell as a drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a ſtrooke foule, or a hurt wild-ducke: *I* preſt me none, but ſuch toſts and butter, with heartes in their bellies no bigger then pins heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices, and now

now my whole charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, ſlaues as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the gluttons dogs licked his ſores: and ſuch as indeede were neuer ſouldiers, but diſcarded, vniuſt ſeruingmen, yonger ſonnes to yonger brothers, reuolted tapſters, and Oſtlers tradefalne, the cankers of a calme world, and a long peace, ten times more diſhonourable ragged, then an old fazde ancient, and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue bought out their ſeruices, that you would thinke, that *I* had a hundred and fiftie tottered prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A madde fellow mette mee on the way, and told me *I* had vnloaded all the gibbets and preſt the dead bodies. No eie hath ſeene ſuch skar-crowes. Ile not match through Couentrie with them, that's flatte: nay, and the villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyues on, for indeede, *I* had the moſt of them out of priſon, there's not a ſhirte and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe ſhirte is two napkins tack't together, and throwne ouer the ſhoulders like a Heralds coate without ſleeues, and the ſhirte, to ſay the trueth, ſtolne from my hoſt at S. Albones, or the red-noſe Inkeeper of Dauintry, but that's all one, they'le finde linnen enough on euery hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prin. How now, blowne Iacke? how now, quilt?
Fal. What, *Hal?* how now, mad wag? what a diuel doſt thou in Warwickeſhire? My good Lo. of Weſtmerland, *I* cry you mercie, *I* thought your honour had already bene at Shrewesburie.
Weſt. Faith, ſir *Iohn*, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too, but my powers are there already: the king *I* can tell you, lookes for vs all, we muſt away all night.
Fal. Tut, neuer feare me, *I* am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteale Creame.
Prin. I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter: but tell me, Iacke, whoſe fellowes are theſe that come after?
Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.
Prin. *I* did neuer ſee ſuch pitifull raſcals.
Fal. Tut, tut, good inough to toſſe, foode for powder, food

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for powder, thei'le fill a pit as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſt. I, but, ſir Iohn, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare: too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they had that: and for their bareneſſe, I am ſure they neuer learn't that of me.

Pri. No, ile be ſworne, vnleſſe you call three fingers on the ribs bare: but ſirra, make haſte, Percy is already in the field. *Exit.*

Falſ. What, is the king incamp't?

Weſt. He is, ſir Iohn, I feare we ſhall ſtay too long.

Falſt. Well, to the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gueſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Wee'le fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dougl. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why, ſay you ſo? looke's he not for ſupply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good cooſen be aduiſde, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Doug. You doe not counſell well:
You ſpeake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no ſlander, Douglas, by my life,
And I dare well mainraine it with my life;
If well reſpected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſell with weake feare,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues:
Let be ſeene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.
Yea, or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night, ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine horſe
Of my cooſen Vernons are not yet come vp,

Your

Your Vnckle Worceſters horſes came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is aſleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is halfe the halfe of himſelfe.

Hot. So are the horſes of the enemie,
In generall iourney bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth our:
For Gods ſake, cooſen, ſtay till all come in.

The trumpet ſounds a parley. Enter ſir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, ſir Walter Blunt: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of vs loue you well, and euen thoſe ſome
Enuie your great deſeruings and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our qualitie,
But ſtand againſt vs like an enemie.

Blunt: And God defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You ſtand againſt anoynted Maieſtie.
But to my charge. The king hath ſent to know
The nature of your grieues, and whereupon
You coniure from the breaſt of ciuill peace,
Such bold hoſtilitie, teaching his dutious land
Audacious crueltie. If that the king
Haue any way your good deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your grieues, and with all ſpeed,
You ſhall haue your deſires with intereſt
And pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and theſe
Herein miſled by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The king is kind: and well we know, the king
Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay:
My father, my vnckle, and my ſelfe,
Did giue him that ſame royaltie he weares,
And when he was not ſixe and twentie ſtrong,
Sicke in the worldes regard, wretched and low,

A

A poore vnminded outlaw ſneaking home,
My father gaue him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaſter,
To ſue his liuery, and beg his peace
With teares of innocencie, and tearmes of zeale,
My father in kind heart and pittie mou'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the realme,
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid giftes before him, proffer'd him their oathes,
Gaue him their heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He preſently, as greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at Rauenſpurgh,
And now forſooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and ſome ſtreight decrees
That lie too heauie on the Common-wealth,
Cries out vpon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Ouer his Countrie wrongs, and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of iuſtice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the abſent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonall in the Iriſh warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hot. Then to the poinct.
In ſhort time after, he depos'de the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the necke of that, task't the whole ſtate:
To make that worſe, ſuffred his kinſman March,
(Who is, if euery owner were well plac'd,

Indeed

Indeede his King) to be ingag'd in Wales,
There without ranſome to lie forfeited,
Diſgrac't me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated mine vncle from the counſell boord,
In rage diſmiſd my father from the Court,
Broke o the on o the, committed wrong on wrong,
And in concluſion, droue vs to ſeeke out
This head of ſafetie, and withall to prie
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt Shall I returne this anſwere to the King?
Hot. Not ſo, ſir Walter. We'le withdraw a while.
Go to the King, and let there be impawnd
Some ſuretie for a ſafe returne againe,
And in the morning early ſhall my vncle
Bring him our purpoſes, and ſo farewell.
Blunt I would you would accept of grace and loue,
Hot. And may be, ſo we ſhall.
Blunt Pray God you do.

Enter Archbiſhop of Yorke, and ſir Mighell.

Arch. Hie, good ſir Mighell, beare this ſealed briefe
With winged haſte to the Lord Marſhall,
This to my cooſen Scroope, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haſte.
Sir M. My good Lord, I geſſe their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you do.
To morrow, good ſir Mighell, is a day,
Wherein, the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch. For ſir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly giuen to vnderſtand,
The King with mighty and quicke raiſed power,
Meetes with Lord Harry: And I feare, ſir Mighell,
What with the ſickneſſe of Northumberland.
Whoſe power was in the firſt proportion,
And what Owen Glendowers abſence thence,
Who with them was a rated ſinew too,

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And comes not in,ouer-rulde by prophecies,
I feare, the power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an inſtant triall with the King.
Sir M. Why,my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is Douglas,and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon,Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worceſter, and a head
Of gallant warriours,noble gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is,but yet the king hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of all the land together.
The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
The noble Weſtmerland,and warlike Blunt,
And many mo corriuals and deare men
Of eſtimation,and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not, my L. they ſhall be well oppos'd
Arch. I hope no leſſe,yet,needfull t'is to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, ſir Mighell, ſpeede:
For if Lord Percy thriue not,e're the king
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And,t'is but wiſedome,to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt go write againe
To other friends, and ſo farewell, ſir Mighell. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falſtaffe.

King. How bloudily the ſunne begins to peare,
Aboue yon busky hill, the day lookes pale
At his diſtemperature.
Prin. The Southeren wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And,by the hollow whiſtling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempeſt and a bluſtring day.
King. Then,with the loſers let it ſimpathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.

The trumpet ſounds, Enter Worceſter.

King. How now, my Lord of Worceſter? t'is not well,
That you and I ſhould meete vpon ſuch tearmes

As now we meete. You haue deceiu'd our truſt,
And made vs doffe our eaſie robes of peace,
To cruſh our old limmes in vngentle ſteele:
This is not well,my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to it? will you againe vnknit
This churliſh knot of all abhorred war?
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigie of feare,and a portent
Of broched miſchiefe to the vnborne times?
Wor. Heare me,my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content,
To entertaine the lag end of my life
With quiet houres.For I proteſt,
I haue not ſought the day of this diſlike.
King You haue not ſought it: how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way,and he found it.
Prin. Peace,chewet,peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Maieſtie to turne your lookes
Of fauour,from my ſelfe, and all our houſe,
And yet I muſt remember you, my Lord:
We were the firſt and deareſt of your friends,
For you my ſtaffe of office did I breake
In Richards time,and poſted day and night
To meete you on the way,and kiſſe your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I.
It was my ſelfe,my brother and his ſonne,
That brought you home,and boldly did outdate
The dangers of the time. You ſwore to vs,
And you did ſweare that othe at Dancaſter,
That you did nothing purpoſe gainſt the ſtate,
Nor claime no further, then your new falne right,
The ſeate of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaſter:
To this,we ſwore our aid:but in ſhort ſpace
It raind downe fortune ſhowring on your head,
And ſuch a floud of greatneſſe fell on you,

What with our [illegible]e, what with the abſent King,
What wit[illegible]es of a wanton time,
The ſe[illegible]ces that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his vnluckie Iriſh wars,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this ſwarme of faire aduantages,
You tooke occaſion to be quickly wooed
To gripe the generall ſway into your hand,
Forgot your othe to vs at Dancaſter,
And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs ſo,
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes bird
Vſeth the ſparrow, did oppreſſe our neaſt,
Grew by our feeding to ſo great a bulke,
That euen our loue durſt not come neere your ſight,
For feare of ſwallowing: but with nimble wing
We were enforc't for ſafetie ſake, to flie
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head,
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch meanes,
As you your ſelfe haue forg'd againſt your ſelfe
By vnkind vſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to vs in your yonger enterprize.

King. Theſe things indeede you haue articulate,
Proclaimed at market Croſſes, read in Churches,
To face the garment of rebellion,
With ſome fine colour that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelings and poore diſcontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly innouation,
And neuer yet did inſurrection want
Such water colours, to impaint his cauſe,
Nor moody beggars, ſtaruing for a time,
Of pell mell hauocke and confuſion.

Prin. In both your armies there is many a ſoule,
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter,
If once they ioyne in tryall, tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world

In praiſe of Henry Percy, by my hopes,
This preſent enterpriſe ſet of his head,
I doe not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More actiue, more valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold is now aliue,
To grace this latter age with noble deedes:
For my part, I may ſpeake it to my ſhame,
I haue a trewant been to chiualrie,
And ſo I heare, he doth account me too;
Yet this before my fathers Maieſtie,
I am content that he ſhall take the oddes
Of his great name and eſtimation,
And will, to ſaue the blood on eyther ſide,
Try fortune with him, in ſingle fight.

Kin. And Prince of Wales, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, conſiderations infinite
Do make againſt it: No good Worceſter, no:
We loue our people well, euen thoſe we loue,
That are miſled vpon your cooſens part,
And will they take the offer of our Grace,
Both he, and they and you, yea euery man
Shall be my friend againe, and ile be his.
So tell your cooſen, and bring me word
What he will doe. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on vs,
And they ſhall doe their office. So be gone:
We will not now be troubled with replie,
We offer faire, take it aduiſedly. *Exit Worceſter.*

Prin. It will not be accepted on my life,
The Douglas and the Hotſpur both together,
Are confident againſt the world in armes.

King. Hence therefore, euery leader to his charge,
For on their anſwere will we ſet on them,
And God befriend vs, as our cauſe is iuſt. *Exeunt: manent*
Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me downe in the battell *Prin. Falſt.*
And beſtride me, ſo, t'is a poynt of friendſhip.

Prin. Nothing but a Coloſſus can doe thee that friendſhip.
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

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Falſ. I would it were bed time, *Hal*, and all well.
Prin. Why? thou oweſt God a death.
Falſ. T'is not due yet, *I* would be loath to pay him before his day: what needs *I* bee ſo forward with him that cals not on mee? Well, t'is no matter, honor pricks me on: yea, but how if honor pricke me off when I come on? how then? can honor ſet to a leg? no: or an arme? no: or take away the griefe of a wound? no: honor hath no skill in ſurgery then? no: What is honour? a worde: what is in that word honor? what is that honour? aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that dyed a Wedneſday: doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: t'is inſenſible then? yea: to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore ile none of it, honour is a meere skutchion, and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter Worceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew muſt not know, ſir Richard,
The liberall kind offer of the king.
Ver. T'were beſt he did.
Wor. Then are we all vnder one.
It is not poſſible: it cannot be,
The king ſhould keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and finde a time
To puniſh this offence in other faultes,
Suppoſition, all our liues, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes,
For treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who neuer ſo tame, ſo cheriſh't and lock't vp,
Will haue a wild tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how we can, or ſad or merrily;
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feede like oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the neerer death.
My nephewes treſpaſſe may be well forget,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of priuiledge,
A hair-braind Hotſpur gouerned by a ſpleene:
All his offences liue vpon my head
And on his fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,

We

We as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all:
Therefore good cooſen, let not Harry know,
In any caſe the offer of the king. *Enter Hotſpur.*
Ve. Deliuer what you wil, ile ſay t'is ſo. *Here* comes your cooſen.
Hot. My vncle is return'd.
Deliuer vp my Lord of Weſtmerland,
Vncle, what newes.
Wor. The King will bid you battell preſently,
Doug. Defie him by the Lord of Weſtmerland.
Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him ſo.
Doug. Marry and ſhall, and very willingly. *Exit Doug.*
Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the king.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.
Wor. *I* told him gently of our grieuances,
Of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworne,
He calls vs rebels, traitors, and will ſcourge
With hawtie armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Doug.*
Doug. Arme, gentlemen, to armes: for I haue throwne
A braue defiance in king Henries teeth,
And Weſtmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The Prince of Wales ſtept forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and Harry Monmouth: tell me, tell me,
How ſhewd his talking? ſeemd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my ſoule, *I* neuer in my life
Did heare a challenge vrg'd more modeſtly,
Vnleſſe a brother ſhould a brother dare
To gentle exerciſe and proofe of Armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd vp your prayſes with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deſeruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praiſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valued with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed.

He

He made a blushing citall of himselfe.
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly:
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,
If he outliue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.
Hot. Cosen, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wild a libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke vnder my courtesie.
Arme, arme with speed, and fellowes, souldiers, friendes,
Better consider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. *Enter a messenger.*
Mes. My Lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot reade them now.
O, Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortnes basely, were too long,
If life did ride vpon a dials point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to tread on kings,
If die, braue death, when princes die with vs.
Now for our consciences, the armes are faire,
When the intent of bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*
Mes. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his best: and here draw I a sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now esperance Percy, and set on,
Sound all the lostie instruments of war,
And by that musicke let vs all embrace,

For

For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall
A second time do such a courtesie.
Here they embrace, the trumpets sound, the King enters with his power, alarme to the battell, then enter Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.
Blunt What is thy name, that in battell thus thou crossest me?
What honour dost thou seeke vpon my head?
Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a King.
Blunt They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford deare to day hath bought
Thy likenesse, for in stead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Vnlesse thou yeelde thee as my prisoner.
Blunt I was not borne a yeelder, thou proud Scot:
And thou shalt find a king that will reuenge
Lord Staffords death.
They fight, Douglas kils Blunt, then enter Hotspur.
Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scot,
Doug. As done, as won: here breathles lyes the king.
Hot. Where? *Doug.* Here.
Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well,
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnisht like the king himselfe.
Doug. Ah foole, go with thy soule whither it goes,
A borrowed title hast thou bought too deare.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a king?
Hot. The king hath many marching in his coates.
Doug. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coates:
Ile murther all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Vntill I meete the King. *Hot.* Vp, and away,
Our souldiours stand full fairely for the day.
Alarme, Enter Falstaffe solus.
Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I feare the
shot here, here's no scoring but vpon the pate. Soft, who are you?
sir Walter Blunt, ther's honor for you, here's no vanity: I am as

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hot as molten lead, and as heauy too: God keepe lead out of me, I neede no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are pepperd: there's not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life: but who comes here? *Enter the Prince.*

Prin. What, standst thou idle here? lend me thy sword?
Many a noble man lies starke and stiffe,
Vnder the hoones of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet vnreueng'd. I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke Gregory neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day, I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure,

Prin He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee,
I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be aliue, thou getst not my sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt,

Prin. Giue it me: what? is it in the case?

Fal. I Hal, 'tis hot, 'tis hot, there's that will sacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sacke.

Prin. What? is it a time to iest and dally now?

He throwes the bottle at him. *Exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be aliue, *I*le pierce him, if he do come in my way: so, if he do not, if *I* come in his willingly let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and there's an end.

Alarme, excursions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.

King. I prethee Harry, withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too much, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. Iohn. Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleede too.

Prin. I beseech your Maiestie make vp,
Least your retirement do amaze your friends. (tent.

King I will do so: my Lord of Westmerland, lead him to his

West. Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your tent.

Prin. Lead me, my Lord? *I* do not neede your helpe,
And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

The

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobilitie lies troden on,
And rebels armes triumph in massacres.

Iob. We breathe too long, come, cosen Westmerland,
Our duetie this way lies: For Gods sake come.

Prin. By God, thou hast deceiu'd me, Lancaster,
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lou'd thee as a brother, Iohn,
But now, I doe respect thee as my soule.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the poynt,
With lustier maintenance, then *I* did looke for
Of such an vngrowne warrior.

Prin. O, this boy lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Doug. Another king, they grow like Hydras heads,
I am the Douglas, fatall to all those
That weare those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfetst the person of a king?

Kin. The king himselfe, who Douglas grieues at heart,
So many of his shadowes thou hast met
And not the very king: I haue two boyes
Seeke Percie and thy selfe about the field,
But seeing thou fal'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee, and defend thy selfe.

Doug. I feare thou art another counterfet,
And yet, in faith, thou beares thee like a king,
But mine, *I* am sure, thou art, who er'e thou be:
And thus *I* winne thee.

They fight, the King being in danger, Enter Prince of Wales.

Prin. Hold vp thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirits
Of valiant Shorly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my armes:
It is the Prince of Wales, that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiseth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Douglas flieth.

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: ile to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe a while:

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Thou haſt redeemed thy loſt opinion,
And ſhew'd thou makeſt ſome tender of my life,
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
Prin. O God, they did me too much iniurie,
That euer ſaid, I harkened for your death.
If it were ſo, *I* might haue let alone
The inſulting hand of Douglas ouer you,
Which would haue bene as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poiſonous potions in the world,
And ſau'd the trecherous labour of your ſonne.
King. Make vp to Clifton, Ile to S. Nicholas Gawſey. *Exit Ki.*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prin, Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
Prin. Why, then *I* ſee a very valiant rebell of that name;
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not, Percy,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two ſtars keepe not their motion in one ſphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Now, ſhall it, Harry? for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs, and would to God
Thy name in armes, were now as great as mine.
Prin. Ile make it greater, e're I part from thee,
And all the budding honours on thy creſt,
Ile crop to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight: Enter Falſtaffe.

Fal. Well ſaid, Hal, to it, Hal. Nay you ſhall find no boyes play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falſtaffe, he falls downe as if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh Harry, thou haſt rob'd me of my youth,
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me,

They

They wound my thoughts, worſe then thy ſword my fleſh:
But thought's the ſlaue of life, and life times foole,
And time that takes ſuruay of all the world,
Muſt haue a ſtop. O, I could prophecie,
But that the earth and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no Percy, thou art duſt
And food for
Prin. For wormes, braue Percy. Fare thee well, great heart,
Ill weau'd ambition, how much art thou ſhrunckе?
When that this body did containe a ſpirit,
A kingdome for it was too ſmall a bound,
But now two paces of the vileſt earth
Is roome inough: this earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aliue ſo ſtout a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of curteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of zeale:
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe ile thanke my ſelfe,
For doing theſe faire rites of tenderneſſe.
Adiew, and take thy praiſe with thee to heauen,
Thy ignominy ſleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph,

He ſpieth Falſtaffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance! could not all this fleſh
Keepe in a little life? poore Iacke, farewell,
I could haue better ſpar'd a better man.
O, I ſhould haue a heauy miſſe of thee,
If I were much in loue with vanitie:
Death hath not ſtrooke ſo faire a Deere to day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Inbowel'd will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. *Exit.*

Falſtaffe riſeth vp.

Fal. Inbowel'd? if thou inbowell me to day, ile giue you leaue to powder mee and eate me too to morrow. Zblood, t'was time to counterfet, or that hot termagant Scot had paid mee ſcot and lot too. Counterfet? I lie, *I* am no counterfet: to die is to be a counterfet, for hee is but the counterfet of a man, who hath not

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the life of a man : but to counterfet dying when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfet, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how if he should counterfet too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would proue the better counterfet: therefore ile make him sure, yea, and ile sweare I kild him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaster.

Prin. Come, brother Iohn, full brauely hast thou flesh't
Thy mayden sword.

Iohn. But soft, whom haue we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eie-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eies
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

Falst. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not Iacke Falstaffe, then am I a Iacke: there is Percie, if your father will doe mee any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next Percy himselfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, Percy I kild my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is giuen to lying: I grant you, I was downe, and out of breath, and so was hee, but wee rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by Shrewesburie clocke, if I may be beleeued, so: if not, let them that should reward valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh: if the man were aliue, and would denie it, Zounds I would make him eate a piece of my sword.

Iohn. This is the strangest tale, that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother Iohn,
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For

For my part, if a lie may doe thee grace,
Ile guild it with the happiest termes I haue.

A retraite is sounded.

Prin. The Trumpet sounds retrait, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let vs to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Fal. Ile follow, as they say, for reward. Hee that rewards me, God reward him. If I doe growe great, ile growe lesse, for ile purge and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanely as a noble man should doe. *Exit.*

The Trumpets sound, Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lorde Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester, and Vernon, prisoners.

King. Thus euer did rebellion finde rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester, did not we send grace,
Pardon, and termes of loue to all of you?
And would'st thou turne our offers contrary,
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans trust?
Three knights vpon our partie slaine to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had been aliue this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst truely borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my safetie vrg'd me to:
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it fals on me.

King. Beare Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause vpon.
How goes the field?

Prin. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slaine, and all his men
Vpon the foote of feare, fled with the rest:
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd,
That the pursuers tooke him. At my tent
The Douglas is: and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

King.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then brother, Iohn of Lancaſter,
To you this honourable bounty ſhall belong,
Go to the Douglas, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleaſure, ranſomleſſe and free:
His valours ſhew'n vpon our Creſts to day,
Haue taught vs how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Euen in the boſome of our aduerſaries.

Iohn. I thanke your Grace for this high curteſie,
Which I ſhall giue away immediatly.

King. Then this remaines, that we diuide our power,
You ſonne *Iohn*, and my coſen Weſtmerland
Towards Yorke ſhall bend, you with your deereſt ſpeed
To meet Northumberland and the Prelate Scroope,
Who, as we heare, are buſily in armes:
My ſelfe, and you, ſonne *Harry*, will towardes Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this land ſhall loſe his ſway,
Meeting the checke of ſuch another day.
And ſince this buſineſſe ſo faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be won. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

In this copy Signature C has six leaves.
Have assigned the reason in Vol. IV.

THE
Second part of Henrie
the fourth, continuing to his death,
and coronation of Henrie
the fift.

With the humours of sir Iohn Fal-
staffe, and swaggering
Pistoll.

As it hath been sundrie times publikely
acted by the right honourable the Lord
Chamberlaine his seruants.

Written by William Shakespeare.

LONDON
Printed by V.S. for Andrew Wise, and
William Aspley.
1600.

The second part of Henry the fourth, *continuing to his death, and coro-* nation of Henry the fift.

Enter Rumour painted full of Tongues.

OPen your eares; for which of you will ſtop
The vent of hearing, when lowd Rumor ſpeaks?
I from the Orient to the drooping Weſt,
(Making the wind my poſte-horſe) ſtill vnfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth,
Vpon my tongues continuall ſlanders ride,
The which in euery language I pronounce,
Stuffing the eares of men with falſe reports,
I ſpeake of peace while couert enmity,
Vnder the ſmile of ſafety, woundes the world:
And who but Rumor, who but onely I,
Make fearefull muſters, and prepar'd defence,
Whiles the bigge yeare, ſwolne with ſome other griefe,
Is thought with child by the ſterne tyrant Warre?
And no ſuch matter. Rumour is a pipe,
Blowne by ſurmizes, Iealouſies coniectures,
And of ſo eaſie, and ſo plaine a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter, with vncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant wau'ring multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what need I thus
(My wel knowne body) to anothomize
Among my houſhold? why is Rumor here?

I runne before King Harries victorie,
Who in a bloudy field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten downe yong Hot-spurre and his troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion,
Euen with the rebels bloud. But what meane I
To speake so true at first? my office is
To noyse abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Vnder the wrath of noble Hot-spurs sword;
And that the King before the Douglas rage,
Stoopt his annointed head as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peasant townes,
Betweene that royall field of Shrewsbury,
And this worme-eaten hole of ragged stone,
When Hot-spurs father old Northumberland
Lies crafty sicke, the postes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes,
Than they haue learnt of me, from Rumors tongues,
They bring smooth comforts false, worse then true wrongs.

exit Rumours.

Enter the Lord Bardolfe at one doore.

Bard. Who keepes the gate here ho? where is the Earle?
Porter What shall I say you are?
Bard. Tell thou the Earle,
That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.
Porter His Lordship is walkt forth into the orchard,
Please it your honor knocke but at the gate,
And he himselfe will answer. *Enter the Earle Northumberland.*
Bard. Here comes the Earle.
Earle. What newes Lord Bardolfe? euery minute now
Should be the father of some Stratagem,
The times are wild, contention like a horse,
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him.
Bard. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.
Earle Good, and God will.

Bard.

Bard. As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death,
And in the fortune of my Lord your sonne,
Prince Harry slaine outright, and both the Blunts
Kild by the hand of Dowglas, yong prince Iohn,
And Westmerland and Stafford fled the field,
And Harry Monmouthes brawne, the huike sir Iohn,
Is prisoner to your sonne: O such a day!
So fought, so followed, and so fairely wonne,
Came not till now to dignifie the times
Since Cæsars fortunes.
Earle How is this deriu'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?
Bar. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence, *enter*
A gentleman well bred, and of good name, *Trauers.*
That freely rendred me these newes for true.
Earle Here comes my seruant Trauers who I sent
On tuesday last to listen after newes.
Bar. My lord, I ouer-rode him on the way,
And he is furnisht with no certainties,
More then he haply may retale from me.
Earle Now Trauers, what good tidings comes with you?
Trauers My lord, sir Iohn Vmfreuile turnd me backe
With ioyfull tidings, and being better horst,
Out rode me, after him came spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forespent with speede,
That stopt by me to breathe his bloudied horse,
He askt the way to Chester, and of him
I did demand what newes from Shrewsbury,
He told me that rebellion had bad lucke,
And that yong Harrie Percies spur was cold:
With that he gaue his able horse the head,
And bending forward, strooke his armed heeles,
Against the panting sides of his poore iade,
Vp to the rowell head, and starting so,
He seem'd in running to deuoure the way,

 Stay-

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Staying no longer queſtion. *Earle* Ha? againe,
Said he, yong Harry Percies ſpur was cold,
Of Hot-ſpurre, Cold-ſpurre, that rebellion
Had met ill lucke?
Bard. My lord, Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your ſonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine honor for a ſilken point,
Ile giue my Barony, neuer talke of it.
Earle Why ſhould that gentleman that rode by Trauers,
Giue then ſuch inſtances of loſſe?
Bard. Who he?
He was ſome hilding fellow that had ſtolne
The horſe he rode on, and vpon my life.
Spoke at a venter. Looke, here comes more news. *enter Mor-*
Earle Yea this mans brow, like to a title leafe, *ton.*
Foretells the nature of a tragicke volume,
So lookes the ſtrond, whereon the imperious floud,
Hath left a witneſt vſurpation.
Say Mourton, didſt thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mour. I ranne from Shrewsbury my noble lord,
Where hatefull death put on his vgliest maske,
To fright our partie.
Earle How doth my ſonne and brother?
Thou trembleſt, and the whitenes in thy cheeke,
Is apter then thy tongue to tell thy arrand,
Euen ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpirritleſſe,
So dull, ſo dead in looke, ſo woe begon,
Drew Priams curtaine in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, halfe his Troy was burnt:
But Priam found the fier, ere he, his tongue,
And I, my Percies death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This thou would'ſt ſay, Your ſon did thus and thus,
Your brother thus: ſo fought the noble Dowglas,
Stopping my greedy eare with their bold deedes,
But in the end, to ſtop my eare indeed,
Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
Ending with brother, ſonne, and all are dead. *Mour.*

Mour. Douglas is liuing, and your brother yet,
But for my Lord your ſonne:
Earle Why he is dead?
See what a ready tongue Suſpition hath!
He that but feares the thing hee would not know,
Hath by inſtinct, knowledge from others eies,
That what he feard is chanced: yet ſpeake Mourton,
Tell thou an Earle, his diuination lies,
And I will take it as a ſweete diſgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me ſuch wrong.
Mour. You are too great to be by me gainſaid,
Your ſpirite is too true, your feares too certaine.
Earle Yet for all this, ſay not that Percie's dead,
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eie,
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and holdſt it feare, or ſinne,
To ſpeake a truth: if he be ſlaine,
The tongne offends not that reports his death,
And he doth ſinne that doth belie the dead,
Not he which ſaies the dead is not aliue,
Yet the firſt bringer of vnwelcome newes
Hath but a looſing office, and his tongue
Sounds euer after as a ſullen bell,
Remembred tolling a departing friend.
Bard. I cannot thinke, my Lord, your ſonne is dead.
Mour. I am ſory I ſhould force you to beleeue,
That which I would to God I had not ſeene,
But theſe mine eies ſaw him in bloudy ſtate,
Rendring faint quittance, wearied, and out-breathd,
To Harry Monmouth, whoſe ſwift wrath beat downe
The neuer daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he neuer more ſprung vp.
In few his death, whoſe ſpirite lent a fire,
Euen to the dulleſt peaſant in his campe,
Being bruted once, tooke fire and heate away,
From the beſt temperd courage in his troopes,
For from his mettal was his party ſteeled,

Which

Which once in him abated, al the reſt
Turnd on themſelues, like dull and heauy lead.
And as the thing thats heauy in it ſelfe,
Vpon enforcement flies with greateſt ſpeed:
So did our men, heauy in Hot-ſpurs loſſe,
Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſſe with their feare,
That arrowes fled not ſwifter toward their ayme,
Than did our ſouldiers aiming at their ſafetie,
Fly from the field: then was that noble Worceſter,
So ſoone tane priſoner, and that furious Scot,
The bloudy Douglas whoſe well labouring ſword,
Had three times ſlaine th'appearance of the King,
Gan vaile his ſtomacke, and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turnd their backes, and in his flight,
Stumbling in feare, was tooke: the ſumme of all
Is, that the King hath wonne, and hath ſent out,
A ſpeedy power to incounter you my lord,
Vnder the conduct of yong Lancaſter,
And Weſtmerland: this is the news at ful.

Earle For this I ſhal haue time enough to mourne,
In poiſon there is phiſicke, and theſe newes,
Hauing beene wel, that would haue made me ſicke:
Being ſicke, haue (in ſome meaſure) made me wel:
And as the wretch whoſe feuer-weakned ioynts,
Like ſtrengthleſſe hinges buckle vnder life,
Impacient of his fit, breakes like a fire
Out of his keepers armes; euen ſo my limbes,
Weakened with griefe, being now enragde with griefe,
Are thrice themſelues: hence therfore thou nice crutch,
A ſcaly gauntlet now with ioynts of ſteele
Muſt gloue this hand, and hence thou ſickly coiſe,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesht with conqueſt, ayme to hit:
Now bind my browes with yron, and approach
The ragged'ſt houre that Time and Spight dare bring,
To frowne vpon th'inragde Northumberland,

Let

Let heauen kiſſe earth, now let not Natures hand
Keepe the wild floud confind, let Order die,
And let this world no longer be a ſtage,
To feed contention in a lingring act:
But let one ſpirite of the firſt borne Cain
Raigne in all boſomes, that ech heart being ſet
On bloudy courſes, the rude ſceane may end,
And darkneſſe be the burier of the dead.

Vmſr. This ſtrained paſſion doth you wrong my lord.

Bard. Sweet earle, diuorce not wiſedom from your honor,

Mour. The liues of all your louing complices,
Leaue on you health, the which if you giue ore,
To ſtormy paſſion muſt perforce decay.

Bard. We all that are ingaged to this loſſe,
Knew that we ventured on ſuch dangerous ſeas,
That if we wrought out life, twas ten to one,
And yet we venturd for the gaine propoſde,
Choakt the reſpect of likely perill fear'd,
And ſince we are oreſet, venture againe:
Come, we will al put forth body and goods.

Mour. Tis more then time, and my moſt noble lord,
I heare for certaine, and dare ſpeake the truth.

North. I knew of this before, but to ſpeake truth,
This preſent griefe had wipte it from my mind,
Go in with me and counſell euery man,
The apteſt way for ſafety and reuenge,
Get poſtes and letters, and make friends with ſpeed,
Neuer ſo few, and neuer yet more need. *exeunt.*

Enter ſir Io'hn alone, with his page bearing his ſword and buckler.

Iohn Sirra, you giant, what ſaies the doctor to my water?

Page He ſaid ſir, the water it ſelf was a good healthy water, but for the party that owed it, he might haue moe diſeaſes then he knew for.

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Iohn Men of al ſorts take a pride to gird at me: the braine of this fooliſh compoũded clay-man is not able to inuent any thing that intends to laughter, more then I inuent, or is inuẽted on me, I am not only witty in my ſelfe, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a ſow that hath ouerwhelmd al her litter but one, if the prince put thee into my ſeruice for any other reaſon then to ſett me off, why then I haue no iudgement thou horeſon mandrake, thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heels I was neuer manned with an agot till now but I wil in-ſet you, neither in gõlde nor ſiluer, but in vile apparell, and ſend you backe againe to your maſter for a iewell, the iuuenall the prince your maſter, whoſe chin is not yet fledge, I will ſooner haue a beard grow in the palme of my hand, then he ſhal get one off his cheek, & yet he will not ſticke to ſay his face is a face royal, God may finiſh it when he will, tis not a haire amiſſe yet, he may keepe it ſtill at a face royall, for a barber ſhall neuer earne ſixpence out of it, and yet heele be crowing as if he had writte man euer ſince his father was a batcheler, he may keepe his owne grace, but hees almoſt out of mine I can aſſure him: what ſaid maſter Dommelton about the ſatin for my ſhort cloake and my ſloppes?

Boy He ſaide ſir, you ſhould procure him better aſſurance then Bardolfe, he would not take his band and yours, he liked not the ſecuritie.

ſir Iohn Let him be damn'd like the glutton, pray God his tongue be hotter, a horeſon Achitophell a raſcall: yea forſooth knaue, to beare a gentleman in hand, and then ſtand vpon ſecurity, the horſon ſmoothy-pates doe now weare nothing but hie ſhoes and bunches of keyes at their girdles, and if a man is through with them in honeſt taking vp, then they muſt ſtand vppon ſecurity, I had as liue they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to ſtop it with ſecurity, I lookt a ſhould haue ſent me two and twenty yards of ſatin (as I am a true knight,) and he ſends me ſecurity: well he may ſleepe in ſecurity, for he hath the horne of aboundance, and the lightneſſe of his wife

ſhines through it: wheres Bardolf, & yet can not he ſee though he haue his owne lanthorne to light him.

Boy Hees gone in Smithfield to buy your worſhip a horſe.

ſir Iohn I bought him in Paules, and heele buy me a horſe in Smithfield, and I could get me but a wife in the ſtewes, I were man'd, horſde, and wiu'd.

Enter Lord chiefe Iuſtice.

Boy Sir, here comes the noble man that committed the prince for ſtriking him about Bardolfe.

ſir Iohn Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Iuſtice What's hee that goes there?

ſeru. Falſtaffe, and't pleaſe your lordſhip.

Iuſt. He that was in queſtion for the rob'ry?

ſeru. He my Lord, but he hath ſince done good ſeruice at Shrewsbury, & (as I heare,) is now going with ſome charge to the lord Iohn of Lancaſter.

Iuſt. What to Yorke? call him backe againe.

ſeru. Sir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Iohn Boy, tell him I am deafe.

Boy You muſt ſpeake lowder, my maſter is deafe.

Iuſt. I am ſure he is to the hearing of any thing good, goe plucke him by the elbow, I muſt ſpeake with him.

ſeru. Sir Iohn?

Falſt. What? a yong knaue and begging? is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King lacke ſubiects? do not the rebels need ſouldiers, though it be a ſhame to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to beg then to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

ſeru. You miſtake me ſir.

Iohn Why ſir, did I ſay you were an honeſt man, ſetting my knighthood and my ſouldierſhip aſide, I had lied in my throat if I had ſaid ſo.

ſeru. I pray you ſir then ſet your knighthood, and your ſoldierſhip aſide, and giue me leaue to tell you, you lie in your throate, if you ſay I am any other then an honeſt man.

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Iohn I giue thee leaue to tell me, so I lay aside that which growes to me, if thou getst any leaue of me, hang me, if thou takst leaue, thou wert better be hangd, you hunt coûter, hence, auaunt.

Seru. Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

Iust. Sir Iohn Falstaffe, a word with you.

Falst. My good Lord, God giue your lordship good time of day, I am glad to see your lordship abroade, I heard say your lordship was sicke, I hope your lordship goes abroade by aduise, your lordship, though not clean past your youth, haue yet some smack of an ague in you, some relish of the saltnes of time in you, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to haue a reuerend care of your health.

Iustice Sir Iohn, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Sir Iohn And t please your lorship, I heare his maiesty is returnd with some discomfort from Wales.

Iust. I talke not of his maiesty, you would not come when I sent for you.

Falst. And I heare moreouer, his highnes is falne into this same horson apoplexi.

Iust. Well, God mend him, I pray you let me speake with you.

Falst. This appoplexi as I take it? is a kind of lethergie, and't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the bloud, a horson tingling.

Iust. What tell you me of it, be it as it is.

Falst. It hath it originall from much griefe, from study and perturbation of the braine, I haue read the cause of his effects in Galen, it is a kind of deafenes.

Iust. I think you are falne into the disease, for you heare not what I say to you.

Old. Very wel my lord, very wel, rather and't please you it is the disease of not listning, the maladie of not marking that I am troubled withall.

Iust. To punish you by the heeles, would amend the attention

tion of your eares, and I care not if I doe become your phisitian.

Falst. I am as poore as Iob my lord, but not so pacient, your Lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of pouerty, but how I should be your pacient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make som dramme of a scruple, or indeede a scruple it selfe.

Iust. I sent for you when there were matters against you for your life to come speake with me.

Falst. As I was then aduisde by my learned counsail in the lawes of this land seruice, I did not come.

Iust. Wel, the truth is sir Iohn, you liue in great infamy.

Falst. He that buckles himselfe in my belt cannot liue in lesse.

Iust. Your meanes are very slender, and your waste is great.

Falst. I would it were otherwise, I would my meanes were greater and my waste slender.

Iust. You haue misled the youthfull prince.

Falst. The yong prince hath misled me, I am the felow with the great belly, and he my dogge.

Iust. Wel, I am loth to gall a new heald wound, your daies seruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little guilded ouer your nights exploit on Gadshill, you may thanke th'vnquiet time, for your quiet orepossting that action.

Falst. My lord.

Iust. But since all is well, keepe it so, wake not a sleeping wolfe.

Falst. To wake a wolfe, is as bad as smell a fox.

Iust. What you are as a candle, the better part, burnt out.

Falst. A wassel candle my lord, al tallow, if I did say of wax, my growth would approue the truth.

Iust. There is not a white haire in your face, but should haue his effect of grauity.

Falst. His effect of grauy, grauie, grauie.

Iust. You follow the yong prince vp and downe, like his ill angell.

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Falst. Not so my lord, your ill angell is light, but I hope he that lookes vpon me will take me without weighing, and yet in some respects I grant I cannot go. I cannot tell, vertue is of so little regard in these costar-mongers times, that true valour is turnd Berod, Pregnancie is made a Tapster, & his quick wit wasted in giuing reckonings, all the other giftes appertinent to man, as the malice of his age shapes the one not worth a goosbery, you that are old consider not the capacities of vs that are yong, you doe measure the heate of our liuers with the bitternesse of your galles, and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confesse are wagges too.

Lo. Do you set downe your name in the scroule of youth, that are written downe, old with all the characters of age? haue you not a moist eie, a dry hand, a yelow cheeke, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? is not your voice broken, your winde short, your chinne double, your wit single, and euery part about you blasted with antiquitie, and will you yet call your selfe yong? fie, fie, fie, sir Iohn.

Iohn My Lorde, I was borne about three of the clocke in the afternoone, with a white head, and something a round bellie, for my voyce, I haue lost it with hallowing, and singing of Anthems: to approoue my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderstanding: and hee that wil caper with me for a thousand markes, let him lend me the money, and haue at him for the boxe of the yeere that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a sensible Lord: I haue checkt him for it, and the yong lion repents, mary not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silke, and olde sacke.

Lord Well, God send the prince a better companion.

Iohn God send the companion a better prince, I cannot ridde my hands of him.

Lord Well, the King hath seuerd you: I heare you are going with lord Iohn of Lancaster, against the Archbishop and the Earle of Northumberland.

Iohn Yea, I thanke your prety sweet witte for it: but looke you

you pray, all you that kisse my lady Peace at home, that our armies ioyne not in a hote day, for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweate extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, & I brandish any thing but a bottle. I would I might neuer spit white again: there is not a dangerous action can peepe out his head, but I am thrust vpon it. Wel, I cannot last euer, but it was alway yet the tricke of our English nation, if they haue a good thing, to make it too common. If yee will needs say I am an olde man, you should giue me rest: I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is, I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetuall motion.

Lord Well, be honest, be honest, and God blesse your expedition.

Iohn Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Lord Not a penny, not a penny, you are too impatient to beare crosses: fare you well: commend mee to my coosine Westmerland.

Iohn If I do, fillip me with a three man beetle: A man can no more separate age and couetousnesse, than a can part yong limbs and lechery, but the gowt galles the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees preuent my curses, (boy.

Boy Sir.

Iohn What money is in my purse?

Boy Seuen groates and two pence.

Iohn I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse, borrowing onely lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable: Go beare this letter to my lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to olde mistris Vrsula, whome I haue weekely sworne to marry since I perceiud the first white haire of my chin: about it, you know where to finde me: a pox of this gowt, or a gowt of this pox, for the one or the other playes the rogue with my great toe. Tis no matter if I doe hault, I haue the warres for my color, and my pension shal seeme the more reasonable: a good wit

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wit will make vse of any thing; I will turne diseases to commoditie.

Enter th' Archbishop, Thomas Mowbray (Earle Marshall) the Lord Hastings, Fauconbridge, and Bardolfe.

Bishop Thus haue you heard our cause, and knowne our (meanes,
And my most noble friends, I pray you al
Speake plainely your opinions of our hopes,
And first Lord Marshall, what say you to it?

Marsh. I well allow the occasion of our armes,
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How in our meanes we should aduance our selues,
To looke with forehead, bold, and big enough,
Vpon the power and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present musters grow vpon the file,
To fiue and twenty thousand men of choise,
And our supplies liue largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes
With an incensed fire of iniuries.

Bard. The question then Lord Hastings standeth thus,
Whether our present fiue and twentie thousand,
May hold vp head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him we may.

Bard. Yea mary, theres the point,
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My iudgement is we should not step too far.

Bish. Tis very true lord Bardolfe, for indeede
It was yong Hot-spurs cause at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was my Lord, who lined himselfe with hope,
Eating the ayre, and promise of supplie,
Flattring himselfe in proiect of a power,
Much smaller then the smallest of his thoughts,
And so with great imagination,
Proper to mad-men, led his powers to death,
And winking, leapt into destruction.

Hast. But by your leaue it neuer yet did hurt,

To lay downe likelihoods and formes of hope.

Bard. We fortifie in paper, and in figures,
Vsing the names of men in steed of men,
Like one that drawes the model of an house,
Beyond his power to build it, who (halfe thorough)
Giues o re, and leaues his part-created cost,
A naked subiect to the weeping clowdes,
And waste for churlish winters tyrannie.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire birth)
Should be still-borne, and that we now possest
The vtmost man of expectation,
I thinke we are so, body strong enough,
Euen as we are to equal with the King.

Bard. What, is the King but fiue and twenty thousand?

Hast. To vs no more, nay not so much, Lord Bardolfe,
For his diuisions, as the times do brawle,
Are in three heads, one power against the French,
And one against Glendower perforce a third
Must take vp vs: so is the vnfirme King
In three diuided, and his coffers sound
With hollow pouertie and emptinesse.

Bish. That he should draw his seuerall strengths togither,
And come against vs in full puissance,
Need not to be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so, French and Welch he leaues his back vnarmde, they baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.

Bar. Who is it like should leade his forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmerland:
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted against the French
I haue no certaine notice.

Bish. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are Times subiects, and Time bids be gone. *ex.*

Enter Hostesse of the Tauerne, and an Officer or two.

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Hoſteſſe Maſter Phang,haue you entred the action?

Phang It is entred.

Hoſt. Wheres your yeoman?iſt a luſty yeoman?wil a ſtand too't?

Phang Sirra,wheres Snare?

Hoſt. O Lord I,good maſter Snare.

Snare Here,here.

Phang Snare,we muſt areſt ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Hoſt. Yea good maſter Snare,I haue entred him and all.

Snare It may chaunce coſt ſome of vs our liues, for he will ſtabbe.

Hoſt. Alas the day, take heed of him, he ſtabd me in mine owne houſe, moſt beaſtly in good faith, a cares not what miſchiefe he does,if his weapon be out, he will ſoyne like any diuell,he will ſpare neither man,woman,nor child.

Phang If I can cloſe with him,I care not for his thruſt.

Hoſt. No nor I neither, Ile be at your elbow.

Phang And I but fiſt him once, and a come but within my view.

Hoſt. I am vndone by his going, I warrant you,hees an infinitiue thing vppon my ſcore,good maiſter Phang holde him ſure,good maſter Snare let him not ſcape, a comes continually to Pie corner (ſauing your manhoods) to buy a ſaddle, and he is indited to dinner to the Lubbers head in Lumbert ſtreete to maſter Smooths the ſilk man,I pray you ſince my exion is entred, and my caſe ſo openly knowne to the worlde, let him be brought in to his anſwer,a hundred marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare, and I haue borne,and borne,and borne,and haue bin fubd off,and fubd off,and fubd off from this day to that day,that it is a ſhame to be thought on,there is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, vnleſſe a woman ſhould be made an aſſe,and a beaſt,to beare euery knaues wrong: yonder he comes,and that arrant malmſie-noſe knaue Bardolfe with him, do your offices,do your offices maſter Phāg,& maſter Snare, do me,do me,do me your offices.

Enter ſir Iohn,and Bardolfe,and the boy.

Falſt.

Falſt. How now,whoſe mare's dead?whats the matter?

Phang I arreſt you at the ſute of miſtris *Quickly*.

Falſt. Away varlets,draw Bardolfe,cut me off the villaines head,throw the queane in the channell.

Hoſt. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee in the channel,wilt thou,wilt thou,thou baſtardly rogue,murder murder, a thou honiſuckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers and the Kings?a thou honiſeed rogue,thou art a honiſeed,a man queller,and a woman queller.

Falſt. Keepe them off Bardolfe.

Offic. A reskew,a reskew.

Hoſt. Good people bring a reskew or two, thou wot, wot thou,thou wot,wot ta,do do thou rogue,do thou hempſeed.

Boy Away you ſcullian, you rampallian, you fuſtilarian, ile tickle your cataſtrophe.

Enter Lord chiefe iuſtice and his men.

Lord What is the matter? keepe the peace here,ho.

Hoſteſſe Good my lord be good to me,I beſeech you ſtand to me.

Lord How now ſir Iohn,what are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place,your time,and buſineſſe?
You ſhould haue bin well on your way to Yorke:
Stand from him fellow,wherefore hang'ſt thou vpon him.

Hoſt. O my moſt worſhipful Lord,and't pleaſe your grace I am a poore widdow of Eaſtcheape, and he is arreſted at my ſute.

Lord For what ſumme?

Hoſt. It is more then for ſome my Lord,it is for al I haue,he hath eaten me out of houſe and home, he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his, but I wil haue ſome of it out againe,or I wil ride thee a nights like the mare.

Falſt. I think I am as like to ride the mare if I haue any vantage of ground to get vp.

Lord How comes this ſir Iohn? what man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation, are you not aſhamed to inforce a poore widdow, to ſo rough a courſe to come

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by her owne.

Falst. What is the groſſe ſumme that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Mary if thou wert an honeſt man, thy ſelfe and the mony too: thou didſt ſweare to me vpon a parcell guilt goblet, ſitting in my dolphin chamber, at the round table by a ſea cole fire, vpon wedneſday in Wheeſon weeke, when the prince broke thy head, for liking his father to a ſinging man of Windſor, thou didſt ſweare to me thē, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife, canſt thou deny it, did not goodwife Keech the butchers wife come in then and cal me goſſip Quickly, comming in to borow a meſſe of vinegar, telling vs ſhe had a good diſh of prawnes, whereby thou didſt deſire to eate ſome, whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound, and didſt thou not, when ſhe was gone down ſtayers, deſire me to be no more ſo familiarity, with ſuch poore people, ſaying that ere long they ſhould cal me madam, and didſt thou not kiſſe me, and bid me fetch thee thirtie ſhillings, I put thee now to thy booke oath, deme it if thou canſt.

Falſt My lord this is a poore mad ſoule, and ſhe ſaies vp and downe the towne, that her eldeſt ſonne is like you, ſhe hath bin in good caſe, and the truth is pouerty hath diſtracted her, but for theſe fooliſh officers, I beſeech you I may haue redreſſe againſt them.

Lo. Sir Iohn ſir Iohn, I am wel acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true cauſe, the falſe way: it is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with ſuch more then impudent ſawcines from you can thruſt me from a leuel conſideration: you haue as it appeares to me practiſde vpon the eaſie yeelding ſpirite of this woman, and made her ſerue your vſes both in purſe and in perſon.

Hoſt. Yea in truth my Lord.

Lo. Pray thee peace, pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you haue done with her, the one you may doe with ſterling mony, and the other with currant repentance.

Falſt. My Lord I will not vndergoe this ſnepe without reply, you cal honorable boldnes impudent ſawcineſſe, if a man wil

wil make curtſie and ſay nothing, he is vertuous, no my Lord my humble duty remembred, I will not bee your ſuter, I ſay to you I do deſire deliuerance from theſe officers, being vpon haſty imployment in the Kings affayres.

Lord You ſpeake as hauing power to do wrong, but anſwer in th effect of your reputation, and ſatisfie the poore woman.

Falſt. Come hither hoſteſſe.

Lord Now maſter Gower, what newes. *enter a meſſenger.*

Gower The King my Lord, and Harry prince of Wales, Are neare at hand, the reſt the paper tells.

Falſt. As I am a gentleman!

Hoſt. Faith you ſaid ſo before.

Falſt. As I am a gentleman, come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this heaunly ground I tread on, I muſt be faine to pawne both my plate, & the tapeſtry of my dining chambers.

Falſt. Glaſſes glaſſes is the onely drinking, and for thy wals a pretty ſleight drollery, or the ſtorie of the prodigal, or the Iarman hunting in waterworke, is worth a thouſand of theſe bed hangers, and theſe flie bitten tapeſtrie, let it be x. ℔ if thou canſt: come, and twere not for thy humors, theres not a better wench in England, goe waſh thy face and draw the action, come thou muſt not be in this humor with me, doſt not know me, come, come, I know thou waſt ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Pray thee ſir Iohn let it be but twentie nobles, ifaith I am loath to pawne my plate ſo God ſaue me law.

Falſt. Let it alone, ile make other ſhift, youle be a foole ſtil.

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall haue it, though I pawne my gowne, I hope youle come to ſupper, youle pay me al together.

Falſt. Wil I liue? goe with her, with her, hooke on, hooke on. *exit hoſteſſe and ſergeant.*

Hoſt. Will you haue Doll Tere-ſheet meete you at ſupper.

Falſt. No more words, lets haue her.

Lord I haue heard better newes.

Falſt Whats the newes my lord?

Lord Where lay the King to night?

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Mess. At Billingsgate my Lord.
Falst. I hope my Lord al's wel,what is the newes my lord?
Lord Come all his forces backe?
Mess. No,fifteen hundred foot,fiue hundred horse
Are marcht vp to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland,and the Archbishop.
Falst. Comes the King back from Wales,my noble lord?
Lord You shall haue letters of me presently,
Come,go along with me,good master Gower.
Falst. My lord.
Lord Whats the matter?
Falstaffe Maister Gower, shall I intreate you with mee to dinner?
Gower I must waite vpon my good lord here,I thank you good sir Iohn.
Lord Sir Iohn, you loyter heere too long,
Being you are to take souldiers vp
In Counties as you go.
Falstaffe Will you suppe with mee maister Gower?
Lord What foolish maister taught you these manners,sir Iohn?
Falstaffe Maister Gower,if they become me not,hee was a foole that taught them mee: this is the right fencing grace,my Lord,tap for tap,and so part faire.
Lord Now the Lord lighten thee,thou art a great foole.
Enter the Prince,Poynes,sir Iohn Russel,with other.
Prince Before God,I am exceeding weary.
Poynes Is't come to that? I had thought wearines durst not haue attacht one of so hie bloud.
Prince Faith it does me,though it discolors the complexion of my greatnes to acknowledge it: doth it not shew vildly in me,to desire small beere?
Poynes Why a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weake a composition.
Prince Belike then my appetite was not princely gote, for by my troth,I do now remember the poor creature small beere.

But

But indeed these humble considerations make me out of loue with my greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to mee to remember thy name?or to know thy face to morow?or to take note how many paire of silke stockings thou hast with these, and those that were thy peach colourd once,or to beare the inuentorie of thy shirts,as one for superfluitie, and another for vse. But that the Tennis court keeper knows better than I, for it is a low eb of linnen with thee when thou keepest not racket there,as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of the low Countries haue eate vp thy holland: and God knows whether those that bal out the ruines of thy linnen shal inherite his kingdom: but the Midwiues say, the children are not in the fault whereupon the world increases, and kinreds are mightily strengthened.
Poynes How ill it follower, after you haue labored so hard, you should talke so idlely! tell me how many good yong princes woulde doe so,their fathers being so sicke, as yours at this time is.
Prince Shall I tel thee one thing Poynes?
Poynes Yes faith,and let it be an excellent good thing.
Prince It shall serue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.
Poynes Go to,I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.
Prince Mary I tell thee it is not meete that I should bee sad now my father is sicke,albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me for fault of a better to call my friend,I could be sad, and sad indeede too.
Poynes Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.
Prince By this hand, thou thinkest me as farre in the diuels booke, as thou and Falstaffe. for obduracie and perfistancie, let the end trie the man,but I tel thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick, and keeping such vile company as thou arte, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrowe.
Poynes The reason.

Prince.

Prince What wouldst thou thinke of me if I should weep?

Poynes I woulde thincke thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince It would bee euery mans thought, and thou arte a blessed felow, to thinke as euery man thinkes, neuer a mans thought in the world, keepes the rode way better then thine, euerie man would thinke me an hypocrite indeede, and what accites your most worthipfull thought to thinke so?

Poynes Why because you haue been so lewd and so much engraffed to Falstaffe. *Prince* And to thee.

Poyne By this light I am well spoke on, I can heare it with mine owne eares the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and those two things I confesse I cannot helpe: by the masse here comes Bardolfe.

Enter Bardolfe and boy.

Prince And the boy that I gaue Falstaffe, a had him from me Christian, and looke if the fat villaine haue not transformd him Ape.

Bard. God saue your grace.

Prince And yours most noble Bardolfe.

Poynes Come you vertuous asse, you bashfull foole, must you be blushing, wherefore blush you now? what a maidenly man at armes are you become? ist such a matter to get a pottle-pots maidenhead?

Boy A calls me enow my Lord, through a red lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the window, at last I spied his eies, and me thought he had made two holes in the ale wiues peticote and so peept through.

Prince Has not the boy profited?

Bard. Away you horson vpright rabble, away.

Boy Away you rascally Altheas dreame, away.

Prince Instruct vs boy, what dreame boy?

Boy Mary my lord, Althea dreampt she was deliuered of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dreame.

Prince A crownes worth of good interpretation there is boy.

Poines

Poines O that this blossome could be kept from cankers! well, there is sixpence to preserue thee.

Bard. And you do not make him hangd among you, the gallowes shall haue wrong.

Prince And how doth thy master Bardolfe?

Bard. Well my Lord, he heard of your graces comming to towne, theres a letter for you.

Poynes Deliuerd with good respect, and how doth the martlemasse your master?

Bard. In bodily health sir.

Poynes Mary the immortall part needes a phisitian, but that moues not him, though that be sicke, it dies not.

Prince I do allow this Wen to be as familiar with me, as my dogge, and he holds his place, for looke you how he writes.

Poynes Iohn Falstaffe Knight, euery man must know that as oft as he has occasion to name himselfe: euen like those that are kin to the King, for they neuer pricke their finger, but they saye, theres some of the Kings bloud spilt: how comes that (sates he) that takes vppon him not to conceiue the answer is as ready as a borowed cap: I am the Kings poore cosin, sir.

Prince Nay they will be kin to vs, or they will fetch it from Iaphet, but the letter, Sir Iohn Falstaffe knight, to the sonne of the king, neareft his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.

Poynes Why this is a certificate.

Prince Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romanes in breuitie.

Poynes He sure meanes breuity in breath, short winded,

I commend mee to thee, I commend thee, and, I leaue thee, be not too familiar with Poynes, for he misuses thy fauours so much, that he sweares thou art to mary his sister Nel, repent a idle times as thou maist, and so farwel.

Thine by yea, and no, which is as much as to say, as thou vsest him, Iacke Falstaffe with my family,
Iohn with my brothers and sisters, and sir Iohn with all Europe.

Poynes My Lord, Ile steep this letter in sacke and make him

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eate it.

Prince Thats to make him eate twenty of his words, but do you vſe me, thus Ned? muſt I marrie your ſiſter?

Poynes God ſend the wench no worſe fortune, but I neuer ſaid ſo.

Prince Wel, thus we play the fooles with the time, and the ſpirits of the wiſe ſit in the clowdes and mocke vs, is your maſter here in London?

Bard. Yea my Lord.

Prince Where ſups he? doth the old boare feede in the old Franke?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eaſtcheape.

Prince VVhat companie?

Boy Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince Sup any women with him?

Boy None my lord, but old miſtris Quickly, and miſtris Dol Tere-ſheet.

Prince VVhat Pagan may that be?

Boy A proper gentlewoman ſir, and a kinſwoman of my maſters.

Prince Euen ſuch kinne as the pariſh Heicfors are to the towne bull, ſhall we ſteale vpon them Ned at ſupper?

Poynes I am your ſhadow my Lord, ile follow you.

Prince Sirra, you boy and Bardolfe, no worde to your maſter that I am yet come to towne; theres for your ſilence.

Bar. I haue no tongue ſir.

Boy And for mine ſir, I will gouerne it.

Prince Fare you well: go, this Doll Tere-ſheete ſhould be ſome rode.

Poyns I warrant you, as common as the way between S. Albons and London.

Prince How might we ſee Falſtaffe beſtow himſelf to night in his true colours, and not our ſelues be ſeene?

Poynes Put on two letherne ierkins and aprons, and waite vpon him at his table as drawers.

Prince From a god to a bul, a heauy deſcenſion, it was Ioues caſe

caſe, from a pince to a prentiſe, a low transformation, that ſhal be mine, for in enery thing the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly, follow me Ned. *exeunt.*

Enter Northumberland his wife, and the wife to Harry Percie.

North. I pray thee louing wife and gentle daughter,
Giue euen way vnto my rough affaires,
Put not you on the viſage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troubleſome.

Wife I haue giuen ouer, I will ſpeake no more,
Do what you wil, your wiſedome be your guide.

North. Alas ſweete wife, my honor is at pawne,
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

Kate O yet for Gods ſake, go not to theſe wars,
The time was father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endeere to it then now,
When your owne Percie, when my hearts deere Harry,
Threw many a Northward looke, to ſee his father
Bring vp his powers, but he did long in vaine.
Who then perſwaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two honors loſt, yours, and your ſonnes,
For yours, the God of heauen brighten it,
For his, it ſtucke vpon him as the ſunne
In the grey vault of heauen, and by his light
Did all the Cheualry of England moue
To do braue acts, he was indeede the glaſſe
Wherein the noble youth did dreſſe themſelues.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
Faire daughter, you do draw my ſpirites from me,
With new lamenting ancient ouerſights,
But I muſt go and meete with danger there,
Or it will ſeeke me in an other place,
And find me worſe prouided.

Wife O flie to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons,
Haue of their puiſſance made a little taſte.

Kate If they get ground and vantage of the King,

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Then ioyne you with them like a ribbe of steele,
To make strength stronger: but for al our loues,
First let them trie themselues, so did your sonne,
He was so suffred, so came I a widow,
And neuer shall haue length of life enough,
To raine vpon remembrance with mine eies,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heauen,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me, tis with my mind,
As with the tide, swelled vp vnto his height,
That makes a stil stand, running neither way,
Faine would I go to meete the Archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me backe,
I will resolue for Scotland, there am I,
Till time and vantage craue my company. *exeunt.*

Enter a Drawer or two.

Francis What the diuel hast thou brought there apple Iohns? thou knowest sir Iohn cannot indure an apple Iohn.

Draw. Mas thou saist true, the prince once set a dish of apple Iohns before him, and tolde him there were fiue more sir Iohns, and putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leaue of these six drie, round, old, withered Knights, it angred him to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

Fran. Why then couer and set them downe, and see if thou canst find out Sneakes Noise, mistris Tere-sheet would faine heare some musique.

Dra. Dispatch, the roome where they supt is too hot, theile come in straight.

Francis Sirra, here wil be the prince and master Poynes anon, and they will put on two of our ierkins and aprons, and sir Iohn must not know of it, Bardolfe hath brought word.

Enter Will.

Dra. By the mas here will be old vtis, it will be an excellent stratagem.

Francis Ile see if I can find out Sneake. *exit*

Enter mistris Quickly, and Doll Tere-sheet.

Quickly

Quickly Yfaith sweet heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperalitie. Your pulsidge beates as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour I warrant you is as red as any rose, in good truth law: but yfaith you haue drunke too much canaries, and thats a marueilous searching wine, and it perfumes the bloud ere one can say, whats this, how do you now?

Tere. Better then I was: hem.

Qui. Why thats well said, a good heart's worth gold: loe here comes sir Iohn.

enter sir Iohn.

sir Iohn When Arthur first in court, empty the iourdan and was a worthy King: how now mistris Doll?

host. Sicke of a calme, yea good faith.

Falst. So is all her sect, and they be once in a calme they are sicke.

Tere. A pox damne you, you muddie rascall, is that all the comfort you giue me?

Falst. You make fat rascals mistris Dol.

Tere. I make them? gluttonie, and diseases make, I make them not.

Falst. If the cooke help to make the gluttonie, you helpe to make the diseases Doll, we catch of you Doll, we catch of you, graunt that my poore vertue, grant that.

Doll Yea ioy, our chaines and our iewels.

Fa. Your brooches, pearles, & ouches for to serue brauely, is to come halting off, you know to come off the breach, with his pike bent brauely, and to surgerie brauely, to venture vpon the chargde chambers brauely.

Doll Hang your selfe, you muddie Cunger, hang your selfe.

host By my troth this is the old fashion, you two neuer meet but you fall to some discord, you are both ygood truth as rew matique as two dry tosts, you cannot one beare with anothers cõfirmities, what the goodyere one must beare, & that must be you, you are the weaker vessell, as they say, the emptier vessel.

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Dorothy Can a weake empty veſſell beare ſuch a huge full hogſhead? theres a whole marchāts venture of Burdeux ſtuffe in him, you haue not ſeene a hulke better ſtuft in the hold. Come, ile be friends with thee iacke, thou art going to the wars, and whether I ſhall euer ſee thee againe or no there is no body cares.

Enter drawer.

Dra. Sir, Antient piſtol's belowe, and would ſpeake with you.

Dol Hang him ſwaggering raſcal, let him not come hither it is the foule-mouthd ſt rogue in England.

hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here, no by my faith I muſt liue among my neighbours, Ile no ſwaggerers, I am in good name, and fame with the very beſt: ſhut the doore, there comes no ſwaggerers here, I haue not liu'd al this while to haue ſwaggering now, ſhut the doore I pray you.

Fal. Doſt thou heare hoſteſſe?

Hoſt. Pray ye pacifie your ſelfe ſir Iohn, there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Doſt thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Ho. Tilly fally, ſir Iohn, nere tel me: & your ancient ſwaggrer comes not in my doores : I was before maiſter Tiſicke the debuty tother day, & (as he ſaid to me) twas no longer ago than wedſday laſt, I good faith, neighbor Quickely, ſayes he, maiſter Dumbe our miniſter was by then, neighbor Quickly (ſaies he) receiue thoſe that are ciuil, for (ſaide he) you are in an ill name: now a ſaide ſo, I can tell whereupon. For (ſaies he) you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on, therefore take heede what gheſts you receiue, receiue (ſaies he) no ſwaggering companions: there comes none here: you would bleſſe you to heare what he ſaid: no, Ile no ſwaggrers.

Faiſt. Hees no ſwaggrer hoſteſſe, a tame cheter yfaith, you may ſtroke him as gently as a puppy grey-hound, heele not ſwagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turne backe in any ſhew of reſiſtance, call him vp Drawer.

Hoſt. Cheter call you him? I will barre no honeſt man my houſe,

houſe, nor no cheter, but I do not loue ſwagering by my troth, I am the worſe when one ſaies ſwagger: feele maiſters, how I ſhake, looke you, I warrant you.

Tereſh. So you do hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. Doe I? yea in very trueth doe I, and twere an aſpen leafe, I cannot abide ſwaggrers.

Enter antient Piſtol, and Bardolfes boy.

Piſtol God ſaue you ſir Iohn.

Fal. Welcome ancient Piſtoll, heere Piſtoll, I charge you with a cuppe of ſacke, do you diſcharge vpon mine hoſteſſe.

Piſt. I will diſcharge vpon her ſir Iohn, with two bullets.

Fal. ſhe is piſtoll proofe: ſir, you ſhall not hardely offend her.

Hoſt. Come, Ile drink no proofes, nor no bullets, Ile drink no more than will do me good, for no mans pleaſure, I.

Piſt. Then, to you miſtris Dorothy, I will charge you.

Doro. Charge me? I ſcorne you, ſcuruy companion: what you poore baſe raſcally cheting lacke-linnen mate? away you mouldie rogue, away, I am meate for your maiſter.

Piſt. I know you miſtris Dorothy.

Doro. Away you cutpurſe raſcall, you filthy boung, away, by this wine Ile thruſt my knife in your mouldie chappes, and you play the ſawcie cuttle with me. Away you bottle ale raſcall, you basket hilt ſtale iuggler, you. Since when, I pray you ſir: Gods light, with two points on your ſhoulder? much.

Piſt. God let me not liue, but I will murther your ruffe for this.

ſir Iohn No more Piſtol, I would not haue you go off here, diſcharge your ſelfe of our company, Piſtoll.

Hoſt. No, good captaine Piſtoll, not here, ſweete captaine.

Doro. Captain, thou abhominable damnd cheter, art thou not aſhamed to be called Captaine? and Captaines were of my mind, they would trunchion you out, for taking their names vpon you, before you haue earnd them: you a captaine? you ſlaue, for what? for tearing a poore whoores ruffe in a bawdy houſe: hee a captaine! hang him rogue, he liues vpon mouldy

ſtewd

shewd pruins, and dried cakes: a captaine? Gods light these villaines wil make the word as odious as the word occupy, which was an excellent good worde before it was ill sorted, therefore captains had neede look too't.

Bard. Pray thee go downe good Ancient.

Falst. Hearke thee hither mistris Dol.

Pist. Not I, I tell thee what corporall Bardolfe, I could teare her, Ile be reuengde of her.

Boy Pray thee go downe.

Pist. Ile see her damnd first, to Plutoes damnd lake by this hād to th'infernal deep, with erebus & tortures vile also: holde hooke and line, say I: downe, downe dogges, downe fates haue we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captaine Peesell be quiet, tis very late yfaith, I beseeke you now aggrauate your choller.

Pist These be good humors indeede, shal pack-horses, and hollow pamperd iades of Asia which cannot goe but thirtie mile a day, compare with Cæsars and with Canibals, and troiant Greekes? nay rather damne them with King Cerberus, and let the Welkin roare, shall we fall foule for toies?

Host. By my troth captaine, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone good Ancient, this will grow to a brawle anon.

Pist. Men like dogges giue crownes like pins, haue we not Hiren here?

Host. A my word Captaine, theres none such here, what the goodyeare do! you thinke I would denie her? for Gods sake be quiet.

Pist. Then feed and be fat, my faire Calipolis, come giues some sacke, *si fortune me tormente sperato me contento*, feare we brode sides? no, let the fiend giue fire, giue me some sacke, and sweet hart, lie thou there, come we to ful points here? and are & cæteraes, no things?

Falst. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet Knight, I kisse thy neaffe, what, we haue seene the seuen starres.

Dol.

Dol. For Gods sake thrust him down staires, I cannot indure such a fustian rascall.

Pist Thrust him downe staires, know we not Galloway nagges?

Falst. Quaite him downe Bardolfe like a shoue-groat shilling, nay, and a doe nothing but speake nothing, a shall be nothing here.

Bard Come, get you downe staires.

Pist. What shall we haue incision? shall we imbrew? then death rocke me a sleepe, abridge my dolefull daies: why then let grieuons gastly gaping wounds vntwinde the sisters three, come Atropose I say.

Host. Heres goodly stuffe toward.

Falst. Giue me my rapier, boy.

Dol I pray thee Iacke, I pray thee do not drawe.

Fal. Get you downe staires.

Host. Heres a goodly tumult, ile forsweare keeping house afore ile be in these tirrits and frights, so, murder I warant now, alas, alas, put vp your naked weapons, put vp your naked weapons.

Dol. I pray thee Iack be quiet, the rascal's gone, ah you horson little vliaunt villaine you.

Host. Are you not hurte i'th groyne? me thought a made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Fal. Haue you turnd him out a doores?

Bar. Yea sir, the rascal's drunke, you haue hurt him sir i'th shoulder.

Fal. A rascall to braue me?

Dol A you sweet little rogue you, alas poore ape how thou sweatst, come let me wipe thy face, come on you horsone chops: a rogue, yfaith I loue thee, thou art as valorous as Hestor of Troy, woorth fiue of Agamemnon, & ten times better then the nine Worthies, a villaine!

Fal. Ah rascally slaue! I will tosse the rogue in a blanket.

Dol Do and thou darst for thy heart, and thou dost, ile canuas thee betweene a payre of sheetes.

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Boy The musique is come sir. *enter musicke.*

Fal. Let them play, play sirs, sit on my knee Doll, a rascall bragging slaue! the rogue fled from me like quicksiluer.

Dol Yfaith and thou followdst him like a church, thou horson little tydee Bartholemew borepigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting a daies and foyning a nights, and begin to patch vp thine old body for heauen.

Enter Prince and Poynes.

Fal Peace good Doll, do not speake like a deathes head, do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol Sirra, what humour's the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow yong fellow, a would haue made a good pantler, a would a chipt bread wel.

Dol They say Poines has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him baboon, his wit's as thicke as Tewksbury mustard, theres no more conceit in him then is in a mallet.

Dol Why does the prince loue him so then?

Fal. Because their legges are both of a bigneſſe, and a plaies at quoites well, and eates cunger and fennel, and drinkes off candles endes for flappe-dragons, and rides the wilde mare with the boyes, and iumpes vpon ioynd-stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his bootes very smoothe like vnto the signe of the Legge, and breedes no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambole faculties a has that show a weake minde, and an able bodie for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another, the weight of a haire wil turne scales between their haber de poiz.

Prince Would not this naue of a wheele haue his eares cut off?

Poynes Lets beate him before his whore.

Prince Looke where the witherd elder hath not his poule clawd like a parrot.

Poynes Is it not strange that desire should so many yeeres out liue performance.

Falst. Kisse me Doll.

Prince

Prince Saturne and Venus this yeere in coniunction? what saies th'Almanacke to that?

Poyns And look whether the fierie Trigon his man be not lisping to his master, old tables, his note booke, his counsel keeper?

Falst. Thou dost giue me flattering busses.

Dol By my troth I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

Falst. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I loue thee better then I loue, ere a scuruy yong boy of them all.

Fal. What stuffe wilt haue a kirtle of? I shall receiue mony a thursday, shalt haue a cap to morrow: a merry song, come it growes late, weele to bed, thou't forget me when I am gone.

Dol By my troth thou't set me a weeping and thou saist so, proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome til thy returne, wel hearken a'th end.

Fal. Some sacke Francis.

Prince, Poynes Anon anon sir.

Falst. Ha? a bastard sonne of the Kings? and arte not thou Poynes his brother?

Prince Why thou globe of sinfull continents, what a life dost thou leade?

Falst. A better then thou, I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

Prince Very true sir, and I come to drawe you out by the eares.

Host. O the Lord preserue thy grace: by my troth welcom to London, now the Lord blesse that sweete face of thine, O Iesu, are you come from Wales?

Falst. Thou horson madde compound of maiestie, by this light, flesh, and corrupt bloud, thou art welcome.

Doll How? you fat foole I scorne you.

Poynes My lorde, he will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a meriment if you take not the heate.

Prince You horson candlemine you, how vildly did you speake of me now, before this honest, vertuous, ciuill gentlewoman?

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Hoſt. Gods bleſſing of your good heart,and ſo ſhe is by my troth.

Falſt. Didſt thou heare me?

Prince Yea and you knew me as you did, when you ranne away by Gadſhil, you knew I was at your backe,and ſpoke it, on purpoſe to trie my patience.

Falſt. No, no,no, not ſo, I did not thinke thou waſt within hearing.

Prince I ſhall driue you then to confeſſe the wilfull abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Falſt. No abuſe Hall a nine honour,no abuſe.

Prince Not to diſpraiſe me, and cal me pantler and bread-chipper,and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe Hall.

Poynes No abuſe?

Falſt No abuſe Ned i'th worlde, honeſt Ned, none,I diſpraiſde him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in loue with thee: in which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull friend and a true ſubiect, and thy father is to giue me thankes for it, no abuſe Hall,none Ned, none, no faith boyes none.

Prince See now whether pure feare and intire cowardize, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to cloſe with vs: is ſhe of the wicked, is thine hoſteſſe here of the wicked,or is thy boy of the wicked,or honeſt Bardolfe whoſe zeal burnes in his noſe of the wicked?

Poynes Anſwer thou dead elme,anſwer.

Falſt. The fiend hath prickt down Bardolfe irrecouerable, and his face is Lucifers priuy kitchin, where he doth nothing but roſt mault-worms, for the boy there is a good angel about him, but the duel blinds him too.

Prince For the wemen.

Falſt. For one of them ſhees in hell already, and burnes poore ſoules: for th'other I owe her mony,and whether ſhe be damned for that I know not.

Hoſt

Hoſt. No I warrant you.

Falſt. No I thinke thou art not, I thinke thou art quit for that, mary there is another inditement vpon thee. for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe,contrary to the law,for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hoſt. Al vitlars do ſo, whats a ioynt of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince You gentlewoman.

Dol. What ſaies your grace?

Fal. His grace ſaies that which his fleſh rebels againſt.

Peyto knockes at doore.

Hoſt. Who knockes ſo lowd at doore? looke too'th doore there Francis.

Prince Peyto,how now,what newes?

Peyto The King your father is at Weminſter,
And there are twenty weake and wearied poſtes,
Come from the North,and as I came along
I met and ouertooke a dozen captaines,
Bareheaded,ſweating,knocking at the Tauernes,
And asking euery one for ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Prince By heauen Poines,I feele me much too blame,
So idely to prophane the precious time,
When tempeſt of commotion like the ſouth,
Borne with blacke vapour,doth begin to melt,
And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads,
Giue me my ſword and cloke: Falſtaffe,good night.

Exeunt Prince and Poynes.

Fal. Now comes in the ſweeteſt morſell of the night,& we muſt hence and leaue it vnpickt: more knocking at the doore? how now,whats the matter?

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Bar. You muſt away to court ſir preſently,
A dozen captaines ſtay at doore for you.
Fal. Pay the muſitians ſirra,farewel hoſteſſe,farewel Dol, you ſee (my good wenches)how men of merit are ſought after,the vndeſeruer may ſleepe, when the man of action is calld on,farewell good wenches, if I bee not ſent away poſte, I will ſee you againe ere I goe.
Dol. I cannot ſpeake:if my heart be not ready to burſt:wel ſweete Iacke haue a care of thy ſelfe.
Fal. Farewell,farewell. *exit.*
Hoſt. Well,fare thee well,I haue knowne thee theſe twenty nine yeares, come peaſe-cod time, but an honeſter, and truer hearted man:wel fare thee wel.
Bard. Miſtris Tere-ſheete.
Hoſt. Whats the matter?
Bard. Bid miſtris Tere-ſheete come to my maſter.
Hoſt. O runne Doll, runne, runne good Doll, come, ſhe comes blubberd,yea!will you come Doll?
exeunt.

Enter the King in his night-gowne alone.

King Go call the Earlesof Surrey and of War.
But ere they come, bid them o're-reade theſe letters,
And well conſider of them,make good ſpeed.
How many thouſand of my pooreſt ſubiects,
Are at this howre aſleepe? ô ſleepe!ô gentle ſleep!
Natures ſoft nurſe,how haue I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-liddes downe,
And ſteep my ſences in forgetfulneſſe,
Why rather ſleepe lieſt thou in ſmoaky cribbes,
Vpon vneaſie pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſht with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber,
Then in the perfumde chambers of the great,

Vnder

Vnder the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lulld with ſound of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull god,why li'ſte thou with the vile
In lothſome beds,and leaueſt the kingly couch,
A watch-caſe,or a common larum bell?
Wilt thou vpon the high and giddy maſſe,
Seale vp the ſhip-boies eies, and rocke his braines,
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge,
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian pillowes by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
VVith deaffing clamour in the ſlippery clouds,
That with the hurly death it ſelfe awakes?
Canſt thou, ô partiall ſleepe, giue them repoſe,
To the wet ſeaſon in an howre ſo rude,
And in the calmeſt, and moſt ſtilleſt night,
VVith al appliances and meanes to boote,
Deny it to a King? then (happy) low lie downe,
Vneaſie lies the head that weares a crowne.

Enter Warwike ,Surry,and ſir Iohn Blunt.

War. Many good morrowes to your maieſtie.
King Is it good morrow lords?
War. Tis one a clocke,and paſt.
King VVhy then good morrow to you all my lords.
Haue you read ore the letter that I ſent you?
War. VVe haue my liege.
King Then you perceiue the body of our kingdome,
How foule it is, what rancke diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger neare the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body yet diſtempered,
VVhich to his former ſtrength may be reſtored,
VVith good aduiſe and little medicine,

 My

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My Lord Northumberland wil ſoone be coold.
King. O God that one might reade the booke of fate,
And ſee the reuolution of the times,
Make mountaines leuell, and the continent
Weary of ſolide firmneſſe melt it ſelfe
Into the ſea, and other times to ſee,
The beachie girdle of the ocean,
Too wide for Neptunes hips, how chances mockes,
And changes fill the cup of alteration,
With diuers liquors! O if this were ſeene,
The happieſt youth viewing his progreſſe through,
What perills paſt, what croſſes to enſue?
Would ſhut the booke and ſit him downe and die:
Tis not ten yeeres gone,
Since Richard and Northumberland great friends,
Did feaſt togither and in two yeare after,
Were they at warres: it is but eight yeares ſince,
This Percie was the man neereſt my ſoule,
Who like a brother toyld in my affaires;
And laied his loue and life vnder my foote,
Yea for my ſake, euen to the eyes of Richard,
Gaue him defyance: but which of you was by?
You couſen Neuel, (as I may remember)
When Richard with his eye-brimme full of teares,
Then checkt and rated by Northumberland,
Did ſpeake theſe wordes now proou'd a prophecie:
Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My couſen Bolingbrooke aſcends my throne,
(Though then (God knowes) I had no ſuch intent,
But that neceſſitie ſo bowed the ſtate,
That I and greatneſſe were compeld to kiſſe.)
The time ſhall come, thus did he follow it,
The time wil come, that foule ſin gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: ſo went on,
Fortelling this ſame times condition,

And the deuiſion of our amitie.
War. There is a hiſtorie in all mens liues,
Figuring the natures of the times deceaſt:
The which obſerv'd, a man may prophecie,
With a neere ayme of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to life, who in their ſeedes,
And weake beginning lie intreaſured:
Such thinges become the hatch and broode of time,
And by the neceſſary forme of this,
King Richard might create a perfect gueſſe,
That great Northumberland then falſe to him,
Would of that ſeede growe to a greater falſeneſſe,
Which ſhould not find a ground to roote vpon
Vnleſſe on you.
King. Are theſe thinges then neceſſities,
Then let vs meet them like neceſſities,
And that ſame word euen now cries out on vs:
They ſay the Biſhop and Northumberland,
Are fiftie thouſand ſtrong.
War. It cannot be my Lord,
Rumour doth double like the voice, and eccho
The numbers of the feared, pleaſe it your grace,
To go to bedde: vpon my ſoule, my Lord,
The Powers that you already haue ſent foorth,
Shall bring this priſe in very eaſily:
To comfort you the more, I haue receiued,
A certain inſtance that Glendour is dead:
Your Maieſtie hath beene this fortnight ill,
And theſe vnſeaſoned howers perforce muſt adde
Vnto your ſickneſſe.
King. I will take your counſaile,
And were theſe inward warres once out of hand,
We would (deare Lords) vnto the holy land. *exeunt*

Enter Iuſtice Shallow, and Iuſtice Silence.

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Shallow Come on, come on, come on sir, giue me your hand sir, giue me your hand sir, an early stirrer, by the Roode: and how dooth my good cosin Silens?

Silence Good morrow good cosin Shallow.

Shallow And how dooth my cosin your bed-fellowe? and your fayrest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Silens Alas, a blacke woosel, cosin Shallow.

Shallow By yea, and no sir: I dare saye my cosin William is become a good scholler, he is at Oxford still, is hee not?

Silens Indeede sir to my cost.

Shallow A must then to the Innes a court shortly: I was once of Clements Inne, where I thinke they will talke of mad Shallow yet.

Silens You were cald Lusty Shallow then cosin.

Shallow By the masse I was cald any thing, and I would haue done any thing indeed too, and roundly too: there was I, and little Iohn Doyt of Stafford-shire, and Blacke George Barnes, and Francis Picke-bone, and Will Squele a Cotsole man, you had not foure such swinge-bucklers in al the Innes a court againe: and I may say to you, we knew where the bona robes were, and had the best of them all at commaundement: then was Iacke Falstaffe (now sir Iohn) a boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray duke of Norffolke.

Silens Cosin, this sir Iohn that comes hither anone about souldiers?

Shall. The same (sir Iohn) the very same, I see him breake Skoggins head at the Court gate, when a was a Cracke, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Samson Stockefish a Fruiterer behinde Greyes Inne: Iesu, Iesu, the mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see how many of my olde acquaintance are dead.

Silens We shall all follow, cosin.

Shal. Certaine, tis certaine, very sure, very sure, death (as the Psalmist

Psalmist saith) is certaine to all, all shall die. How a good yoke of bullockes at Samforth faire?

Silens By my troth I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine: Is olde Dooble of your towne liuing yet?

Silens Dead sir.

Shal. Iesu, Iesu, dead! a drew a good bow, and dead? a shot a fine shoote: Iohn a Gaunt loued him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a would haue clapt ith clowt at twelue score, and caried you a forehand shaft a foureteene and foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue doone a mans heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

Silens Thereafter as they be, a score of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is olde Dooble dead?

Silens Heere come twoo of sir Iohn Falstaffes men, as I thinke.

Enter Bardolfe, and one with him.

Good morrow honest gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Iustice Shallow?

Shall. I am Robert Shallow sir, a poore Esquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace: what is your pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine, sir, commends him to you, my Captaine sir Iohn Falstaffe, a tall gentleman, by heauen, and a most gallant Leader.

Shall. He greets me wel, sir, I knew him a good backsword man: how doth the good knight? may I aske how my Ladie his wife doth?

Bar. Sir, pardon, a souldiour is better accommodate than with a wife.

Shallow It is well sayde in faith sir, and it is well sayde indeede too, better accommodated, it is good, yea in deede is it,

it, good phraſes, are ſurely, and euer were, very commendable, accommodated: it comes of *accommodo*, very good, a good phraſe.

Bardolfe Pardon me ſir, I haue heard the worde, phraſe call you it? by this good day, I knowe not the phraſe, but I will mayntayne the worde with my ſworde, to bee a ſouldiour-like word, and a worde of exceeding good command, by heauen: accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they ſay, accommodated, or when a man is, beeing whereby, a may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Iuſt. It is very iuſt: looke, here comes good ſir Iohn, giue me your good hand, giue mee your worſhippes good hand, by my troth you like well, and beare your yeeres very well, welcome good ſir Iohn.

Fal I am glad to ſee you well, good maiſter Robert Shallow, maiſter Soccard (as I thinke.)

Shal. No ſir Iohn, it is my cooſin Silens, in commiſſion with me.

Falſt. Good maiſter Silens, it well befits you ſhould be of the Peace.

Silens Your good worſhip is welcome.

Falſt. Fie, this is hot weather (gentlemen) haue you prouided me heere halfe a dozen ſufficient men?

Shal. Mary haue we ſir, will you ſit?

Falſt. Let me ſee them I beſeech you.

Shall. Wheres the rowle? wheres the rowle? wheres the rowle? let me ſee, let me ſee, ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo (ſo, ſo) yea mary ſir, Rafe Mouldy, let them appeere as I call, let them do ſo, let thē do ſo. let me ſee, where is Mouldy?

Mouldy Here and it pleaſe you.

Sha. What think you ſir Iohn, a good limbd fellow, yong, ſtrong,

ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldie?

Moul. Yea, and't pleaſe you.

Fal. Tis the more time thou wert vſde.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent yfaith, things that are mouldy lacke vſe: very ſingular good, infaith well ſaid ſir Iohn, very well ſaid. *Iohn prickes him.*

Moul. I was prickt wel enough before, and you could haue let me alone, my old dame will be vndone now for one to doe her husbandrie, and her drudgery, you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out then I.

Fal. Go to, peace Mouldy, you ſhall go, Mouldy it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace fellow, peace, ſtand aſide, know you where you are? for th'other ſir Iohn: let me ſee Simon Shadow.

Fal. Yea mary, let me haue him to ſit vnder, hees like to be a cold ſoldiour.

Shal. Wheres Shadow?

Shad. Here ſir.

Fal. Shadow, whoſe ſonne art thou?

Shad. My mothers ſonne ſir.

Fal. Thy mothers ſonne: like enough, and thy fathers ſhadow, ſo the ſonne of the female is the ſhadow of the male: it is often ſo indeede, but much of the fathers ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him ſir Iohn?

Fal. Shadow will ſerue for ſummer, pricke him, for we haue a number of ſhadowes fill vp the muſter booke.

Shal. Thomas Wart.

Fal. Wheres he?

Wart Here ſir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart Yea ſir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him ſir Iohn?

Fal. It were ſuperfluous, for apparell is built vpon his back,

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and the whole frame stands vpon pins, pricke him no more.

Shal. Ha,ha,ha,you can do it sir,you can do it, I commend you well: Francis Feeble.

Feeble Here sir.

Shal. What trade art thou Feeble?

Feeble A womans tailer sir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him sir?

Fal. You may,but if he had bin a mans tailer hee'd a prickt you: wilt thou make as manie holes in an enemies battaile, as thou hast done in a womans peticoate.

Feeble I will do my good will sir,you can haue no more.

Fal. Well saide good womans tailer, well saide couragious Feeble, thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathfull doue, or most magnanimous mouse,pricke the womans tailer: wel M.Shallow, deepe M. Shallow.

Feeble I would Wart might haue gone sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans tailer, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to goe,I cannot put him to a priuate souldier, that is the leader of so many thousands, let that suffice most forcible Feeble.

Feeble It shall suffice sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee reuerend Feeble,who is next?

Shal. Peter Bul-calfe o'th greene.

Fal. Yea mary,lets see Bul-calfe.

Bul. Here sir. (roare againe.

Fal. Fore God a likely fellow, come pricke Bul-calfe til hee

Bul. O Lord,good my lord captaine.

Falst. What, dost thou roare before thou art prickt?

Bul. O Lord sir,I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A horson cold sir, a cough sir, which I cought with ringing in the Kings affaires vpon his coronation day sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the warres in a gowne,we wil haue away thy cold, and I wil take such order that thy friendes shal ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more cald then your number, you must haue

haue but foure here sir, and so I pray you goe in with mee to dinner.

Fa. Come,I wil go drink with you,but I cānot tary dinner: I am glad to see you, by my troth master Shallow.

Shal. O sir Iohn, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmil in saint Georges field?

Fal. No more of that master Shallow.

Shal. Ha,twas a merry night, and is Iane Night-worke alue?

Falst. She liues master Shallow.

Shal. She neuer could away with me.

Fa. Neuer neuer,she wold alwaies say,she could not abide master Shallow.

Sha. By the masse I conld anger her tooth heart, she was then a *bona roba*,doth she hold her owne wel?

Fal. Old old master Shallow.

Shal. Nay she must be old,she cannot chuse but be old,certain shees old,& had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clements inne.

Scilens Thats fiftie fiue yeare ago.

Shal. Ha cousen Scilens that thou hadst seene that that this Knight and I haue seene,ha sir Iohn, said I wel?

Fal We haue heard the chimes at midnight M.Shallow.

Sha. That we haue,that we haue, that we haue,in faith sir Iohn we haue, our watch-worde was Hemboies, come lets to dinner,come lets to dinner,Iesus the daies that wee haue seene, come,come. *exeunt.*

Bul. Good maister corporate Bardolfe, stand my friend, & heres foure Harry tenshillings in french crowns for you, in very truth sir, I had as liue be hangd sir as go,and yet for mine owne part sir I do not care,but rather because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part haue a desire to stay with my friends, else sir I did not care for mine owne part so much.

Bard. Go to,stand aside.

Moul. And good M.corporall captaine,for my old dames sake stand my friend, she has no body to doe any thing about

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her when I am gone, and ſhe is old and cannot helpe her ſelfe, you ſhall haue forty ſir.

Bar. Go to, ſtand aſide.

Feeble By my troth I care not, a man can die but once, we owe God a death, ile nere beare a baſe mind, and't bee my deſtny: ſo, and't be not, ſo, no man's too good to ſerue's prince, and let it go which way it will, he that dies this yeere is quit for the next.

Bar Well ſaid, th'art a good fellow.

Feeble Faith ile beare no baſe mind.

Enter Falſtaffe and the Inſtices.

Fal. Come ſir, which men ſhall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you pleaſe.

Bar Sir, a word with you, I haue three pound to free Mouldy and Bulcalfe.

Fal. Go to, well.

Shal. Come ſir Iohn, which foure wil you haue?

Fal. Do you chuſe for me.

Shal. Mary then, Mouldy, Bulcalfe, Feeble, and Sadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bulcalfe, for you Mouldy ſtay at home, til you are paſt ſeruice: and for your part Bulcalfe, grow til you come vnto it, I will none of you.

Shal. Sir Iohn, ſir Iohn, doe not your ſelfe wrong, they are your likelieſt men, and I would haue you ſerude with the beſt.

Fal. Wil you tel me (maſter Shallow) how to chuſe a man? care I for the limbe, the thewes, the ſtature, bulke and big aſſemblance of a man: giue me the ſpirit M. Shalow: heres Wart, you ſee what a ragged apparance it is, a ſhall charge you, and diſcharge you with the motion of a pewterers hammer, come off and on ſwifter then he that gibbets on the brewers bucket: and this ſame halfe facde fellow Shadow, giue me this man, he preſents no marke to the enemy, the fo-man may with as great aime leuel at the edge of a pen-knife, and for a retraite how ſwiftly wil this Feeble the womans Tailer runne off? O giue mee the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones, putte mee a caliuer

caliuer into Warts hand Bardolfe.

Bar. Hold Wart, trauers thas, thas, thas.

Fal. Come manage me your caliuer: ſo, very wel, go to, very good, exceeding good, O giue me alwaies a little leane, olde chopt Ballde, ſhot: well ſaid yfaith Wart, th'art a good ſcab, hold, theres a teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his crafts-maſter, he doth not do it right; I remember at Mile-end-greene, when I lay at Clements Inne, I was then ſir Dagonet in Arthurs ſhow, there was a little quiuer fellow, and a would manage you his peece thus, and a would about and about, and come you in, and come you in, rah, tah, tah, would a ſay, bounce would a ſay, and away again would a go, and againe would a come: I ſhall nere ſee ſuch a fellow.

Fal. Theſe fellowes wooll doe well M. Shallow, God keep you M. Scilens, I will not vſe many words with you, fare you wel gentlemen both, I thank you, I muſt a doſen mile to night: Bardolfe, giue the ſouldiers coates.

Shal. Sir Iohn, the Lord bleſſe you, God proſper your affaires, God ſend vs peace at your returne, viſit our houſe, let our old acquaintance be renewed, peraduenture I will with ye to the court.

Fal. Fore God would you would.

Shal. Go to, I haue ſpoke at a word, God keep you.

Fal. Fare you well gentle gentlemen. *exit*

Shal. On Bardolfe, leade the men away, as I returne I will fetch off theſe iuſtices, I do ſee the bottome of iuſtice Shallow, Lord, Lord, how ſubiect we old men are to this vice of lying, this ſame ſtaru'd iuſtice hath done nothing but prate to me, of the wildneſſe of his youth, and the feates he hath done about Turne-bull ſtreet, and euery third word a lie, dewer paid to the hearer then the Turkes tribute, I doe remember him at Clements Inne, like a man made after ſupper of a cheeſe paring, when a was naked, he was for all the worlde like a forkt reddiſh, with a head fantaſtically carued vpon it with a knife, a was ſo forlorne, that his demenſions to any thicke ſight were

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inuincible, a was the very genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkie,& the whores cald him mandrake,a came ouer in the rereward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the ouer-schutcht huswiues, that he heard the Car-men whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights, and nowe is this vices dagger become a squire, and talkes as familiarly of Iohn a Gaunt, as if he had bin sworne brother to him, and ile be sworn a nere saw him but once in the tylt-yard, and then he burst his head for crowding among the Marshalles men, I saw it,and told Iohn a Gaunt he beate his owne name, for you might haue thrust him and all his aparell into an eele-skin, the case of a treble hoboy was a mansion for him a Court, and now has he land and beefes. Well,ile be acquainted with him if I returne,and t'shal go hard,but ile make him a philosophers two stones to me,if the yong Dase be a baite for the old Pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him, till Time shape,and there an end.

Enter the Archbishop, Mowbray, Bardolfe, Hastings, within the forrest of Gaultree.

Bish. What is this forrest calld?

Hast. Tis Gaultree forrest,and't shal please your grace.

Bishop Here stand,my lords,and send discouerers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies:

Hastings We haue sent forth already.

Bishop Tis well done,
My friends and brethren (in these great affaires)
I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd
New dated letters from Northumberland,
Their cold intent,tenure,and substance thus:
Here doth he wish his person,with such powers,
As might hold sortance with his quallitie,
The which he could not leuy: whereupon
He is retirde to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland,and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may ouer-liue the hazard
And fearefull meeting of their opposite.

Mowb.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we haue in him,touch ground,
And dash themselues to peeces. *Enter messenger*

Hastings Now,what newes?

Messenger West of this forrest,scarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme comes on the enemy,
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number
Vpon,or neere the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowbray The iust proportion that we gaue them out,
Let vs sway on,and face them in the field.

Bishop What wel appointed Leader fronts vs heere?

Enter Westmerland

Mowbray I thinke it is my lord of Westmerland.

West. Health and faire greeting from our Generall,
The prince lord Iohn and duke of Lancaster.

Bishop Say on my lord of Westmerland in peace,
What doth concerne your comming?

We. Then my Lord,vnto your Grace do I in chiefe addresse
The substance of my speech: if that rebellion
Came like it selfe, in base and abiect rowtes,
Led on by bloody youth,guarded with rage,
And countenaunst by boyes and beggary.
I say, if damnd commotion so appeare,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You,reuerend father,and these noble Lordes,
Had not beene heere to dresse the owgly forme
Of base and bloody Insurrection
With your faire Honours. You (lord Archbishop)
Whose Sea is by a ciuile peace maintainde,
Whose beard the siluer hand of Peace hath toucht,
Whose learning and good letters Peace hath tutord,
Whose white inuestments figure innocence,
The Doue, and very blessed spirite of peace.
Wherefore do you so ill translate your selfe
Out of the speech of peace that beares such grace,
Into the harsh and boystrous tongue of warre?
Turning your bookes to graues,your incke to bloud,

You

Your pennes to launces, and your tongue diuine,
To a lowd trumpet, and a point of warre?
Biſh. Wherefore do I this? ſo the queſtion ſtands:
Briefly, to this end we are all diſeaſde:
The dangers of the daie's but newly gone,
VVhoſe memorie is written on the earth,
VVith yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of euery minutes inſtance (preſent now,)
Hath put vs in theſe ill-beſeeming armes,
Not to breake peace, or any braunch of it,
But to eſtabliſh heere a peace indeede,
Concurring both in name and quallitie.
Weſt. VVhen euer yet was your appeale denied
VVherein haue you beene galled by the King?
What peere hath beene ſuborn'de to grate on you?
That you ſhould ſeale this lawleſſe bloody booke
Of forgde rebellion with a ſeale diuine,
Biſhop My brother Generall, the common wealth
I make my quarrell in particular.
Weſt. There is no neede of any ſuch redreſſe,
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mowbray why not to him in part, and to vs all
That feele the bruiſes of the daies before?
And ſuffer the condition of theſe times,
To lay a heauy and vnequall hand
Vpon our honors.
Weſt. But this is meere digreſſion from my purpoſe.
Here come I from our princely generall,
To know your griefes, to tell you from his Grace,
That he will giue you audience, and wherein
It ſhall appeere that your demaunds are iuſt,
You ſhall enioy them, euery thing ſet off
That might ſo much as thinke you enemies.
Mowbray But he hath forc'de vs to compel this offer,

And

And it proceedes from policie, not loue.
Weſt. Mowbray, you ouerweene to take it ſo:
This offer comes from mercy, not from feare:
For loe, within a ken our army lies:
Vpon mine honour, all too confident
To giue admittance to a thought of feare:
Our battell is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the vſe of armes,
Our armour all as ſtrong, our cauſe the beſt:
Then Reaſon will our hearts ſhould be as good:
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.
Mow. Well, by my will, we ſhall admit no parlee.
Weſt. That argues but the ſhame of your offence,
A rotten caſe abides no handling.
Haſtings Hath the prince Iohn a full commiſſion,
In very ample vertue of his father,
To heare, and abſolutely to determine
Of what conditions we ſhall ſtand vpon?
Weſt. That is intended in the Generalles name,
I muſe you make ſo ſlight a queſtion.
Biſhop Then take, my lord of Weſtmerland, this ſcedule,
For this containes our generall grieuances,
Each ſeuerall article herein redreſt,
All members of our cauſe both here and hence,
That are enſinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantiall forme,
And preſent execution of our willes,
To vs and our purpoſes confinde,
We come within our awefull bancks againe,
And knit our powers to the arme of peace.
Weſt. This will I ſhew the Generall, pleaſe you Lords,
In ſight of both our battells we may meete,
At either end in peace, which God ſo frame,
Or to the place of diffrence call the ſwords,
Which muſt decide it. *Exit Weſtmerland*
Biſhop My lord, we will doe ſo.

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Mou There is a thing within my boſome tells me
That no conditions of our peace can ſtand.
Haſtings Feare you not that if we can make our peace,
Vpon ſuch large termes and ſo abſolute,
As our conditions ſhall conſiſt vpon,
Our peace ſhall ſtand as firme as rockie mountaines.
Moub. Yea but our valuation ſhal be ſuch,
That euery ſlight, and falſe deriued cauſe,
Yea euery idle, nice, and wanton reaſon,
Shall to the King taſte of this action,
That were our royal faiths martires in loue,
We ſhall be winow'd with ſo rough a wind,
That euen our corne ſhal ſeeme as light as chaffe,
And good from bad find no partition.
Biſh. No, no, my lord, note this, the King is weary
Of daintie and ſuch picking greeuances,
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Reuiues two greater in the heires of life:
And therefore will he wipe his tables cleane,
And keepe no tel-tale to his memorie,
That may repeate, and hiſtory his loſſe,
To new remembrance: for full wel he knowes,
He cannot ſo preciſely weed this land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion,
His foes are ſo enrooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnfix an enemy,
He doth vnfaſten ſo, and ſhake a friend,
So that this land, like an offenſiue wife,
That hath enraged him on to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holdes his infant vp,
And hangs reſolu'd correction in the arme,
That was vpreard to execution.
Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted al his rods,
On late offendors, that he now doth lacke
The very inſtruments of chaſticement.
So that his power, like to a phangleſſe lion,

May offer, but not hold.
Biſhop Tis very true,
And therefore be aſſurde, my good Lord Marſhall,
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our peace wil like a broken limbe vnited,
Grow ſtronger for the breaking.
Mow. Be it ſo, here is returnd my lord of Weſtmerland.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Weſt. The prince is here at hand, pleaſeth your Lordſhip
To meet his grace iuſt diſtance tweene our armies.

Enter Prince Iohn and his armie.

Mow. Your grace of York, in Gods name then ſet forward.
Biſhop. Before, and greete his grace (my lord) we come.
Iohn You are well incountred here, my couſen Mowbray,
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbiſhop,
And ſo to you Lord Haſtings and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better ſhewed with you,
When that your flocke aſſembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence,
Your expoſition on the holy text,
That now to ſee you here, an yron man talking,
Cheering a rowt of rebells with your drumme,
Turning the word to ſword, and life to death:
That man that ſits within a monarches heart,
And ripens in the ſun-ſhine of his fauor,
Would he abuſe the countenance of the King:
Alacke what miſcheefes might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch greatneſſe? with you Lord biſhop
It is euen ſo, who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deepe you were within the bookes of God,
To vs the ſpeaker in his parliament,
To vs th'imagine voice of God himſelfe,
The very opener and intelligencer,
Betweene the grace, the ſanctities of heauen,
And our dul workings? O who ſhal beleeue,
But you miſuſe the reuerence of your place,

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Imply the countenance and grace of heau'n,
As a falſe fauorite doth his princes name:
In deedes diſhonorable you haue tane vp,
Vnder the counterfeited zeale of God,
The ſubiects of his ſubſtitute my father,
And both againſt the peace of heauen and him,
Haue here vpſwarmd them.
Biſhop Good my Lord of Lancaſter,
I am not here againſt your fathers peace,
But as I told my lord of Weſtmerland,
The time miſordred doth in common ſenſe,
Crowd vs and cruſh vs to this monſtrous forme,
To hold our ſafety vp: I ſent your grace,
The parcells and particulars of our griefe,
The which hath beene with ſcorne ſhoued from the court,
Whereon this Hidra, ſonne of warre is borne,
Whoſe dangerous eies may well be charmd aſleepe,
With graunt of our moſt iuſt, and right deſires,
And true obedience of this madnes cured,
Stoope tamely to the foote of maieſtie.
Mow. If not, we ready are to trie our fortunes,
To the laſt man.
Haſt. And though we here fal downe,
We haue ſupplies to ſecond our attempt,
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhal ſecond them,
And ſo ſucceſſe of miſchiefe ſhall be borne,
And heire from heire ſhall hold his quarrell vp,
Whiles England ſhall haue generation.
Prince You are too ſhallow Haſtings, much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottome of the after times.
Weſt. Pleaſeth your grace to anſwere them directly,
How far forth you do like their articles.
Prince I like them all, and do allow them well,
And ſweare here by the honour of my bloud,
My fathers purpoſes haue beene miſtooke,
And ſome about him haue too lauiſhly,

Wreſted his meaning and authority.
My Lord, theſe griefes ſhall be with ſpeed redreſt,
Vppon my ſoule they ſhal, if this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your powers vnto their ſeuerall counties,
As we will ours, and here betweene the armies,
Lets drinke together friendly and embrace,
That all their eies may beare thoſe tokens home,
Of our reſtored loue and amitie.
Biſhop I take your princely word for theſe redreſſes,
I giue it you, and will maintaine my word,
And therevpon I drinke vnto your grace.
Prince Go Captaine, and deliuer to the armie
This newes of peace, let them haue pay, and part.
I know it will well pleaſe them, hie thee captaine.
Biſhop To you my noble lord of Weſtmerland.
Weſt. I pledge your grace, and if you knew what paines,
I haue beſtowed to breed this preſent peace,
You would drinke freely, but my loue to ye
Shall ſhew it ſelfe more openly hereafter.
Biſhop I do not doubt you.
Weſt. I am glad of it,
Health to my Lord, and gentle coſin Mowbray.
Mow. You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon,
For I am on the ſodaine ſomething ill.
Biſhop Againſt ill chaunces men are euer mery,
But heauineſſe fore-runnes the good euent.
Weſt. Therefore be mery coze, ſince ſodaine ſorrow
Serues to ſay thus, ſome good thing comes to morow.
Biſhop Beleeue me I am paſſing light in ſpirit.
Mow. So much the worſe if your owne rule be true. *Shout.*
Prin. The word of peace is rendred, hearke how they ſhout.
Mow. This had bin cheerefull after victory.
Biſhop A peace is of the nature of a conqueſt,
For then both parties nobly are ſubdued,
And neither party looſer.
Prince Go my lord,

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And let our army be discharged too,
And,good my lord,so please you,let our traines
March by vs,that we may peruse the men,
VVe should haue coap't withall.
Bishop Go,good Lord Hastings,
And ere they be disinist,let them march by. *enter Westmerland.*
Prince I trust Lords we shal lie to night togither:
Now cousin,wherefore stands our army stil?
West. The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,
Wil not goe off vntil they heare you speake.
Prince They know their dueties. *enter Hastings*
Hastings My lord,our army is dispersst already,
Like youthfull steeres vnyoakt they take their courses,
East,weast,north,south,or like a schoole broke vp,
Each hurries toward his home. and sporting place.
West. Good tidings my lord Hastings,for the which
I do arest thee traitor of high treason,
And you lord Archbishop,and you lord Mowbray,
Of capitall treason I attach you both.
Mowbray Is this proceeding iust and honorable?
West. Is your assembly so?
Bishop will you thus breake your faith?
Prince I pawnde thee none,
I promist you redresse of these same grieuances
Whereof you did complaine, which by mine honour
I will performe,with a most christian care.
But for you rebels, looke to taste the due
Meete for rebellion:
Most shallowly did you these armes commence,
Fondly brought heere,and foolishly sent hence.
Strike vp our drummes,pursue the scattred stray:
God,and not we,hath safely fought to day:
Some guard this traitour to the blocke of death,
Treasons true bed,and yeelder vp of breath.
Alarum *Enter Falstaffe* *excursions*
Fal. whats your name sir, of what condition are you, and of

of what place?
Cole. I am a Knight sir, and my name is Coleuile of the Dale.
Fal. well then,Colleuile is your name,a Knight is your degree,and your place the dale: Coleuile shalbe still your name, a traitor your degree, & the dungeon your place, a place deep enough,so shall you be stil Colleuile of the Dale.
Colle. Are not you sir Iohn Falstaffe?
Fal. As good a man as he sir,who ere I am: doe ye yeelde sir,or shall I sweat for you? if I doe sweate, they are the drops of thy louers, and they weepe for thy death, therefore rowze vp feare and trembling, and do obseruance to my mercie.
Colle. I think you are sir Iohn Falstaffe,and in that thought yeelde me.
Fal. I haue a whole schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speakes any other word but my name,and I had but a belly of any indifferencie,I were simply the most actiue fellow in Europe: my womb,my wombe,my womb vndoes me,heere comes our Generall.
Enter Iohn Westmerland,and the rest. *Retraite*
Iohn The heate is past,follow no further now,
Call in the powers good cousin Westmerland.
Now Falstaffe, where haue you beene all this while?
VVhen euery thing is ended,then you come:
These tardy trickes of yours wil on my life
One time or other breake some gallowes backe.
Fal. I would bee sory my lord,but it shoulde bee thus: I neuer knew yet but Rebuke and Checke, was the rewarde of Valor: do you thinke me a swallow,an arrow,or a bullet? haue I in my poore and old motion the expedition of thought? I haue speeded hither with the very extreamest inch of possibility, I haue foundred nineteore and od postes, and here trauell tainted as I am, haue in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir Iohn Colleuile of the Dale,a most furious Knight and valorous enemy, but what of that? he saw me, and yeelded, that I may iustly say with the hooke-nosde fellow of Rome, thee

there coſin, I came, ſaw, and ouercame.

Iohn It was more of his curteſie then your deſeruing.

Falſt. I know not, here he is, and here I yeeld him, and I beſeech your grace let it be bookte with the reſt of this daies deedes, or by the Lord, I will haue it in a particular ballad elſe, with mine owne picture on the top on't, (Coleuile kiſſing my foote) to the which courſe, if I bee enforſt, if you doe not all ſhew like guilt twoo pences to mee, and I in the cleere skie of Fame, ore-ſhine you as much as the full moone doth the cinders of the element, (which ſhew like pinnes heads to her) beleeue not the worde of the noble: therefore let me haue right, and let Deſert mount.

Prince Thine's too heauy to mount.

Falſt. Let it ſhine then.

Prince Thines too thicke to ſhine.

Falſt. Let it do ſome thing, my good lord, that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

Prince Is thy name Colleuile?

Col. It is my Lord.

Prince A famous rebell art thou Colleuile.

Falſt. And a famous true ſubiect tooke him.

Col. I am my lord but as my betters are,
That led me hither, had they bin rulde by me,
You ſhould haue wonne them deerer then you haue.

Fal. I know not how they ſold themſelues, but thou like a kind fellow gaueſt thy ſelfe away gratis, and I thanke thee for thee. *enter Weſtmerland.*

Prince Now, haue you left purſuit?

Weſt. Retraite is made, and execution ſtayd.

Prince Send Colleuile with his confederates
To Yorke, to preſent execution,
Blunt leade him hence, and ſee you guard him ſure.
And now diſpatch we toward the court my lordes,
I heare the King my father is ſore ſick,
Our newes ſhall go before vs to his maieſtie,
Which coſin you ſhall beare to comfort him,

And we with ſober ſpeede will follow you.

Falſt. My Lord, I beſeech you giue me leaue to go through Gloſterſhire, and when you come to court, ſtand my good lord in your good report.

Prince Fare you wel Falſtaffe, I, in my condition, ſhal better ſpeake of you then you deſerue.

Fal. I would you had the wit, twere better than your dukedome, good faith this ſame yong ſober blouded boy doth not loue me, nor a mã cãot make him laugh, but thats no maruel, he drinkes no wine, theres neuer none of theſe demure boyes come to any proofe, for thin drinke doth ſo ouer-coole theyr blood, and making many fiſh meales, that they fall into a kind of male greene ſicknes, and then when they marry, they gette wenches, they are generally fooles and cowards, which ſome of vs ſhould be too, but for inflammation: a good ſherris ſacke hath a two fold operation in it, it aſcendes mee into the braine, dries me there all the fooliſh, and dull, and crudy vapors which enuirone it, makes it apprehenſiue, quicke, forgetiue, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable ſhapes, which deliuered ore to the voyce, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The ſecond property of your excellent ſherris, is the warming of the blood, which before (cold & ſetled,) left the lyuer white & pale, which is the badge of puſilanimitie and cowardize: but the ſherris warmes it, and makes it courſe from the inwards to the partes extreames, it illumineth the face, which as a beakon, giues warning to al the reſt of this little kingdom man to arme, and then the vitall commoners, and inland petty ſpirits, muſter me all to their captaine, the heart: who great, and pufft vp with this retinew, doth any deed of courage: and this valour comes of ſherris, ſo that skill in the weapon is nothing without ſacke (for that ſets it aworke) and learning a meere whoord of gold kept by a diuell, till ſacke commences it, and ſets it in act and vſe. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant, for the cold blood he did naturally inherite of his father, he hath like leane, ſterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilld, with excellent endeuour of drinking good

and good ſtore of fertile ſherris, that he is become very hote and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſonnes, the firſt humane principle I would teach them, ſhould be, to forſweare thinpotations, and to addict themſelues to ſacke. How now Bardolfe?

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. The army is diſcharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them goe, ile through Gloſterſhire, and there will I viſit M. Robert Shallow Eſquire, I haue him already tempring betweene my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeale with him, come away.

Enter the King, Warwike, Kent, Thomas duke of Clarence, Humphrey of Glouceſter.

King Now lords, if God doth giue ſucceſſefull end,
To this debate that bleedeth at our doores,
We will our youth leade on to higher fields,
And draw no ſwords but what are ſanctified:
Our nauie is addreſt, our power collected,
Our ſubſtitutes in abſence wel inueſted,
And euery thing lies leuell to our wiſh,
Only we want a little perſonal ſtrength:
And pawſe vs til theſe rebels now afoote,
Come vnderneath the yoke of gouernment.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your maieſty
Shal ſoone enioy.

King Humphrey my ſonne of Gloſter, where is the prince your brother?

Glo. I thinke hees gone to hunt, my lord, at Winſor.

King And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know, my lord.

King Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence with him?

Glo. No, my good lord, he is in preſence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

Kin Nothing but well to thee Thomas of Clarence,
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loues thee, and thou doſt neglect him, Thomas,
Thou haſt a better place in his affection

Then

Then all thy brothers, cherriſh it my boy:
And noble offices thou maiſt effect
Of mediation after I am dead,
Betweene his greatneſſe and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit him not, blunt not his loue,
Nor looſe the good aduantage of his grace,
By ſeeming cold, or careleſſe of his will,
For he is gracious if he be obſeru'de,
He hath a teare for pittie, and a hand,
Open as day for meeting charitie,
Yet notwithſtanding being incenſt, he is flint,
As humorous as winter, and as ſodaine
As flawes congealed in the ſpring of day:
His temper therefore muſt be well obſeru'd,
Chide him for faults, and do it reuerently,
When you perceiue his bloud inclind to mirth:
But being moody, giue him time and ſcope,
Till that his paſſions, like a whale on ground
Confound themſelues with working, learne this Thomas,
And thou ſhalt proue a ſhelter to thy friends,
A hoope of gold to binde thy brothers in,
That the vnited veſſell of their bloud,
(Mingled with venome of ſuggeſtion,
As force perforce, the age will powre it in,)
Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as ſtrong,
As Aconitum, or raſh gunpowder.

Cla. I ſhall obſerue him with all care and loue.

King Why art thou not at Winſore with him Thomas?

Tho. He is not there to day, he dines in London.

King And how accompanied?

Tho. With Poines, and other his continuall followers.

King Moſt ſubiect is the fatteſt ſoyle to weeds,
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is ouerſpread with them, therefore my griefe
Stretches it ſelfe beyond the howre of death:
The bloud weepes from my heart when I do ſhape,

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In formes imaginary,th'unguyded daies,
And rotten times that you ſhall looke vpon,
When I am ſleeping with my anceſtors:
For when his head-ſtrong riot hath no curbe,
VVhen rage and hot bloud are his counſellors,
VVhen meanes and lauiſh manners meete together,
Oh with what wings ſhal his affections flie,
Towards fronting peril and oppoſde decay?
War. My gracious Lord,you looke beyond him quite,
The prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue,wherein to gaine the language:
Tis needfull that the moſt immodeſt word,
Be lookt vpon and learnt,which once attaind,
Your highneſſe knowes comes to no further vſe,
But to be knowne and hated:ſo,like groſſe termes,
The prince will in the perfectneſſe of time,
Caſt off his followers,and their memory
Shall as a pattern,or a meaſure liue,
By which his grace muſt mete the liues of other,
Turning paſt-euils to aduantages.
King Tis ſeldome when the bee doth leaue her comb,
In the dead carion: who's here,Weſtmerland?

Enter Weſtmerland.

Weſt. Health to my ſoueraigne,and new happineſſe
Added to that that I am to deliuer,
Prince Iohn your ſonne doth kiſſe your graces hand.
Mowbray,the Biſhop,Scroope,Haſtings,and al,
Are brought to the correction of your law:
There is not now a rebels ſword vnſheathd,
But Peace puts forth her oliue euery where.
The manner how this action hath bin borne,
Here at more leiſure may your highneſſe reade,
With euery courſe in his particular.
King O Weſtmerland,thou art a ſummer bird,
VVhich euer in the haunch of winter ſings
The liſting vp of day:looke heres more newes. *enter Harcor.*

Hare.

Hare. From enemies,heauens keep your maieſty,
And when they ſtand againſt you,may they fall
As thoſe that I am come to tell you of:
The Earle Northumberland,and the Lord Bardolfe,
With a great power of Engliſh,and of Scots,
Are by the ſhrieue of Yorkſhire ouerthrowne,
The manner,and true order of the fight,
This packet,pleaſe it you,containes at large,
Ki. And wherfore ſhould theſe good news make me ſicke?
Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,
But wet her faire words ſtil in fouleſt termes?
She either giues a ſtomach,and no foode,
Such are the poore in health: or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach,ſuch are the rich
That haue aboundance,and enioy it not:
I ſhould reioyce now at this happy newes,
Aud now my ſight failes,and my braine is giddy,
O me,come neare me,now I am much ill.
Hum. Comfort your maieſty.
Clar. O my royall father!
Weſt. My ſoueraigne Lord,cheere vp your ſelfe,look vp.
War. Be patient princes,you do know theſe fits
Are with his highneſſe very ordinary.
Stand from him,giue him ayre,heel ſtraight be wel.
Clar. No,no,he cannot long hold out theſe pangs,
Th'inceſſant care and labour of his mind,
Hath wrought the Mure that ſhould confine it in,
So thin that life lookes through.
Hum. The people feare me, for they do obſerue
Vnfather'd heires, and lothly births of nature,
The ſeaſons change their manners, as the yeere
Had found ſome moneths a ſleepe,and leapt them ouer.
Clar. The riuer hath thrice flowed,no ebbe between,
And the old folk, (Times doting chronicles,)
Say,it did ſo a little time before
That our great grandſire Edward,ſickt and died.

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War. Speake lower, princes, for the King recouers.
Hum. This apoplexi wil certaine be his end.
King I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence,
Into ſome other chamber.
Let there be no noyſe made, my gentle friends,
Vnleſſe ſome dull and fauourable hand
Will whiſper muſique to my weary ſpirite.
War. Call for the muſique in the other roome.
King Set me the crowne vpon my pillow here.
Clar. His eie is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Leſſe noyſe, leſſe noyſe. *Enter Harry*
Prince Who ſaw the duke of Clarence?
Clar. I am here brother, ful of heauineſſe.
Prince How now, raine within doores, and none abroad?
How doth the King?
Hum. Exceeding ill.
Prince Heard he the good newes yet? tell it him.
Hum. He altred much vpon the hearing it,
Prince If he be ſicke with ioy, heele recouer without phiſicke.
War. Not ſo much noyſe my Lords, ſweete prince, ſpeake lowe, the King your father is diſpoſde to ſleepe.
Cla. Let vs withdraw into the other roome.
War. Wilt pleaſe your Grace to go along with vs?
Prince No, I wil ſit and watch heere by the King.
Why doth the Crowne lie there vpon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bedfellow?
O poliſht perturbation! golden care!
That keepſt the ports of Slumber open wide
To many a watchfull night, ſleepe with it now!
Yet not ſo ſound, and halfe ſo deeply ſweete,
As he whoſe brow (with homely biggen bound)
Snores out the watch of night. O maieſtie!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour worne in heate of day,
That ſealdſt with ſafty (by his gates of breath)

There

There lies a dowlny feather which ſtirs not,
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſſe dowlne
Perforce muſt moue my gracious lord my father:
This ſleepe is ſound indeede, this is a ſleepe,
That from this golden Rigoll hath diuorſt
So many Engliſh Kings, thy dꝛaw from me,
Is teares and heauy ſorowes of the blood,
Which nature, loue, and filiall tenderneſſe
Shall (O deare father) pay thee plenteouſly:
My due from thee is this imperiall Crowne,
Which as immediate from thy place and blood,
Deriues it ſelfe to me: loe where it ſits,
Which God ſhal guard, and put the worlds whole ſtrength
Into one giant arme, it ſhal not force,
This lineal honor from me, this from thee
Will I to mine leaue, as tis left to me. *exit.*

Enter Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence.

King Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence,
Clar. Doth the King cal?
War. What would your Maieſtie?
King Why did you leaue me here alone, my lords?
Cla. We left the prince my brother here my liege, who vndertooke to ſit and watch by you.
King The prince of Wales, where is he? let me ſee him: he is not here.
War. This doore is open, he is gone this way.
Hum. He came not through the chamber where we ſtaide.
King Where is the Crowne? who took it from my pillow?
War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.
King The Prince hath tane it hence, go ſeeke him out:
Is he ſo haſtie, that he doth ſuppoſe my ſleepe my death?
Finde him, my lord of Warwicke, chide him hither.
This part of his conioynes with my diſeaſe,
And helps to end me: ſee, ſonnes, what things you are,
How quickly nature falls into reuolt,
When gold becomes her obiect?

For

For this,the fooliſh ouer-carefull fathers
Haue broke their ſleepe with thoughts,
Their braines with care,their bones with induſtry:
For this they haue ingroſſed and pilld vp,
The cankred heapes of ſtrange atcheeued gold:
For this they haue beene thoughtfull to inueſt
Their ſonnes with arts and martiall exerciſes,
When like the bee toling from euery flower,
Our thigh,packt with waxe,our mouthes with hony,
We bring it to the hiue:and like the bees,
Are murdred for our paines,this bitter taſte
Yeelds his engroſſements to the ending father,
Now where is he that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his friend ſickneſſe hands determind me. *Enter Warwicke.*
War. My Lord,I found the prince in the next roome,
Waſhing with kindly teares, his gentle cheekes,
VVith ſuch a deepe demeanour in great ſorrow,
That tyranny,which neuer quaſt but bloud,
VVould by beholding him,haue waſht his knife,
VVith gentle eie-drops,hee is comming hither. *Enter Harry.*
King But wherefore did he take away the crowne?
Loe where he comes,come hither to me Harry,
Depart the chamber,leaue vs here alone. *exeunt.*
Harry I neuer thought to heare you ſpeake againe.
King Thy wiſh was father (Harry,)to that thought
I ſtay too long by thee,I weary thee,
Doſt thou ſo hunger for mine emptie chaire,
That thou wilt needes inueſt thee with my honors,
Before thy howre be ripe!O fooliſh youth,
Thou ſeekſt the greatneſſe that will ouerwhelme thee,
Stay but a little, for my clowd of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weake a wind,
That it will quickly drop:my day is dim,
Thou haſt ſtolne that,which after ſome few houres,
VVere thine,without offence,and at my death,
Thou haſt ſeald vp my expectation,

Thy

Thy life did manifeſt thou lou'dſt me not,
And thou wilt haue me die,aſſurde of it,
Thou hidſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,
VVhom thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at halfe an hower of my life.
VVhat,canſt thou not forbeare me halfe an hower?
Then get thee gone,and digge my graue thy ſelfe,
And bid the mery bells ring to thine eare,
That thou art crowned,not that I am dead:
Let all the teares that ſhould bedew my hearſe
Be drops of Balme,to ſanctifie thy head,
Only compouud me with forgotten duſt.
Giue that which gaue thee life, vnto the wormes,
Plucke downe my officers,breake my decrees,
For now a time is come to mocke at Forme:
Harry the fift is crownd,vp vanitie,
Downe royall ſtate, all you ſage counſailers,hence,
And to the Engliſh Court aſſemble now
From euery region,apes of idleneſſe:
Now neighbour confines,purge you of your ſcumme
Haue you a ruffin that will ſweare, drinke,daunce,
Reuell the night,rob,murder,and commit
The oldeſt ſinnes,the neweſt kind of waies?
Be happy,he will trouble you no more.
England ſhal double gild his trebble gilt,
England ſhall giue him office,honour, might:
For the fift Harry, from curbd licence, plucks
The muſſel of reſtraint,and the wild dogge
Shal fleſh his tooth on euery innocent.
O my poore kingdome!ſicke with ciuill blowes:
VVhen that my care could not withhold thy riots,
VVhat wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O thou wilt be a wilderneſſe againe,
Peopled with woolues, thy old inhabitants.
Prince O pardon me, my liege, but for my teares,
The moiſt impediments vnto my ſpeech,

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I had foreſtald this deere and deep rebuke,
Ere you with griefe had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far: there is your crowne:
And he that weares the crowne immortally,
Long gard it yours: if I affect it more,
Then as your honour, and as your renowne,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
VVhich my moſt inward true and duteous ſpirit,
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending,
God witneſſe with me. When I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your maieſty,
How cold it ſtrooke my heart: if I do faine,
O let me in my preſent wildneſſe die,
And neuer liue to ſhew th'incredulous world,
The noble change that I haue purpoſed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almoſt, my liege, to thinke you were,
I ſpake vnto this crowne as hauing ſence,
And thus vpbraided it: the care on thee depending,
Hath fed vpon the body of my father,
Therefore thou beſt of gold, art worſe then gold,
Other leſſe fine, in karrat more precious,
Preſeruing life in medcine potable:
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honourd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eate thy bearer vp: thus my moſt royall liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To trie with it as with an enemy,
That had before my face murdered my father,
The quarrell of a true inheritour,
But if it did infect my bloud with ioy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtraine of pride,
If any rebel or vaine ſpirit of mine,
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome,
Giue entertainement to the might of it,
Let God for euer keep it from my head,

And make me as the pooreſt vaſſaile is,
That doth with awe and terror kneele to it.
King. God put in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt win the more thy fathers loue,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it:
Come hither Harry, ſit thou by my bed,
And heare (I thinke) the very lateſt counſaile
That euer I ſhal breathe. God knowes (my ſonne)
By what by-paths, and indirect crookt waies,
I met this crowne, and I my ſelfe know well,
How troubleſome it ſate vpon my head:
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation,
For al the ſoyle of the atchieuement goes,
With me into the earth, it ſeemd in me,
But as an honor ſnatcht with boiſtrous hand,
And I had many liuing to vpbraide
My gaine of it, by their aſſiſtances,
Which daily grew to quarrell and to bloudſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed peace: all theſe bold feares
Thou ſeeſt with perill I haue anſwerd:
For all my raigne hath beene but as a Scene,
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mood, for what in me was purchaſt,
Fals vpon thee in a more fairer ſort.
So thou the'garland weareſt ſucceſſiuely,
Yet though thou ſtandſt more ſure then I could do,
Thou art not firme enough, ſince griefes are greene,
And all thy friends which thou muſt make thy friends,
Haue but their ſtings and teeth newly tane out:
By whoſe fell working I was firſt aduaunſt,
And by whoſe power I well might lodge a feare
To be againe diſplacde: which to auoyde,
I cut them off, and had a purpoſe, now
To leade out manie to the Holy Land,
Leſt reſt, and lying ſtil, might make them looke,

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Too neare vnto my ſtate: therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy courſe to buſie giddie mindes
With forraine quarrells, that action hence borne out,
May waſte the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of ſpeech is vtterly denied me:
How I came by the crowne, O God forgiue,
And grant it may with thee in true peace liue.

Prince You won it, wore it, kept it, gaue it me,
Then plaine and right muſt my poſſeſſion be,
Which I with more then with a common paine,
Gainſt all the world will rightfully maintaine: *enter Lancaſter.*

King Looke, looke, here comes my Iohn of Lancaſter.

Lanc. Health, peace, and happineſſe to my royall father.

King Thou bringſt me happineſſe and peace ſonne Iohn,
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare witherd trunke: vpon thy ſight,
My worldly buſines makes a period:
Where is my lord of Warwicke?

Prince My Lord of Warwicke.

King Doth any name perticular belong
Vnto the lodging where I firſt did ſwound?

War. Tis cald Ieruſalem, my noble Lord.

King Laud be to God, euen there my life muſt end.
It hath bin prophecide to me many yeares,
I ſhould not die, but in Ieruſalem,
Which vainely I ſuppoſde the Holy Land:
But beare me to that chamber, there ile lie, *Enter Shallow,*
In that Ieruſalem ſhall Harry die. *Falſtaffe, and Bardelfe*

Shal. By cock and pie ſir, you ſhal not away to night, what Dauy I ſay?

Falſt. You muſt excuſe me maſter Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuſe you you ſhall not be excuſde, excuſes ſhall not be admitted, there is no excuſe ſhall ſerue, you ſhall not be excuſde: why Dauy.

Dauy Here ſir.

Shal

Shal. Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, let me ſee Dauy, let me ſee Dauy, let me ſee, yea mary VVilliam Cooke, bid him come hither, ſir Iohn, you ſhal not be excuſed.

Dauy Mary ſir thus, thoſe precepts can not be ſerued, and againe ſir, ſhal we ſow the hade land with wheate?

Shal. VVith red wheat Dauy, but for VVilliam Cooke are there no yong pigeons?

Dauy Yes ſir, here is now the Smiths note for ſhooing and plow-yrons.

Shal. Let it be caſt and payed: ſir Iohn, you ſhal not be excuſed.

Dauy Now ſir, a new lincke to the bucket muſt needes be had: and ſir, do you meane to ſtop any of VVilliams wages, about the ſacke he loſt at Hunkly Faire?

Shal. A ſhall anſwer it: ſome pigeons Dauy, a couple of ſhort legg'd hens, a ioynt of mutton, and any pretty little tinie Kick-ſhawes, tell william Cooke.

Dauy Doth the man of warre ſtay all night ſir?

Shal. Yea Dauy, I will vſe him well, a friend i'th court is better then a penie in purſe: vſe his men wel Dauy, for they are arrant knaues, and will backbite.

Dauy No worſe then they are back-bitten ſir, for they haue marualles foule linnen.

Shal. VVell conceited Dauy, about thy buſineſſe Dauy.

Dauy I beſeech you ſir to countenance VVilliam Viſor of Woncote againſt Clement Perkes a'th hill.

Sha. There is many complaints Dauy againſt that Viſor, that Viſor is an arrant knaue on my knowledge.

Dauy I graunt your worſhip that he is a knaue ſir: but yet God forbid ſir, but a knaue ſhould haue ſome countenance at his friends requeſt, an honeſt man ſir is able to ſpeake for himſelfe, when a knaue is not: I haue ſeru'de your worſhip truly ſir this eight yeares, and I cannot once, or twice in a quarter beare out a knaue againſt an honeſt man, I haue litle credit with your worſhip: the knaue is mine honeſt friend ſir, therfore I beſeech you let him be countenaunſt.

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Shal. Go to I say, he shal haue no wrong, look about Dauy: where are you sir Iohn? come, come, come, off with your boots, giue me your hand master Bardolfe.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal I thank thee with my heart kind master Bardolfe, and welcome my tall fellow, come sir Iohn.

Fals. Ile follow you good maister Robert Shallow: Bardolfe, looke to our horses: if I were sawed into quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded hermites staues as maister Shallow: it is a wonderfull thing to see the semblable coherence of his mens spirits, and his, they, by obseruing him, do beare themselues like foolish Iustices: hee, by conuersing with them, is turned into a Iustice-like seruingman, their spirits are so married in coniunction, with the participation of society, that they flocke together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suite to master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation, of being neere their maister: if to his men, I would curry with maister Shallow, that no man could better command his seruants. It is certaine, that eyther wise bearing, or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases one of another: therefore let men take heede of their company. I will deuise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keepe prince Harry in continuall laughter, the wearing out of sixe fashions, which is foure termes, or two actions, and a shal laugh without intervallums. O it is much that a lie, with a slight oathe, and a iest, with a sad browe, will doe with a fellow that neuer had the ach in his shoulders: O you shall see him laugh til his face be like a wet cloake ill laide vp.

Shal. Sir Iohn.

Falst. I come maister Shallow, I come maister Shallow.

Enter Warwike, duke Humphrey, L. chiefe Iustice, Thomas Clarence, Prince, Iohn Westmerland.

War. How now, my lord chiefe Iustice, whither away?

Iust. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well, his cares are now all ended.

Iust. I hope not dead.

War.

War. Hees walkt the way of nature,
And to our purposes he liues no more.

Iust. I would his Maiestie had calld me with him:
The seruice that I truely did his life,
Hath left me open to all iniuries.

War. Indeede I thinke the yong King loues you not.

Iust. I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,
Than I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

Enter Iohn, Thomas, and Humphrey.

War. Heere come the heauy issue of dead Harry:
O that the liuing Harry had the temper
Of he, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many Nobles then should holde their places,
That must strike saile to spirites of vile sort?

Iust. O God, I feare all will be ouer-turnd.

Iohn Good morrow coosin Warwicke, good morrow.

Prin.ambo Good morrow coosin.

Iohn We meete like men that had forgot to speake.

War. We do remember, but our argument
Is all too heauy to admit much talke.

Iohn Well, peace be with him that hath made vs heauy.

Iust. Peace be with vs, lest we be heauier.

Humph. O good my lord, you haue lost a friend indeede,
And I dare sweare you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.

Iohn Though no man be assurde what grace to finde,
You stand in coldest expectation,
I am the sorier, would twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speake sir Iohn Falstaffe faire,
Which swimmes against your streame of quallitie.

Iust. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honor,
Led by th'impartiall conduct of my soule.
And neuer shall you see that I will begge
A ragged and forestald remission,

If

If truth and vpright innocencie faile me.
Ile to the King my maister that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

Enter the Prince and Blunt.

War. Here comes the Prince.
Iust. Good morrow, and God saue your maiestie.
Prince This new and gorgeous garment Maiesty
Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke:
Brothers, you mixt your sadnesse with some feare,
This is the English, not the Turkish court,
Not Amurath an Amurath succeedes,
But Harry Harry: yet be sad, good brothers,
For by my faith it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And weare it in my heart: why then be sad,
But entertaine no more of it, good brothers,
Then a ioynt burden layd vpon vs all,
For me, by heauen (I bid you be assurde)
Ile be your father, and your brother too,
Let me but beare your loue, Ile beare your cares:
Yet weepe that Harries dead, and so will I,
But Harry liues, that shal conuert those teares
By number into howres of happinesse.
Bro. We hope no otherwise from your maiesty.
Prince You all looke strangely on me, and you most,
You are I thinke assurde I loue you not.
Iust. I am assurde, if I be measurde rightly,
Your maiesty hath no iust cause to hate me.
Prince No? how might a prince of my great hopes forget,
So great indignities you laid vpon me?
What, rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison,
Th'immediate heire of England? was this easie?
May this be washt in lethy and forgotten?
Iust. I then did vse the person of your father,
The image of his power lay then in me,
And in th'administration of his law,

Whiles I was busie for the common wealth,
Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,
The maiestie and power of law and iustice,
The image of the King whom I presented,
And strooke me in my very seate of iudgement,
Whereon, (as an offendor to your father,)
I gaue bold way to my authority,
And did commit you: if the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To haue a sonne set your decrees at naught?
To plucke downe Iustice from your awful bench?
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword,
That guards the peace and safetie of your person?
Nay more, to spurne at your most royall image,
And mocke your workings in a second body?
Question your royall thoughts, make the case yours,
Be now the father, and propose a sonne,
Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,
See your most dreadfull lawes so loosely slighted,
Behold your selfe so by a sonne disdained:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your sonne,
After this cold considerance sentence me,
And as you are a King, speake in your state,
What I haue done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my lieges soueraigntie.
Prince You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well,
Therefore still beare the Ballance and the Sword,
And I do wish your honors may encrease,
Til you do liue to see a sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you as I did:
So shall I liue to speake my fathers words,
Happie am I that haue a man so bold,
That dares do iustice on my proper sonne:
And not lesse happie, hauing such a sonne,
That would deliuer vp his greatnesse so,

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Into the hands of Iuſtice you did commit me:
For which I do commit into your hand,
Th'vnſtained ſword that you haue vſde to beare,
With this remembrance, that you vſe the ſame
With the like bold, iuſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you haue done gainſt me: there is my hand,
You ſhall be as a father to my youth,
My voice ſhall ſound as you do prompt mine eare,
And I wil ſtoope and humble my intents,
To your well practizde wiſe directions.
And princes all, beleeue me I beſeech you,
My father is gone wild into his graue:
For in his toomb lie my affections,
And with his ſpirites ſadly I ſuruiue,
To mocke the expectation of the world,
To fruſtrate prophecies, and to race out,
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me downe
After my ſeeming, the tide of bloud in me
Hath prowdely flowd in vanitie till now:
Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the ſea,
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of flouds,
And flow henceforth in formall maieſtie.
Now call we our high court of parliament,
And let vs chuſe ſuch limbs of noble counſaile,
That the great bodie of our ſtate may goe,
In equall ranke with the beſt gouernd Nation,
That warre, or peace, or both at once, may be,
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you father ſhall haue formoſt hand:
Our coronation done, we wil accite,
(As I before remembred) all our ſtate,
And (God conſigning to my good intents,)
No prince nor peere ſhall haue iuſt cauſe to ſay,
God ſhorten Harries happy life one day. *exit.*

Enter ſir Iohn, Shallow, Scilens, Dauy, Bardolfe, page.

Shal. Nay you ſhall ſee my orchard, where, in an arbour we will

will eate a laſt yeeres pippen of mine owne graffing, with a diſh of carrawaies and ſo forth: come coſin Scilens, and then to bed.

Falſt. Fore God you haue here goodly dwelling, and rich.

Shal. Barraine, barraine, barraine, beggars all, beggars all ſir Iohn, mary good ayre: ſpread Dauy, ſpread Dauy, well ſaide Dauy.

Fal. This Dauy ſerues you for good vſes, hee is your ſeruing-man, and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet ſir Iohn: by the mas I haue drunke too much ſacke at ſupper: a good varlet: now ſit downe, now ſit downe, come coſin.

Scilens A ſirra quoth a, we ſhall do nothing but eate and make good cheere, and praiſe God for the merry yeere, when fleſh is cheape and females deare, and luſty laddes roame here and there ſo merely, and euer among ſo merily.

ſir Iohn Theres a merry heart, good M. Silens, ile giue you a health for that anon.

Shal. Giue maſter Bardolfe ſome wine, Dauy.

Dauy Sweet ſir ſit, ile be with you anon, moſt ſweet ſir ſit, maſter Page, good maſter Page ſit: proface, what you want in meate, weele haue in drink, but you muſt beare, the heart's al.

Shal. Be mery maſter Bardolfe, and my litle ſouldier there, be merry.

Scilens Be merry, be mery, my wife has all, for women are ſhrowes both ſhort and tall, tis merry in hal when beards wags all, and welcome mery ſhrouetide, be mery, be mery.

Falſt. I did not thinke maſter Scilens had bin a man of this mettall.

Scilens Who I? I haue beene mery twice and once ere now.

Enter Dauy.

Dauy Theres a diſh of Lether-coates for you.

Shal. Dauy?

Dauy Your worſhip: Ile be with you ſtraight, a cup of wine ſir.

Scilens A cup of wine thats briske and fine, and drinke vnto

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the leman mine, and a mery heart liues long a.

Falſt. Well ſaid maſter Scilens.

Scilens And we ſhall be mery, now comes in the ſweete a'th night.

Falſt Health and long life to you maſter Scilens.

Scilens Fill the cuppe, and let it come, ile pledge you a mile too th bottome.

Shal. Honeſt Bardolfe, welcome, if thou wantſt any thing, and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart, welcome my little tiny theefe, and welcome indeede too, Ile drink to maſter Bardolfe, and to all the cabileros about London.

Dauy I hope to ſee London once ere I die.

Bar. And I might ſee you there Dauy!

Shal. By the mas youle crack a quarte together, ha will you not maſter Bardolfe?

Bar. Yea ſir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. By Gods liggens I thanke thee, the knaue will ſticke by thee, I can aſſure thee that a wil not out, a tis true bred!

Bar. And ile ſtick by him ſir. *One knockes at doore.*

Shal. Why there ſpoke a King: lacke nothing, be mery, looke who's at doore there ho, who knockes?

Falſt. Why now you haue done me right.

Silens Do me right, and dub me Knight, ſamingo: iſt not ſo?

Falſt. Tis ſo.

Silens Iſt ſo, why then ſay an olde man can do ſomewhat.

Dauy And t'pleaſe your worſhip, theres one Piſtoll come from the court with newes. *enter Piſtol.*

Falſt. From the Court? let him come in, how now Piſtol?

Piſtol Sir Iohn, God ſaue you.

Falſt. What wind blew you hither Piſtol?

Piſtol Not the ill winde which blowes no man to good: ſweete Knight, thou art now one of the greateſt men in this Realme.

Silens Birlady I think a be, but goodman Puffe of Barſon.

Piſto Puffe? Puffe ith thy teeth, moſt recreant coward, baſe, Sir Iohn, I am thy Piſtol and thy frend, and helter skelter, haue

I rode to thee, and tidings do I bring, and luckie ioyes, and golden times, and happy newes of price.

Iohn I pray thee now deliuer them like a man of this world.

Piſtol A footre for the world and worldlings baſe, I ſpeake of Affrica and golden ioyes.

Iohn O baſe Aſſirian Knight! what is thy newes? let King Couetua know the truth thereof.

Scilens And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

Piſtol Shal dunghill curs confront the Helicons? and ſhall good newes be baffled? then Piſtoll lay thy head in Furies lap.

Shal. Honeſt gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Piſtol Why then lament therefore.

Shal. Giue me pardon ſir, if ſir you come with newes from the court, I take it theres but two waies, either to vtter them, or conceale them, I am ſir vnder the King in ſome authoritie.

Piſtol Vnder which King, Beſonian? ſpeake, or die.

Shal. Vnder King Harry.

Piſtol Harry the fourth, or fift?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Piſt A fowtre for thine office: ſir Iohn, thy tender lambkin now is King: Harry the fifts the man: I ſpeake the truth: when Piſtol lies, do this, and fig me, like the bragging ſpaniard.

Falſt. What is the old King dead?

Piſtol As nayle in doore, the things I ſpeake are iuſt.

Fal. Away Bardolfe, ſaddle my horſe, M. Robert Shallow, chooſe what office thou wilt in the land, tis thine: Piſtol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O ioyful day! I would not take a Knight for my fortune.

Piſtol What? I do bring good newes.

Falſt. Carry maſter Scilens to bed: maſter Shallow, my lord Shalow, be what thou wilt, I am fortunes ſteward, get on thy boots, weel ride al night: ô ſweet Piſtol, away Bardolf, com Piſtol, vtter more to me, and withall, deuiſe ſomething to doe thy ſelfe good, boote, boote maſter Shallow, I know the yong

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King is sicke for me: let vs take any mans horses, the lawes of England are at my commandement, blessed are they that haue bin my friends, and woe to my Lord chiefe Iustice.

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also: where is the life that late I led, say they, why here it is, welcome these pleasant dayes. *exit.*

Enter Sincklo and three or foure officers.

Host. No, thou arrant knaue, I would to God that I might die, that I might haue thee hangd, thou hast drawn my shoulder out of ioynt.

Sincklo. The Constables haue deliuered her ouer to mee, and shee shal haue whipping cheere I warrant her, there hath beene a man or two kild about her.

Whoore Nut-hooke, Nut-hooke, you lie, come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damnd tripe visagde rascall, and the child I go with, do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst strook thy mother, thou paper-facde villaine.

Host. O the Lord, that sir Iohn were come! I would make this a bloody day to some body: but I pray God the fruite of her wombe miscarry.

Sincklo. If it doe, you shall haue a dozzen of cushions againe, you haue but eleuen nowe: come, I charge you both goe with mee, for the man is dead that you and Pistoll beat amongst you.

Whoore Ile tell you what, you thin man in a censor, I will haue you as soundly swingde for this, you blewbottle rogue, you filthy famisht correctioner, if you be not swingde, Ile forsweare halfe kirtles.

Sinck. Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus ouercom might! wel, of sufferance comes ease.

Whoore Come you rogue, come bring me to a iustice.

Host. I come, you starude blood-hound.

Whoore Goodman death, goodman bones.

Host. Thou Atomy, thou.

Whoore Come you thinne thing, come you rascall.

Sincklo

Sinck. Very well.

Enter strewers of rushes.

1 More rushes, more rushes.

2 The trumpets haue sounded twice.

3 Twill be two a clocke ere they come from the coronation, dispatch, dispatch.

Trumpets sound, and the King, and his traine passe ouer the stage: after them enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolfe, and the Boy.

Falst. Stand heere by me maister Shallow, I will make the King doe you grace, I will leere vpon him as a comes by, and do but marke the countenaunce that he will giue me.

Pist. God blesse thy lungs good Knight.

Falst. Come heere Pistoll, stand behinde mee. O if I had had time to haue made new liueries: I woulde haue bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you, but tis no matter, this poore shew doth better, this doth inferre the zeale I had to see him.

Pist. It doth so.

Falst. It shewes my earnestnesse of affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Falst. My deuotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were to ride day & night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to haue pacience to shift me.

Shal It is best certain: but to stand stained with trauaile, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing els, putting all affaires else in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to see him.

Pist. Tis *semper idem*, for, *obsque hoc nihil est*, tis in euery part.

Shal. Tis so indeede.

Pist. My Knight, I will inflame thy noble liuer, and make thee rage, thy Dol, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, is in base durance, and contagious prison, halde thither by most mechanical, and durtie hand: rowze vp reuenge from Ebon den, with fell

fell Alectoes ſnake, for Doll is in : Piſtoll ſpeakes nought but truth.

Falſt. I will deliuer her.

Piſt. There roared the ſea, and trumpet Clangor ſounds.

Enter the King and his traine.

Falſt. God ſaue thy grace King Hall, my royall Hall.

Piſt. The heauens thee gard and keep, moſt royal impe of fame.

Falſt. God ſaue thee, my ſweet boy.

King My Lord chiefe iuſtice, ſpeake to that vaine man.

Iuſt. Haue you your wits? know you what tis you ſpeake?

Falſt. My King, my Ioue, I ſpeake to thee, my heart.

King I know thee not old man, fall to thy praiers,
How ill white heires becomes a foole and ieſter,
I haue long dreampt of ſuch a kind of man,
So ſurfet-ſweld, ſo old, and ſo prophane:
But being awakt, I do deſpiſe my dreame,
Make leſſe thy body (hence) and more thy grace,
Leaue gourmandizing, know the graue doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men,
Reply not to me with a foole-borne ieſt,
Preſume not that I am the thing I was,
For God doth know, ſo ſhall the world perceiue,
That I haue turnd away my former ſelfe,
So will I thoſe that kept me company:
When thou doſt heare I am as I haue bin,
Approch me, and thou ſhalt be as thou waſt,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then I baniſh thee on paine of death,
As I haue done the reſt of my miſleaders,
Not to come neare our perſon by ten mile:
For competence of life, I wil allow you,
That lacke of means enforce you not to euills,
And as we heare you do reforme your ſelues,
We will according to your ſtrengths and qualities,
Giue you aduauncement. Be it your charge, my lord,

To

To ſee performd the tenure of my word: ſet on.

Iohn Maſter Shallow I ow you a thouſand pound.

Shal. Yea marry ſir Iohn, which I beſeech you to let me haue home with me.

Iohn That can hardly be, maſter Shalow: do not you grieue at this, I ſhall be ſent for in priuate to him, looke you, hee muſt ſeeme thus to the world: feare not your aduauncements, I will be the man yet that ſhal make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceiue how, vnleſſe you giue me your dublet, and ſtuffe me out with ſtraw : I beſeech you good ſir Iohn let me haue fiue hundred of my thouſand.

Iohn Sir I will be as good as my worde, this that you heard was but a collour.

Shall. A collor that I feare you will die in ſir Iohn.

Iohn Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:
Come lieftenant Piſtol, come Bardolfe, *Enter Iuſtice*
I ſhall be ſent for ſoone at night. *and prince Iohn*

Iuſtice Go cary ſir Iohn Falſtalfe to the Fleet,
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord.

Iuſt. I cannot now ſpeake, I will heare you ſoone, take them away. *exeunt.*

Piſt. *Si fortuna me tormenta ſpero contenta.*

Iohn I like this faire proceeding of the Kings,
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well prouided for,
But all are baniſht till their conuerſations
Appeare more wiſe and modeſt to the worlde.

Iuſt. And ſo they are.

Iohn The King hath cald his parlament my lord.

Iuſt. He hath.

Iohn I wil lay ods, that ere this yeere expire,
We beare our ciuil ſwords and natiue fier,
As farre as France, I heard a bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe muſique, to my thinking, pleaſde the King:
Come, will you hence?

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Epilogue.

First my feare then my curtsie, last my speech.
My feare, is your displeasure, my curtsy, my duty, & my speech, to beg your pardons: if you looke for a good speech now, you vndo me, for what I haue to say is of mine owne making, and what indeed (I should say) wil (I doubt) proue mine own marring: but to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it knowne to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better: I meant indeed to pay you with this, which if like an il venture it come vnluckily home, I breake, and you my gentle creditors loose, here I promisde you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies, bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most debtors do) promise you infinitely: and so I kneele downe before you; but indeed, to pray for the Queene.

If my tongue cannot intreate you to acquit mee, will you commaund me to vse my legges? And yet that were but light payment, to daunce out of your debt, but a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I: all the Gentlewomen heere haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen doe not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was neuer seene in such an assemblie.

One word more I beseech you, if you bee not too much cloyd with fatte meate, our humble Author will continue the storie, with sir Iohn in it, and make you merry with faire Katharine of Fraunce, where (for any thing I knowe) Falstaffe shall die of a sweat, vnlesse already a be killd with your harde opinions; for Olde-castle died Martyre, and this is not the man: my tongue is weary, when my legges are too, I will bid you, good night.

FINIS.

First my feare then my curſie, laſt my ſpeech.
My feare, is your diſpleaſure, my curſy, my duty, & my ſpeech,
to beg your pardons: if you looke for a good ſpeech now, you
vndo me, for what I haue to ſay is of mine owne making, and
what indeed (I ſhould ſay) wil (I doubt) proue mine own mar-
ring: but to the purpoſe, and ſo to the ventura. [illegible]
you, as it is very well,
ſing play, to pray you
ter: I meant indeed to
ture it come vnluckily
ditors looſe, here I pre
mit my body to your
ſome, and (as moſt del
kneele downe before

If my tongue cann
commaund me to vſe
payment, to daunce
ence will make any po
the Gentlewomen hee
will not, then the Gen
women, which was ne

One word more I
cloyd with fatte meate,
ſtorie, with ſir Iohn in
tharine of Fraunce, w
ſhall die of a ſweat, vn
opinions; for Olde-ca
man: my tongue is we
you, good night.

FINIS.

The
First part of the Con
tention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke
and Lancaster with the death of the good
Duke Humphrey:
and the banishment and death of the Duke of
Suffolk and the tragical end of the proud Cardinall
of Winchester with the notable rebellion
of Jack Cade: ~~of Jack Cade~~
And the Duke of Yorke's first claime unto the
Crowne.

London
Printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Millington
and are to be sold at his shop under Saint Peters
Cornwall
1594 Do at end of the play.

Duke of
proud Cardinall
tion of
to the
Thomas
on and
Church
in Cornewall
1600.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26100) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.43[4]) Octavo

The
First Part of the Con-
tention betwixt the two famous hou-
ses of Yorke and Lancaster with the
death of the good Duke
Humphrey.
And the banishment and death of the Duke of
Suffolke and the tragicall end of the prowd Cardinall
of Winchester with the notable rebellion of
Jacke Cade
And the Duke of Yorkes first clayme to the
Crowne.

LONDON.
Printed by Valentine Simmes for Thomas
Millington and
are to be sold at his shop under S. Peters Church
in Cornewall
1600.

The Fiſt Part of the Con-
tention betwiat the two fa-
mous houſes of Yorke and
Lancaſter, with the death
of ~~yorke~~ the good Duke Hum-
phrey: And the baniſhment
and death of the Duke of Suf-
folke, and the tragicall end
of the proud Cardinall of Win-
cheſter, with the notable re-
bellion of Jacke Cade: And
the Duke of Yorke's firſt clayme
to the crowne.

LONDON:
Printed by W. W. for Thomas
Millington, and are to be ſold
at his ſhoppe under Saint Peters
Church in Cornewall.
1600.

Dupl. Mal. 867.

This copy I have collated with that of 1594, which is in my possession; and the variations are set down in the margin.

Ed. Malone

He I have sometimes by outs as they are called in the printing-house, i. e. words omitted: another confirmation of what I have said in my edition of Shakspeare.

The first part of the Contention of the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey.

Enter at one doore, King Henry the sixt, and Humphrey Duke of Glosters, the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Buckingham, Cardinall Bewford, and others.

Enter at the other doore, the Duke of Yorke, and the Marquesse of Suffolke, and Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Salisbury and Warwicke.

Suffolke.

AS by your high imperiall Maiesties command,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator for your excellence,
To marry Princes Margaret for your grace,
So in the auncient famous Citie Towres,
In presence of the Kings of France & Cyssile,
The Dukes of Orleance, Calaber, Brittaine, and Alonson.
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and then the reuerend Bishops,
I did performe my taske and was espousde,
And now, most humbly on my bended knees,
In sight of England and her royall Peeres,
Deliuer vp my title in the Queene,
Vnto your gracious excellence, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent:
The happiest gift that euer Marquesse gaue,

The faireſt Queene that euer King poſſeſt.

King. Suffolke ariſe.

Welcom Queene Margaret to Engliſh Henries Court,
The greateſt ſhew of kindneſſe yet we can beſtow,
Is this kind kiſſe: O gracious God of heauen,
Lend me a heart repleate with thankfulneſſe,
For in this beauteous face thou haſt beſtowd
A world of pleaſures to my perplexed ſoule.

Queene. Th'exceſſiue loue I beare vnto your grace,
Forbids me to be lauiſh of my tongue,
Leſt I ſhould ſpeake more then beſeemes a woman:
Let this ſuffice, my bliſſe is in your liking,
And nothing can make poore Margaret miſerable,
Vnleſſe the frowne of mightie Englands King.

King. Her lookes did wound, but now ſpeech doth pierce,
Louely Queene Margaret ſit downe by my ſide,
And vnckle Gloſter, and you lordly Peeres,
With one voice welcome my beloued Queene.

All. Long liue Queene Margaret Englands happineſſe.

Queene. We thanke you all.

Sound Trumpets.

Suffolke. My lord Protector, ſo it pleaſe your grace,
Here are the Articles confirm'd of peace,
Betweene our ſoueraigne and the French King Charles,
Till terme of eighteene months be full expirde.

Humphrey. Inprimis, It is agreed between the French king Charles, and *William de la Poole*, Marqueſſe of Suffolk, embaſſador for Henry king of England, that the ſaid Henry ſhal wed and eſpouſe the lady Margaret, daughter to Raynard King of Naples, Cyſſels, and Ieruſalem, and crown her Queen of England, ere the 30. of the next moneth.

Item. It is further agreed between them, that the Dutches of Anioy and of Maine, ſhalbe releaſed and deliuered ouer to the King her fa.

Duke Humprey lets it fall.

Ki. How now vnkle, whats the matter that you ſtay ſo ſodenly.

Hum. Pardon my Lord, a ſodain qualm came ouer my hart,
VVhich

15. her ~~[illegible]~~ ſpeech

VVhich dimmes mine eies that I can ſee no more,
Vnckle of Wincheſter I pray you reade on.

Cardinal. Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the Dutches of Anioy, and of Maine, ſhal be releaſed and deliuered ouer to the King her father, and ſhe ſent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper coſt and charges without dowry.

King. They pleaſe vs well, lord Marqueſſe kneel down, we here create thee firſt Duke of Suffolke, and girt thee with the ſword. Coſin of Yorke, we here diſcharge your grace from being Regent in the parts of France, till terme of 18. months be ful expirde.

Thankes vnckle *Wincheſter*, *Gloſter*, *Yorke*, and *Buckingham*, *Somerſet*, *Salſbury*, and *Warwicke*.

VVe thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainement to my princely Queene,
Come let vs in, and with all ſpeede prouide
To ſee her Coronation be performde.

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke, and Duke Humphrey ſtaies all the reſt.

Humph. Braue Peeres of England, Pillers of the ſtate,
To you Duke Humphrey muſt vnfolde his griefe,
VVhat did my brother Henry toyle himſelfe,
And waſte his ſubiects for to conquer France?
And did my brother Bedford ſpend his time
To keepe in awe that ſtout vnruly Realme?
And haue not I and mine vnckle Bewford here,
Done all we could to keepe that land in peace?
And is all our labors then ſpent in vaine,
For Suffolke hethe new made duke that rules the roaſt,
Hath giuen away for our King Henries Queene,
The Dutches of Anioy and Maine vnto her father.
Ah lords, fatall is this mariage canſelling our ſtates,
Reuerſing Monuments of conquered France,
Vndoing all, as none had nere beene done.

Card. VVhy how now coſin Gloſter, what needes this?
As if our King were bound vnto your will,
And might not do his will without your leaue:

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Prowd Protector, enuy in thine eies I see,
The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dare presume gainst that thy soueraigne likes.
Hum. Nay my Lord, tis not my words that troubles you,
But my presence, prowd Prelate as thou art:
But ile be gone, and giue thee leaue to speake,
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,
I prophecied France would be lost ere long.

Exit Duke Humphrey.

Card. There goes our protector in a rage,
My lords, you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,
For well you see, if he but walke the streetes,
The common people swarme about him straight,
Crying, Iesus blesse your royall excellence,
With, God preserue the good Duke Humphrey.
And many things besides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey,
But I will after him, and if I can,
Ile lay a plot to heaue him from his seate.

Exit Cardinal.

Buck. But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,
Cosen of Somerset, be rulde by me,
Weele watch Duke Humphrey and the Cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.
Som. Thanks cosin Buckingham, ioyne thou with me,
And both of vs with the Duke of Suffolke,
Weele quickly heaue Duke Humphrey from his seate.
Buck. Content, come let vs about it straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

Exit Buckingham and Somerset.

Salsb. Pride went before, Ambition followes after,
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,
My Lords, let vs seeke for our countries good,
Oft haue I heard this haughtie Cardinal
Sweare, and forsweare himselfe, and braue it out,

More

3 dares— 28 come then lets—
Penult. Oft have I seen this—

More like a Ruffin then a man of church.
Cosen Yorke, the victories thou hast wonne,
In Ireland, Normandie, and in France,
Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England.
And thou braue *Warwicke*, my thrice valiant sonne,
Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne thee credite amongst the common sort,
The reuerence of mine age, and Neuels name,
Is of no little force if I commaund,
Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,
That good Duke Humphrey may his state possesse,
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke* my noble sonne?
War. For griefe that all is lost that *Warwicke* wonne.
Sonnes. Anioy and Maine, both giuen away at once,
Why *Warwick* did win them, & must that then which we won
with our swords, be giuen away with wordes?
Yorke. As I haue read, our Kings of England were woont to
haue large dowries with their wiues, but our king Henry
giues away his owne.
Salsb. Come sonnes, away, and looke vnto the maine.
War. Vnto the Maine, oh father, Maine is lost,
VVhich *Warwicke* by maine force did win from France,
Maine chance father you meant, but I meane *Maine*,
Which I wil win from France, or els be slaine.

Exit Salsbury and Warwicke.

Yorke. *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen vnto the French,
Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertill England.
A day will come when Yorke shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the Neuels parts,
And make a show of loue to prowd Duke Humphrey:
And when I spie aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit:
Nor shall prowd *Lancaster* vsurp my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor weare the Diademe vpon his head,
Whose church-like humors fits not for a Crowne:

Then

Then *Yorke* be still a while till time do serue,
Watch thou,and wake when others be asleepe,
To pry into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry surfeiting in ioyes of loue,
With his new bride,and Englands deare bought Queene,
And Humphrey with the Peeres be falne at iarres,
Then will I raise aloft the milke-white Rose,
With whose sweete smell the ayre shall be perfumde,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
To graffle with the house of Lancaster:
And force perforce,Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish rule hath puld faire England downe.

Exit Yorke.

Enter Duke Humphrey,and Dame Ellanor Cobham his wife.

Elnor. Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,
Hanging the head at *Cearies* plenteous loade?
Whatseest thou Duke Humphrey King Henries Crowne?
Reach at it,and if thine arme be too short,
Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a Prince,
Vnckle to the King and his Protector?
Then what shouldst thou lacke that might content thy mind?
Humph. My louely Nell,far be it from my heart,
To thinke of Treasons gainst my soueraigne lord,
But I was troubled with a dreame to night,
And God I pray,it do betide no ill.
Elnor. What dreampt my lord? Good Humphrey tel it me,
And ile interpret it,and when thats done,
Ile tell thee then what I did dreame to night.
Humph. This night when I was laid in bed,I dreampt that
This,my staffe mine Office badge in Court,
Was broke in two,and on the ends were plac'd,
The heads of the Cardinall of Winchester,
And *William de la Poole* first Duke of Suffolke.
Elnor Tush my Lord,this signifies nought but this,

That

That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters groue,
Shall for th'offence make forfeit of his head.
But now my lord,ile tell you what I dreampt,
Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church
At Westminster,and seated in the chaire
Where the Kings and Queenes are crownde, and at my feete
Henry and Margaret with a crowne of gold,
Stood ready to set it on my princely head.
Humph. Fie Nell,ambitious woman as thou art,
Art thou not second woman in this Land,
And the Protectors wife,belou'd of him,
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus?
Away I say,and let me heare no more.
Elnor. How now my Lord!what, angry with your Nell
For telling but her dreame? the next I haue
Ile keepe to my selfe and not be rated thus.
Humph. Nay Nell,ile giue no credit to a dreame,
But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things.

Enters a Messenger.

Messen. And it please your grace the King and Queene to morrow morning will ride a hawking to Saint Albones, and craues your companie along with them.
Humph. With all my heart.I will attend his grace:
Come Nell,thou wilt go with vs I am sure.

exit Humphrey.

Elnor. Ile come after you,for I cannot go before,
But ere it be long ile go before them all,
Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus,
Who is within there?

Enter sir Iohn Hum.

VVhat sir Iohn Hum,what newes with you?
sir Iohn. Iesus preserue your maiesty.
Elnor. My maiestie,why man I am but grace,

 sir

6 Where kings—

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sir Iohn Yea, but by the grace of God and Hums aduise,
Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long.

Elnor. What hast thou conferd with *Margery Iordane*, the cunning witch of *Ely*, with *Roger Bullinbrooke* and the rest, and will they vndertake to do me good?

sir Iohn I haue Madam, and they haue promised me to raise a spirit from the depth of vnder ground, that shall tell your grace all questions you demaund.

Elnor. Thanks good sir Iohn, some two daies hence I gesse
Will fit our time, then see that they be here:
For now the King is riding to Saint Albons,
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him:
When they be gone, then safely they may come,
And on the backside of my Orchard here,
There cast their spells in silence of the night,
And so resolue of the thing we wish,
Till when, drinke that for my sake, and so farewell.

exit Elnor.

sir Iohn Now sir Iohn Hum, no words but mum,
Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,
These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich,
The Dutches she thinkes now that all is well,
But I haue gold comes from another place,
From one that hyred me to set her on,
To plot these treasons gainst the King and Peeres,
And that is the mightie duke of Suffolke,
For he it is, but I must not say so,
That by my meanes must worke the Dutches fall,
Who now by coniurations thinkes to raise:
But whist sir Iohn, no more of that I trow,
For feare you lose your head before you go.

exit.

Enter two Petitioners, and Peter the Armourers man.

1 *Peti.* Come sirs, let vs linger here abouts a while,
Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,

That

1. I, but — 16 resolve us of —
28 to rise —

That we may shew his grace our seuerall causes.

2 *Peti.* I pray God saue the good Humphries life,
For but for him, a many were vndone,
That can get no succour in the Court,
But see where he comes with the Queene.

Enter the Duke of Suffolke with the Queene, and they take him for Duke Humphrey, and giues him their writings.

1 *Peti.* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of Suffolke.

Queen Now good felows, whom would you speak withal?

2 *Peti.* If it please your maiestie, with my Lord Protectors Grace.

Queene Are your sutes to his grace? let vs see them first,
Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke.

Suffolke. A comp'aint against the Cardinalls man,
What hath he done?

2 *Peti.* Mary my lord, he hath stolne away my wife,
And th'are gone togither, and I know not where to find them.

Suffolk. Hath he stolne thy wife, thats some iniury indeed,
But what say you?

Peter Thump. Mary sir I come to tell you that my master said, that the Duke of *Yorke* was true heire vnto the Crowne, and that the King was an vsurer.

Queene An vsurper thou wouldst say.

Peter Yea forsooth an vsurper.

Queene Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?

Peter No forsooth, I said my master said so, th'other day when we were scowring the Duke of *Yorkes* armour in our garret.

Suff. Yea mary this is something like,
Who's within there?

Enter one or two.

Sirra take this fellow and keepe him close,
And send out a Purseuant for his master straight,
Weele heare more of this before the King.

B 2 *exit*

4. That cannot get — 16 stole — 18 stole —
24 I, forsooth — Antepenult — take in this —

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Exit with the Armourers man.

Now sir whats yours? let me see it,
VVhats here?
A complaint against the Duke of Suffolke for inclosing the commons of long Melford.
How now sir knaue?

1 Peti. I beseech your grace to pardon mee, I am but a messenger for the whole towne-ship

He teares the papers.

Suffolke. So now show your petition to Duke Humphrey.
Villaines get ye gone, and come not neare the Court,
Dare these pesants write against me thus?

exeunt Petitioners.

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, you may see by this,
The Commons loues vnto that haughtie Duke,
That seekes to him more then to King Henry,
VVhose eies are alwaies poring on his booke,
And ne're regards the honour of his name,
But still must be protected like a child,
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,
That scarce will moue his cap nor speake to vs,
And his prowd wife, high minded Elanor,
That ruffles it with such a troope of ladies,
As strangers in the Court takes her for the Queene.
The other day she vaunted to her maides,
That the very traine of her worst gowne,
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands,
Can any griefe of mind be like to this?
I tell thee *Poole* when thou didst runne at Tilt,
And stolst away our ladies hearts in France,
I thought King Henry had beene like to thee,
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.

Suffolk. Madame, content your selfe a little while,
As I was cause of your comming to England,
So will I in England work your full content:
And as for prowd Duke Humphrey and his wife,
I haue set lime-twigs that will intangle them,

1—what yours—q petitions—

As that your grace ere long shall vnderstand.
But stay madame, here comes the King.

Enter King Henry, and the Duke of York and the Duke of Somerset on both sides of the King, whispering with him: and enter Duke Humphrey, Dame Elnor, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earle of Salsbury, the Earle of Warwicke, and the Cardinall of Winchester.

King. My lords, I care not who be Regent in Fraunce, or Yorke, or Somerset, alls one to me.

Yorke. My lord, if Yorke haue ill demeande himselfe,
Let Somerset enioy his place, and go to France.

Som. Then whom your grace thinke worthy, let him goe,
And there be made the Regent ouer the French.

Warwicke Whom soeuer you account worthy,
Yorke is the worthiest.

Cardinall. Peace *Warwicke*, giue thy betters leaue to speak.

War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this place are thy betters farre.

War. And *Warwicke* may liue to be the best of all.

Queen. My Lord, in mine opinion, it were best that Somerset were regent ouer France.

Humph. Madame, our King is old enough himselfe,
To giue his answer without your consent.

Queen. If he be bold enough, what needes your grace
To be protector ouer him so long?

Humph. Madame, I am but Protector ouer the land,
And when it please his grace, I will resigne my charge.

Suffolk. Resigne it then, for since that thou wast King,
As who is King but thee? the common state
Doth (as we see,) all wholy go to wracke,
And millions of treasure hath beene spent,
And as for the Regent ship of France,
I say Somerset is more worthy than Yorke.

Yorke. Ile tell thee Suffolke why I am not worthy,
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

q—all's wonne to— 23 if he be old enough—

War. And yet the worthy deedes that *Yorke* hath done,
Should make him worthy to be honored here.
Suff. Peace headstrong *Warwicke*.
War. Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?
Suff. Because here is a man accusde of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke do cleare himselfe.
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.
Enter the Armourer and his man.
If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accusd his master of high Treason, and his words were these.
That the duke of *Yorke* was law ful heire vnto the crowne, and that your grace was an vsurper.
Yorke I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment the law will afford, for his villany.
King. Come hither fellow, didst thou speake these words?
Armor. An't shal please your maiesty, I neuer said any such matter, God is my witnesse, I am falsly accusd by this villaine here.
Peter Tis no matter for that, you did say so.
Yorke I beseech your grace let him haue the law.
Armor. Alas my Lord, hang me if euer I spake these words, my accuser is my prentise, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his knees that he would be euen with me, I haue good witnesse of this, and therefore I beseech your maiesty do not cast away an honest man for a villaines accusation.
King Vnckle Gloster, what do you thinke of this?
Humph. The law my Lord is this by case, it rests suspitious,
That a day of combate be appointed,
And there to trie each others right or wrong,
Which shall be on the thirtith of this month,
With Eben staues, and Standbags combating
In Smithfield, before your Royall Maiesty.
exit Humphrey.
Armor. And I accept the combate willingly.
Peter Alas my Lord, I am not able to fight.
Suff. You must either fight sirra, or else be hangde:
Goe

21 the words—

Go take him hence againe to prison. *exit with them*
The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Dutches of Gloster a boxe on the eare.
Queene Giue me my gloue, why minion can you not see?
She strikes her.
I crie you mercy Madame, I did mistake,
I did not thinke it had beene you.
Elnor. Did you not, prowd French-woman,
Could I come neare your daintie visage with my nailes,
I'de set my ten commandements in your face.
King Be pacient gentle Aunt,
It was against her will.
Elnor Against her will? good King sheele dandle thee,
If thou wilt alwaies thus be rulde by her:
But let it rest, as sure as I do liue,
She shall not strike dame Elnor vnreuengde.
exit Elnor.
King Beleeue me my loue, thou wert much too blame,
I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,
My noble vnckle had beene here in place.
Enter Duke Humphrey
But see where he comes, I am glad he met her not:
Vnckle Gloster, what answere makes your grace
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France?
Whom thinkes your grace is meetest for to send?
Humph. My gracious Lord, then this is my resolue,
For that these words the Armourer doth speake,
Doth breede suspition on the part of Yorke,
Let Somerset be Regent ouer the French,
Till trial's made, and Yorke may cleere himselfe.
King. Then be it so my Lord of Somerset,
We make your grace Regent ouer the French,
And to defend our rights gainst forraine foes,
And so do good vnto the Realme of France,
Make haste my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of truce I thinke is full expirde.
Somer. I humbly thanke your royall maiestie,
And

27 armourer should speake—

And take my leaue to poste with speede to France.
exit Somerset.

King Come vnckle Gloster, now lets haue our horse,
For we will to Saint Albones presently,
Madame, your hawke, they say, is swift of flight,
And we will trie, how she will flie to day. *exeunt omnes.*

Enter Elnor, with sir Iohn Hum, Roger Bullenbrooke a Coniurer, and Margery Iourdaine a Witch.

Elnor. Here sir Iohn, take this scrole of paper here,
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,
And I will stand vpon this Tower here,
And heare the spirit what it saies to you,
And to my questions, write the answeres downe.
She goes vp to the Tower.

sir Iohn. Now sirs begin and cast your spels about,
And charme the fiends for to obey your wills,
And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she askes.

Witch. Then *Roger Bullinbrooke*, about thy taske,
And frame a circle here vpon the earth,
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,
Do talke and whisper with the diuells below,
And coniure them for to obey my will.
She lies downe vpon her face.

Bullenbrooke makes a circle.

Bullen Darke night, dread night, the silence of the night,
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,
Send vp I charge you from Sosetus lake,
The spirit *Askalon* to come to me,
To pierce the bowells of this centricke earth,
Aud hither come in twinckling of an eie,
Askalon, Ascenda, Ascenda.
It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit riseth vp.

spirit. Now *Bullenbrooke*, what wouldst thou haue me do?

Bullen. First, of the King, what shall become of him?

spirit.

spirit. The Duke yet liues that Henry shall depose,
Yet him out liue, and die a violent death.

Bullen. What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?

spirite. By water he shall die, and take his end.

Bullen What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

spirit. Let him shun castles, safer shal he be vpon the sandy plaines, where castles mounted stand.
Now question me no more, for I must hence againe.
He sinkes downe againe.

Bullen. Then downe I say, vnto the damned poole,
Where Pluto in his firie waggon sits,
Riding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,
The Rode of Dytas by the riuer Styx,
There howle and burne for euer in those flames,
Rise Iordane, rise, and stay thy charming spells:
Sonnes, we are betraide.

Enter the Duke of Yorke and the duke of Buckingham and others.

Yorke Come sirs, lay hands on them, and bind them sure,
This time was well watcht: what Madame, are you there?
This will be great credit for your husband,
That you are plotting treasons thus with Coniurers,
The King shall haue a notice of this thing.
exit Elnor aboue.

Buck. See here my Lord what the diuell hath writ.

Yorke Giue it me my Lord, ile shew it to the King:
Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison.
exit with them.

Buck. My Lord, I pray you let me go poste vnto the King,
Vnto Saint Albones, to tell this newes.

Yorke Content, away then, about it straight.

Buck. Farewell my Lord.
exit Buckingham.

Yorke Who's within there?
Enter one.

One. My Lord.

2 But him — 3 await — 4 shall he die —
7 plaines then where — 23 have notice —
Penult Whose within?

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Yorke Sirra go will the Earle of Salsbury and Warwicke, to sup with me to night. *exit Yorke.*

One I will my lord. *exit.*

Enter the King and Queene with her hawke on her fist, and Duke Humphrey and Suffolke, and the Cardinall, as if they came from hawking.

Queene My lord, how did your grace like this last flight? But as I cast her off the wind did rise,
And twas ten to one old Ione had not gone out.

King How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in these seely creatures of his hands!
Vnckle Gloster, how hie your hawke did soare,
And on a sodain sowst the partridge downe.

Suff No maruel, if it please your maiestie,
My lord Protectors hawke doe towre so well,
He knowes his master loues to be aloft.

Hum. Faith my Lord it is but a base mind,
That can soare no higher then a Faulcons pitch.

Card. I thought your grace would be aboue the clowdes.

Hum. Yea my lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could flie to heauen.

Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beat on a crowne, prowd Protector, dangerous Peere, to smooth it thus with King and common-wealth.

Hum. How now my lord, why this is more then needes, church-men so hote? good vnckle can you dote?

Suff. Why not? hauing so good a quarrel, and so bad a cause.

Hum. As how, my lord?

Suff. As you, my lord, and it like your Lordly lords Protectorship.

Hum. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.

Queen And thy ambition Gloster.

King. Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these furious Lords to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Car

1 earles— 14— hawke done towre
18 I, my lord—

Card. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this prowd Protector with my sword.

Hum. Faith holy vnckle, I would it were come to that.

Card. Euen when thou darest.

Hum. Dare! I tell thee Priest, Plantagenets could neuer brooke the dare.

Card. I am Plantaganet as well as thou, and son to Iohn of Gaunt.

Hum. In Bastardie.

Card. I scorne thy words.

Hum. Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in thine owne person meete me at the East end of the groue.

Card. Heres my hand, I will.

King Why how now Lords?

Card. Faith cosin Gloster, had not your man cast off so soon, we had had more sport to day, come with thy sword and buckler.

Hum. Faith priest ile shaue your crowne.

Card. Protector, protect thy selfe well.

King The wind growes high, so doth your color, lords.

Enter one crying, a myracle.

How now! now sirra, what miracle is it?

One And it please your grace, there is a man that came blind to saint Albons, and hath receiued his sight at his shrine.

King Go fetch him hither, that we may glorifie the Lord with him.

Enter the Mayor of saint Albons, and his brethren with musicke, bearing the man that had beene blind, betweene two in a chaire.

King Thou happy man, giue God eternall praise,
For he it is that thus hath helped thee.

Humphrey Where wast thou borne?

poore man At Barwicke sir, in the North.

Hum At Barwicke, and come thus far for help?

poore. Yea sir, it was told me in my sleepe,
That sweet saint Albons, should giue me my sight againe.

Hum. What art thou lame too?

2— a miracle, a miracle Antepenult I, sir—

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Poore man Yea indeed sir, God help me.
Humphrey How cam'st thou lame?
Poore man With falling off on a plum-tree.
Humphrey Wart thou blind, and would clime plum-trees?
Poore man Neuer but once sir in all my life,
My wife did long for plums.
Humphrey But tell me, wart thou borne blind?
Poore man Yea truly sir.
Woman. Yea indeed sir, he was borne blind.
Humphrey What art thou, his mother?
Woman His wife sir.
Humphrey Hadst thou beene his mother,
Thou couldst haue better told:
Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.
Pooreman Yes truly master, as cleere as day.
Humphrey Saist thou so! what colour's his cloake?
Poore man Why red maister, as red as bloud.
Humphrey And his cloake?
Poore man Why thats greene.
Humphrey And what colour's his hose?
Poore man Yellow maister, yellow as gold.
Humphrey And what colours my gowne?
Pooreman Blacke sir, as blacke as ieat.
King Then belike he knowes what colour ieat is on.
Suffolke And I think ieat did he neuer see.
Humph. But cloakes and gownes ere this day many a one:
But tell me sirra, what's my name?
Poore man Alas master I know not.
Humphrey Whats his name?
Poore man I know not.
Humphrey Nor his?
poore. No truly sir.
Hum. Nor his name?
poore. No indeed master.
Hum. What's thine owne name?
poore. *Sander*, and it please you maister.
Hum. Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue in Chri-
stendome.

1 I, indeed— 9 I truly — 10 I indeed —
26 And yet I do think —

stendome. If thou hadst been borne blind, thou mightst aswell haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall colours we do weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but sodainly to nominate them all it is impossible. My lords, saint Albons here hath done a miracle, and would you not thinke his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs againe?
poore man Oh maister I would you could.
Humphrey My maisters of Saint Albons,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
And things called whips?
Mayor Yes my lord, if it please your grace.
Hum. Then send for one presently.
Mayor Sirra, go fetch the Beadle hither straight.
exit one.
Hum. Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by.
Now sirra, if you meane to saue your selfe from whipping,
Leape me ouer this stoole, and runne away:
Enter Beadle.
poore. Alas master I am not able to stand alone,
You go about to torture me in vaine.
Hum. Well sir, we must haue you find your legs,
Sirra Beadle, whip him til he leape ouer that same stoole.
Beadle I will my Lord, come on sirra, off with your doublet quickly.
poore. Alas master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.
After the beadle hath hit him one girke, he leapes ouer the stoole and runs away, and they run after him, crying, a miracle, a miracle.
Hum. A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, and whipt through euery market Towne till he comes at Barwicke where he was borne.
Maior It shal be done my Lord. *exit Mayor.*
Suff. My lord Protector hath done wonders to day,
He hath made the blind to see, and the halt to go.
Hum. Yea but you did greater wonders, when you made whole Dukedomes flie in a day.

19. poore man 25. poore man. antepenult and halt —
Penult I, but —

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Witneſſe France.

King Haue done I ſay, and let me heare no more of that.

Enter the Duke of Buckingham.

What newes brings Duke Humphrey of Buckingham?

Buck. Ill newes for ſome my lord, and this it is,
That prowd dame Elnor our Protectors wife,
Hath plotted Treaſons gainſt the King and Peeres,
By witchcrafts ſorceries, and coniurings,
Who by ſuch meanes did raiſe a ſpirit vp,
To tell her what hap ſhould betide the ſtate,
But ere they had finiſht their diuelliſh drift,
By Yorke and my ſelfe they were all ſurprizde,
And heres the anſwer the diuell did make to them.

King First of the King, what ſhall become of him?

Reads The Duke yet liues, that Henry ſhall depoſe,
Yet him out liue, and die a violent death,
Gods wil be done in all:
What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By water ſhall he die and take his end.

Suff. By water muſt the duke of Suffolke die?
It muſt be ſo, or els the diuell doth lie.

King Let Somerſet ſhun caſtles,
For ſafer ſhall he be vpon the ſandy plaines,
Then where caſtles mounted ſtand.

Car. Heres good ſtuffe: how now my lord protector?
This newes I thinke hath turnde your weapons point,
I am in doubt youle ſcarcely keepe your promiſe.

Humph. Forbeare ambitious prelate to vrge my griefe,
And pardon me my gracious ſoueraigne,
For here I ſweare vnto your maieſty,
That I am guiltleſſe of theſe hainous crimes,
Which my ambitious wife hath falſly done:
And for ſhe would betray her ſoueraigne lord,
I here renounce her from my bed and boord,
And leaue her open for the law to iudge,
Vnleſſe ſhe cleere her ſelfe of this foule deed.

King Come my lords this night weele lodge in S. Albons,

And

And to morrow we will ride to London,
And trie the vtmoſt of theſe treaſons forth,
Come vnkle Gloſter along with vs,
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent.

exeunt omnes.

Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of Salſbury and Warwicke.

Yorke My lords, our ſimple ſupper ended, thus
Let me reueale vnto your honors here,
The right and title of the houſe of Yorke,
To Englands Crowne by lineall deſcent.

War. Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,
The Neuills are thy ſubiects to commaund.

Yorke Then thus my lords.
Edward the third had ſeuen ſonnes,
The firſt was Edward the blacke Prince,
Prince of Wales.
The ſecond was Edmund of Langley,
Duke of Yorke.
The third was Lyonell Duke of Clarence.
The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,
The Duke of Lancaſter.
The fifth was Roger Mortemer, Earle of March.
The ſixt was ſir Thomas of Woodſtocke.
William of Winſore was the ſeuenth and laſt.
Now, Edward the black prince he died before his father, & left behinde him Richard, that afterwards was King, crowned by the name of Richard the ſecond, and he died without an heire.
Edmund of Langly duke of Yorke died, and left behind him two daughters, Anne and Elinor.
Lyonel duke of Clarence died, and left behind, Alice, Anne, and Elinor, that was after married to my father, and by her I claime the Crowne, as the true heyre to Lyonell Duke of Clarence the third ſonne to Edward the third. Now ſir. In the time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullenbrooke, ſonne

and

and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster, fourth son to Edward the third; he claimde the crown, depoſde the mirthful King, and as you both know, in Pomphret Castle harmles Richard was shamefully murthered, and so by Richards death came the house of Lancaster vnto the Crowne.

Salſ. Sauing your tale my lord, as I haue heard, in the raigne of Bullenbrook, the Duke of York did claime the Crown, and but for Owen Glendor, had bin King.

Yorke True, but so it fortuned then, by meanes of that monstrous rebell Glendor, the noble Duke of Yorke was done to death, and so euer since the heires of Iohn of Gaunt haue possesſed the Crowne. But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the yonger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.

War. What plaine proceedings can be more plaine? he claimes it from Lyonel duke of Clarence, the third son to Edward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth son. So that til Lyonels issue failes, his should not raigne. It fails not yet, but flouriſheth in thee and in thy sons, braue slips of such a stocke. Then noble father, kneele we both togither, and in this priuate place be we the first to honor him with birth-right to the Crowne.

Both: Long liue Richard Englands royall King.

Yorke I thank you both: but lords, I am not your king, vntil this sword be sheathed euen in the heart bloud of the house of Lancaster.

War. Then Yorke aduiſe thy selfe, and take thy time,
Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp,
And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose,
And then to guard it I wil rouse the Beare,
Inuiron'd with ten thousand ragged-staues
To aide and help thee for to win thy right,
Maugre the proudest lords of Henries bloud,
That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke,
For why, my mind presageth I shall liue
To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a King.

Yorke. Thanks noble Warwick, and York doth hope to see

The

30 will I rouse—

The Earle of Warwicke liue, to be the greatest man in England, but the King. Come lets goe. *exeunt omnes.*

Enter King Henry, and the Queene, Duke Humphrey, the Duke of Suffolke, and the Duke of Buckingham, the Cardinal, and dame Elnor Cobham, led with the Officers, and then enter to them the Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of Salſbury and Warwicke.

King Stand forth dame Elnor Cobham dutches of Gloſter, & heare the sentence pronounced against thee for these treasons, that thou hast committed gainſt vs, our States, and Peers. First, for thy haynous crimes, thou shalt two daies in London do penance barefoot in the streetes, with a white sheete about thy bodie, & a wax taper burning in thy hand: that done, thou shalt be baniſhed for euer into the Ile of Man, there to end thy wretched daies, and this is our sentence irreuocable. Away with her.

Elnor Euen to my death, for I haue liued too long.
exeunt some with Elnor.

King Grieue not noble vnckle, but be thou glad,
In that these treasons thus are come to light,
Left God had pourde his vengeance on thy head,
For her offences that thou heldſt so deare.

Humph. Oh gracious Henry, giue me leaue awhile,
To leaue your grace, and to depart away,
For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart,
And makes the fountaines of mine eies to swell,
And therefore good my Lord let me depart.

King With all my heart good vnckle, when you pleaſe,
Yet ere thou goeſt, Humphrey reſigne thy staffe,
For Henry will be no more protected,
The Lord shal be my guide, both for my land and me.

Humph. My staffe, yea noble Henry, my life and all,
As erſt thy noble father made it mine,
And euen as willing at thy feet I leaue it,
As others would ambitiouſly receiue it,
And long hereafter when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

King Vnkle Gloſter, stand vp and go in peace,

No

31 My staffe, I noble
Betwen 30 & 31 this line (here omitted)
My staffe I yield as willing to be thine—

No leſſe beloued of vs, then when
Thou wert Protector ouer my land. *exit Gloſter.*
Queene Take vp the ſtaffe, for here it ought to ſtand,
Where ſhould it be but in King Henries hand?
Yorke Pleaſe it your maieſtie, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating,
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,
And they are ready when your grace doth pleaſe.
King Then call them forth, that they may try their rights.

Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him ſo much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his ſtaffe with a ſand-bagge faſtened to it: and at the other doore, his man with a drum and ſand-bag, and Prentiſes drinking to him.

1 *Neighbor* Here neighbor Horner, I drink to you in a cup
And feare not neighbor, you ſhall do well enough. (of ſack.
2 *Neigh.* And here neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco.
3 *Neigh.* Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbour
drinke and be mery, and feare not your man.
Armourer Let it come, yfaith Ile pledge you all,
And a fig for Peter.
1 *Prentiſe* Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not affeard.
2 *Pren.* Here Peter, heres a pint of Claret wine for thee.
3 *Pren.* And heres a quart for me, and be mery Peter,
And feare not thy maiſter, fight for credit of the prentiſes.
Peter I thanke you all, but Ile drinke no more,
Here Robin, and if I die, here I giue thee my hammer,
And Will, thou ſhalt haue my aperne, and here Tom,
Take all my mony that I haue.
O Lord bleſſe me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale
with my maſter, he hath learnd ſo much fence already.
Salſb. Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes:
Sirra, whats thy name?
Peter Peter forſooth.
Salſb. Peter, what more?
Peter. *Thump.*

Salſb.

Salſb. Thump, then ſee that thou thump thy maſter.
Arm. Here to thee neighbor, fil al the pots againe, for before we fight, look you, I will tell you my mind, for I am come hither, as it were of mans inſtigation, to proue my ſelfe an honeſt man, & Peter a knaue, & ſo haue at you Peter, with down right blowes, as Beuis of Southampton fell vpon Aſkapart.
Peter Law you now, I told you hees in his fence already.
Alarme: and Peter hits him on the head and fels him
Arm. Hold Peter, I confeſſe, treaſon, treaſon. *he dies.*
Peter O God I giue thee praiſe. *he kneeles downe.*
Pren. Ho well done Peter: God ſaue the King.
King Go take hence that triator from our ſight,
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,
And God in iuſtice hath reueald to vs,
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to haue murthered wrongfully:
Come fellow follow vs for thy reward. *exeunt omnes.*

Enter Duke Humphrey and his men, in mourning cloakes.

Humph. Sirra, what's a clocke?
ſeruing. Almoſt ten my Lord.
Humph. Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,
That my poore lady ſhould come by this way,
In ſhamefull penance wandring in the ſtreetes,
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrooke,
The abiect people gazing on thy face,
With enuious lookes laughing at thy ſhame,
That earſt did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,
When thou didſt ride in triumph through the ſtreetes.

Enter Dame Elnor Cobham barefoote, and a white ſheete about her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and verſes written on her back and pind on, and accompanied with the Shiriffes of London, and ſir Iohn Standly, and officers, with billes and hotbards.

Seruing. My gracious Lord, ſee where my lady comes,
Pleaſe it your grace, weele take her from the Shiriffes?

15 Horror— 29 all the money—

2 Heres— 7 Alarmes—

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Humph. I charge you for your liues ſtir not a foote,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,
But let them do their office as they ſhould.
Elnor Come you my Lord to ſee my open ſhame?
Ah Gloſter, now thou doeſt penance too,
See how the giddie people looke at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee here,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their ſights,
And in thy pent vp ſtudie rue my ſhame,
And ban thine enemies: Ah mine and thine.
Hum. Ah Nell, ſweet Nell, forget this extreame griefe,
And beare it patiently to eaſe thy heart.
Elnor Ah Gloſter, teach me to forget my ſelfe,
For whilſt I thinke I am thy wedded wife,
Then thought of this, doth kill my wofull heart,
The ruthleſſe flints do cut my tender feete,
And when I ſtart, the cruell people laugh,
And bids me be aduiſed how I tread,
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,
Malde vp in ſhame with papers on my backe,
Ah Gloſter, can I endure this and liue?
Sometime Ile ſay I am Duke Humphreys wife,
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,
But ſo he rulde, and ſuch a Prince he was,
As he ſtood by, whilſt I his forlorne Dutches,
Was led with ſhame, and made a laughing ſtocke,
To euery idle raſcall follower.
Hum. My louely Nell, what wouldſt thou haue me do?
Should I attempt to reſcue thee from hence,
I ſhould incurre the danger of the law,
And thy diſgrace would not be ſhadowed ſo.
Elnor Be thou milde, and ſtir not at my diſgrace,
Vntill the axe of death hang ouer thy head,
As ſhortly ſure it will: For Suffolke he,
The new made Duke, that may do al in all
With her that loues him ſo, and hates vs all,
And impious Yorke and Bewford that falſe prieſt,

Haue

Haue all lymde buſhes to betray thy wings,
And flie thou how thou can they will intangle thee.

Enter a Herald of Armes.

Herald. I ſummon your grace, vnto his highnes Parlament holden at ſaint Edmunds-bury, the firſt of the next month.
Humph. A Parlament and our conſent neuer craude
Therein before. This is ſodeine.
Well, we will be there. *exit Herald.*
Maiſter Shiriffe, I pray proceede no further againſt my lady, then the courſe of law extends.
Shiriffe Pleaſe it your grace, my office here doth end,
And I muſt deliuer her to ſir Iohn Standly,
To be conducted into the Ile of Man.
Humph. Muſt you ſir Iohn conduct my lady?
Standly Yea my gracious lord, for ſo it is decreede,
And I am ſo commaunded by the King.
Humph. I pray you ſir Iohn, vſe her nere the worſe,
In that I intreat you to vſe her well,
The world may ſmile againe, and I may liue,
To do you fauor if you do it her,
And ſo ſir Iohn farewell.
Elnor What? gone my lord, and bid not me farewell?
Hum. Witneſſe my bleeding heart, I cannot ſtay to ſpeake.
exit Humphrey and his men.
Elnor Then is he gone, is noble Gloſter gone,
And doth duke Humphrey now forſake me too?
Then let me haſte from out faire Englands boundes,
Come Standley, come, and let vs haſte away.
Standly Madame, lets go vnto ſome houſe here by,
Where you may ſhift your ſelfe before we goe.
Elnor Ah good ſir Iohn, my ſhame cannot be hid,
Nor put away, with caſting off my ſheete:
But come, let vs go, maſter Shiriffe farewell,
Thou haſt but done thy office as thou ſhouldſt. *exeunt omnes*

Enter to the Parlament.
Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of Buckingham, and the

Duke

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Duke of Suffolke, and then the Duke of Yorke, and the Cardinall of Winchester, and then the King and Queene, and then the Earle of Salisbury, and the Earle of Warwicke.

King I wonder our vnckle Gloster staies so long.
Queene Can you not see, or will you not perceiue,
How that ambitious duke doth vse himselfe?
The time hath beene, but now that time is past,
That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was:
But now let one meete him euen in the morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
And he will neither moue nor speake to vs,
See you not the Commons follow him
In troupes, crying, God saue the good Duke Humphrey,
And with long life Iesus preserue his grace,
Honoring him as if he were a King:
Gloster is no little man in England,
And if he list to stir commotions,
Tis likely that the people will follow him:
My lord, if you imagine, there is no such thing,
Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare,
My lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Disproue my allegations if you can,
And by your speeches, if you can reproue me,
I will subscribe and say, I wrong'de the Duke.
Suffolke Well hath your grace foreseene into that Duke,
And if I had beene licenst first to speake,
I thinke I should haue told your graces tale,
Smooth runs the brooke whereas the streame is deepest,
No, no my soueraigne, Gloster is a man
Vnsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Enter the Duke of Somerset.

King Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from France?
Somer. Cold newes my lord, and this it is,
That all your holds and Townes within those Territories,
Is ouercome my Lord, and all is lost.
King Cold newes indeede Lord Somerset,
ut Gods will be done.

Yorke

12 not how the — 15 their king-
antepenult. lord, all is —

Yorke Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertill England.

Enter Duke Humphrey.

Humph. Pardon my liege, that I haue staid so long.
Suffolke Nay Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art,
We do arrest thee on high treason here.
Humph. Why Suffolkes duke thou shalt not see me blush
Nor change my countenance for thine arrest,
Whereof am I guiltie, who are my accusers?
York. Tis thought my lord, your grace tooke bribes from (France,
And stopt the souldiers of their pay,
By which his maiestie hath lost all France.
Humph. Is it but thought so, and who are they that think so?
So God help me, as I haue watcht the night,
Euer intending good for England still,
That pennie that euer I tooke from France,
Be brought against me at the iudgement day,
I neuer robd the souldiers of their pay,
Many a pound of mine owne proper cost
Haue I sent ouer for the souldiers wants,
Because I would not racke the needie Commons.
Car. In your Protectorship you did deuise,
Strange torments for offendors, by which meanes
England hath beene defamde by tyrannie.
Hum. Why tis well knowne that whilst I was protector,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:
A murtherer, or foule felonious theefe,
That robs and murthers seely passengers,
I torturd aboue the rate of common law.
Suffolke. Tush my lord, these be things of no account,
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,
I do arrest thee on high treason here,
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,
Vntill such time as thou canst cleere thy selfe.
King Good vnckle obey to his arrest,
I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleere thy selfe,

My

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My conscience tels me thou art innocent.
Humph. Ah gracious Henry these daies are dangerous,
And would my death might end these miseries,
And stay their moodes for good King Henries sake,
But I am made the Prologue to their play,
And thousands more must follow after me,
That dreads not yet their liues destruction,
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his hearts malice,
Bewfords firie eies shewes his enuious mind,
Buckinghams prowd lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,
And dogged Yorke that leuells at the Moone,
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe:
All you haue ioynd to betray me thus:
And you my gracious lady, and Soueraigne mistris,
Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,
I shall not want false witnesses inow,
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.
The prouerb no doubt will be well performde,
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.
Suffolke Doth he not twit our Soueraigne lady here,
As if that shee with ignominious wrong,
Had subornd or hyred some to sweare against his life?
Queene Yea but I can giue the loser leaue to speake.
Humph. Far truer spoke then ment, I loose indeed,
Beshrew the winners hearts, they play me false.
Buck. Heele wrest the sence, and keep vs here al day,
My Lord of Winchester, see him sent away.
Card. Who's within there? take in Duke Humphrey,
And see him garded sure within my house.
Humph. O! thus king Henry casts away his crouch,
Before his legs can beare his body vp,
And puts his watchfull shepheard from his side,
Whilst wolues stand snarring who shal bite him first.
Farewel my soueraigne, long maist thou enioy,
Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.
Exit Humphrey, with the Cardinals men.
King My lords, what to your wisedomes shall seeme best,
Do

Do and vndo, as if our selfe were here.
Queene What wil your highnesse leaue the Parlament?
King Yea Margaret, my heart is killed with griefe,
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone,
For who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.
exit King, Salsbury, and Warwicke.
Queene Then sit we downe againe my lord Cardinall,
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke and Somerset,
Let vs consult of prowd duke Humphries fall,
In mine opinion it were good he dide,
For safetie of our King and common wealth.
Suffolke And so thinke I madame, for as you know,
If our King Henry had shooke hands with death,
Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King,
And it may be, by pollicie he workes,
To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,
The foxe barkes not when he would steale the lamb,
But if we take him ere he do the deede,
We should not question, if that he should liue,
No, let him die, in that he is a foxe,
Lest that in liuing he offend vs more.
Car. Then let him die before the Commons know,
For feare that they do rise in Armes for him.
York Then do it sodainly my Lords.
Suff. Let that be my lord Cardinalls charge and mine.
Car. Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.
Enter a Messenger.
Queene How now sirra, what newes?
Messen. Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland,
The wilde Onele my lord, is vp in Armes,
With troupes of Irish Kernes that vncontrold,
Do plant themselues within the English pale,
And burne and spoile the Country as they go.
Queen What redresse shall we haue for this my Lords?
Yorke Twere very good, that my Lord of Somerset
That fortunate champion were sent ouer,
To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,

He

3. I, Margaret — 6 from bottom, ~~Do plant~~ Dothplant —
5 from bottom, "And burn &c" This line
not in edit. of 1594, here, but inserted in next
speech, after the words "sent over."

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He did so much good when he was in France.
Somer. Had Yorke beene there with all his far fetcht
Pollicies he might haue lost as much as I.
Yorke Yea, for Yorke would haue lost his life, before
That should haue reuolted from Englands rule. (then I.
Somer. Yea, so thou might'st, and yet haue gouernd worse
Yorke What worse then nought, then a shame take all.
Somer. Shame on thy selfe, that wisheth shame.
Queene Somerset forbeare, good Yorke be patient,
And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,
With troupes of armed men to quell the pride,
Of those ambitious Irish that rebell.
Yorke. Well Madame, sith your grace is so content,
Let me haue some bands of chosen souldiers,
And Yorke shall trie his fortune gainst those Kernes.
Queene Yorke thou shalt, my lord of Buckingham,
Let it be your charge to muster vp such souldiers,
As shall suffice him in these needfull warres.
Buck. Madame I wil, and leuie such a band
As soone shal ouercome those Irish rebells:
But Yorke, where shal those souldiers stay for thee?
Yorke At Bristow, I will expect them ten daies hence.
Buck. Then thither shall they come, and so farewell.
exit Buckingham.
Yorke Adiew my Lord of Buckingham.
Queene Suffolke remember what you haue to do,
And you Lord Cardinal concerning Duke Humphrey.
Twere good that you did see to it in time.
Come let vs go, that it may be performde.
exeunt omnes, manet Yorke.
Yorke Now Yorke bethinke thy selfe and rouse thee vp,
Take time whilst it is offered thee so faire,
Lest when thou wouldst, thou canst not it attaine,
Twas men I lackt, and now they giue them me,
And now whilst I am busie in Ireland,
I haue seducde a head strong Kentish man,
Iohn Cade of Ashford,

Vnder

4 I for 5 That France should — 6 J, so —
15 against — 5 from bottom — it not —

Vnder the title of sir Iohn Mortimer,
To raise commotion, and by that meanes,
I shall perceiue how the common people,
Do affect the claime and house of Yorke,
Then if he haue successe in his affaires,
From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,
To reape the harueſt which that coystril sowed,
Now if he should be taken and condemnd,
Heele nere confesse that I did set him on,
And therefore ere I go, ile send him word,
To put in practise and to gather head,
That so soone as I am gone, he may begin
To rise in Armes with troupes of country swaines:
To help him to performe this enterprize,
And then Duke Humprhey, he well made away,
None then can stop the light to Englands crowne,
But York can tame and headlong pul them down. *exit York.*

Then the curtaines being drawne, Duke Humphrey is discouered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering him in his bed: and then enter the Duke of Suffolke to them.
Suff. How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him?
One. Yea my Lord, he is dead I warrant you.
Suff. Then see the clothes laid smooth about him stil,
That when the King comes, he may perceiue
No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.
2 All things is hansome now my Lord.
Suff. Then draw the curtaines againe, and get you gone,
And you shal haue your firm reward anon. *exeunt murderers.*

Then enter the King and Queene, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Duke of Somerset, and the Cardinall.
King My lord of Suffolke go call our vnckle Gloster,
Tell him, this day we will that he do cleare himselfe.
Suff. I will my Lord. *exit Suffolke.*
King. And good my lords, proceed no further against our vn-
Then by iust proofe you can affirme, (kle Gloster,

E 2

For

1 — of Iohn — 22 I, my lord —

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For as the sucking child or harmlesse lamb,
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

Enter Suffolke.

How now Suffolke, where's our vnckle?

Suff. Dead in his bed, my Lord, Gloster is dead.

The King falls in a swoone.

Queene Ay me, the King is dead: help, help, my lords.

Suff. Comfort my Lord, gracious Henry, comfort.

King What doth my Lord of Suffolke bid me comfort?
Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voice,
Can satisfie my griefes, or ease my heart?
Thou balefull messenger, out of my sight,
For euen in thy eie-balls murther sits,
Yet do not go: come Basalisk
And kill the seely gazer with thy lookes.

Queene Why do you rate my lord of Suffolke thus,
As if that he had causde Duke Humphreys death?
The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,
And you had best say that I did murther him.

King. Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death.

Queene Be woe for me, more wretched then he was,
What dost thou turne away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leaper, looke on me,
Was I for this nie wrackt vpon the sea?
And thrice by aukward winds driuen backe from Englands
What might it bode, but that well foretelling (bounds,
Winds said, seeke not a scorpions neast.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke and Salsbury.

War. My lord, the Commons like an angry hiue of bees,
Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,
For good Humphreys death, whom they report
To be murthered by Suffolke and the Cardinal here.

King That he is dead (good Warwicke) is too true,
But how he died, God knowes, not Henry.

War. Enter his priuy chamber my lord, and view the body.

Good

Good father stay you with the rude multitude, til I returne.

Salsb. I will sonne. *exit Salsbury.*

Warwicke drawes the curtaines and shewes Duke Humphrey in his bed.

King Ah vnckle Gloster, heauen receiue thy soule,
Farewell poore Henries ioy, now thou art gone.

War. Now by his soule, that tooke our shape vpon him.
To free vs from his fathers dreadful curse,
I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid,
Vpon the life of this famous Duke.

Suff. A dreadfull oath sworne with a solemne tongue,
What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these wordes?

War. Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost,
Of ashie semblance, pale and bloudlesse:
But loe, the bloud is setled in the face,
More better coloured, then when he liude,
His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,
His fingers spread abroad as one that graspt for life,
Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are probable,
It cannot chuse but he was murthered.

Queene Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in charge.
And they I trust sir, are no murtherers.

War. Yea, but twas well knowne they were not his friends,
And tis well seene, he found some enemies.

Card. But haue you no greater proofes then these?

War. Who sees a heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees hard by a butcher with an axe,
But wil suspect twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partrige in the puttockes neast,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the Kite soare with vnbloudy beake?
Euen so suspitious is this Tragedie.

Queene Are you the Kite Bewford, where's your talants?
Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his Knife?

Suff. I weare no Knife to slaughter sleeping men,
But heres a vengefull sword rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancarous heart,

That

6 sound. 15 thine eye-balls—
5 from bottom— from good Duke Humphrys—

10 this thrise famous— 15 in his face.
23. I, Warwick,—

That slanders me with murthers crimson badge,
Say if thou dare prowd Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am guilty in Duke Humphreys death.

exit Cardinall.

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?
Queene He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,
Though Suffolke dare him twentie hundreth times.
War. Madame be ye still, with reuerence may I say it,
That euery word you speake in his defence,
Is slaunder to your royall maiestie.
Suff. Blunt witted lord, ignoble in thy words,
If euer Lady wrongd her lord so much,
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
Some sterne vntutred churle, and noble stocke,
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruite thou art,
And neuer of the Neuils noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my soueraignes presence makes me mute,
I would false murtherous coward on thy knees,
Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meantst,
That thou thy selfe wast borne in bastardy,
And after all this fearefull homage done,
Giue thee thy hyre, and send thy soule to hell,
Pernitious bloud-sucker of sleeping men.
Suff. Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shead thy bloud,
If from this presence thou dare go with me.
War. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

Warwicke pulls him out.

Exit Warwicke and Suffolke, and then all the Commons within, cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And then enter againe the duke of Suffolke and Warwicke, with their weapons drawne.

King Why how now lords?

Suff.

9 be still —

Suff. The traiterous Warwicke with the men of Berry,
Set al vpon me, mightie soueraigne.

The commons againe cries downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And enter from them the Earle of Salisbury.

Salsb. My Lord, the Commons sends you word by me,
That vnlesse false Suffolk here be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands territories,
That they will erre from your highnesse person,
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died,
They say, by him they feare the ruine of the Realme:
And therefore, if you loue your subiects weale,
They wish you to banish him from forth the land.
Suff. Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolisht hinds,
Would send such message to their soueraigne,
But you my lord were glad to be imployd.
To trie how quaint an Orator you were,
But all the honor Salsbury hath got,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassadour,
Sent from a sort of tinkars to the King.

The Commons cries, an answere from the King, my Lord of Salsbury.

King Good Salsbury go backe againe to them,
Tell them we thanke them for all their louing care,
And had not I beene cited thus by their meanes,
My selfe had done it: therefore here I sweare,
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,
Where I haue rule, but three daies more, he dies.

exit Salsbury.

Queene. Oh Henry, reuerse the doome of gentle Suffolkes banishment.
King Vngentle Queene, to cal him gentle Suffolke,
Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,
If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare it is irreuocable:
Come Warwicke, and go thou in with me,
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

exit King and Warwicke, manet Queene and Suffolke.

Queene

24 all for — 25 I not — antepenult.
Come, good Warwick, —

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Queene Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
Theres two of you, the diuell make the third,
Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?
Suff. A plague vpon them: wherefore should I curse them?
Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,
I would inuent as many bitter termes,
Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,
With twice so many signes of deadly hate,
As leane facde Enuy in her loathsome caue,
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eies should sparkle like the beaten flint,
My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,
And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And now me thinkes my burthened heart would breake.
Should I not curse them: poison be their drinke,
Gall, worse then gall, the daintiest thing they taste,
Their sweetest shade, a groue of sypris trees,
Their softest touch, as smart as lyzards stings,
Their musique frightfull, like the serpents hisse.
And boding scrike-owles make the consort full,
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.
Queene. Enough sweete Suffolke, thou torments thy self.
Suffolke You bade me ban, and will you bid me cease?
Now by this ground that I am banisht from,
Well could I curse away a winters night,
And standing naked on a mountaine top,
Where biting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.
Queene No more, sweete *Suffolk*, hie thee hence to France,
Or liue where thou wilt within this worldes globe,
Ile haue an Irish that shall find thee out,
And long thou shalt not stay, but ile haue thee repeald,
Or venture to be banished my selfe,
Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That when thou seest it, thou maist thinke on me:
Away, I say, that I may feele my griefe,
For it is nothing whilst thou standest here.

9 leaue fast

Suff. Thus is poore *Suffolke* ten times banished,
Once by the King, but three times thrice by thee.
Enter Vawse.
Queene How now, whither goes Vawse so fast?
Vawse. To signifie vnto his maiesty,
That Cardinall Bewford is at point of death,
Sometimes he raues and cries as he were mad,
Sometimes he calls vpon Duke Humphreys ghost,
And whispers to his pillow as to him,
And sometime he calls to speake vnto the King,
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,
That euen now he cald alowd for him.
Queene Go then good Vawse, and certifie the King.
exit Vawse.
Oh what is worldly pompe! all men must die.
And woe am I for Bewfords heauy end,
But why mourne I for him, whilst thou art here?
Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to France,
For if the King do come, thou sure must die.
Suff. And if I go, I cannot liue: but here to die,
What were it elsse, but like a pleasant slumber
In thy lap?
Here could I, could I, breeath my soule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the new borne babe,
That dies with mothers dug between his lips,
Where from thy sight I should be raging mad,
And call for thee to close mine eies,
Or with thy lips to stop my dying soule,
That I might breath it so into thy body,
And then it liude in sweete Elyzium,
By thee to die, were but to die in iest,
From thee to die, were torment more then death,
O let me stay, befall what may befall.
Queene Oh might'st thou stay with safetie of thy life,
Then should'st thou stay, but heauens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeald.
Suff. I goe.

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Queene And take my heart with thee.
She kisseth him.
Suff. A iewell lockt into the wofulst caske,
That euer yet containd a thing of worth,
Thus like a splitted barke so sunder we:
This way fall I to death. *exit Suffolke.*
Queene This way for me. *exit Queene.*
Enter King and Salsbury, and then the curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discouered in his bed, rauing and staring as if he were mad.
Car. O death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,
Ile giue thee as much gold as wil purchase such another Iland.
King Oh see my lord of Salsbury how he is troubled,
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must haue thy soule.
Car. Why died he not in his bed?
What would you haue me to do then?
Can I make men liue whether they will or no?
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary sent (me:
Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghost doth stand,
And stares me in the face: looke, look, combe down his haire,
So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.
Sals. See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart,
King Lord Cardinal, if thou diest assured of heauenly blisse,
Hold vp thy hand, and make some signe to vs.
The Cardinall dies.
Oh see, he dies, and makes no signe at all,
Oh God forgiue his soule.
Sals. So bad an end did neuer none behold,
But as his death, so was his life in all.
King Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,
For God will iudge vs all:
Go take him hence, and see his funeralls be performde.
exeunt omnes.

Alarmes within, and the chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the captaine of the shippe and the Master, and the Masters mate, and the duke of Suffolke

14. must save thy—

folke disguised; and others with him, and Walter Whickemore.
Cap. Bring forward these prisoners that scornd to yeeld,
Vnlade their goods with speed, and sincke their ship,
Here master, this prisoner I giue to you:
This other, the Masters Mate shall haue,
And Walter Whickmore, thou shalt haue this man,
And let them pay their ransomes ere they passe.
Suff. Walter! *he starteth.*
Walter How now, what doest thou feare me?
Thou shalt haue better cause anon.
Suff. It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe:
I do remember well, a cunning wisard told me,
That by Walter I should die:
Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded,
Thy name being rightly sounded,
Is Gualter, not Walter.
Walter Gualter or Walter, all's on to me,
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.
Suff. I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring,
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shall be paid.
Walter I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,
And therefore ere I marchant-like sell bloud for gold,
Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.
2 *Priso.* But what shall our ransomes be?
Master A hundreth pounds a peece, either pay that, or die.
2 *Priso.* Then saue our liues, it shall be paid.
Walter Come sirra, thy life shall be the ransome
I wil haue.
Suff. Stay villaine, thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poole.
Cap. The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags?
Suf. Yea sir, but these rags are no part of the duke,
Ioue sometime went disguisde, and why not I?
Cap. Yea but Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be.
Suff. Base Iady groome, King Henries bloud,
The honorable bloud of Lancaster,

 Cannot

1 & 7. Water— and so passim 18 alls onto—

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Cannot be ſhead by ſuch a lowly ſwaine,
I am ſent Ambaſſador for the Queene to France,
I charge thee waſſe me croſſe the channell ſafe.
Cap. Ile waſſe thee to thy death, go Walter take him hence,
And on our long boates ſide, chop off his head.
Suff. Thou darſte not for thine owne.
Cap. Yes Poole.
Suff. Poole?
Cap. Yea, Poole puddle, kennell, ſincke and durt,
Ile ſtop that yawning mouth of thine,
Thoſe lips of thine that ſo oft haue kiſt the Queene,
Shall ſweep the ground, and thou that
Smildſt at good duke Humphreys death,
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.
Suff. This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,
Threatens more plagues then mighty Abradas,
The great Macedonian Pyrate,
Thy words addes fury and not remorſe in me.
Cap. Yea but my deedes ſhall ſtay thy fury ſoon.
Suff. Haſt not thou waited at my trencher,
When we haue feaſted with Queene Margaret?
Haſt not thou kiſt thine hand and held my ſtirrop?
And bareheaded plodded by my footcloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I ſmild on thee?
This hand hath writ in thy defence,
Then ſhall I charme thee, hold thy lauiſh tongue.
Cap. Away with him VValter, I ſay, and off with his head.
1 *Priſ.* Good my lord, intreat him mildly for your life.
Suff. Firſt let this neck ſtoope to the axes edge,
Before this knee do bow to any,
Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King,
Suffolkes imperiall tongue cannot pleade
To ſuch a iady groome.
Walter Come, come, why do we let him ſpeake?
I long to haue his head, for ranſome of mine eie.
Suff. A ſworder and bande to ſlaue,
Murthered ſweete Tully:

Brutus

Brutus baſtard-hand ſtabde Iulius Cæſar,
And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the ſeas.

exit Suffolke, and Walter.

Cap. Off with his head, and ſend it to the Queene,
And ranſomeleſſe this priſoner ſhall go free,
To ſee it ſafe deliuered vnto her:
Come lets go.

exeunt omnes.

Enter two of the Rebels with long ſtaues.

George. Come away Nick, and put a long ſtaffe in thy pike, and prouide thy ſelfe, for I can tell thee, they haue bin vp this two daies.
Nicke Then they had more need to go to bed now,
But ſirra George, whats the matter?
George Why ſirra, Iack Cade the Diar of Aſhford here,
He meanes to turne this land, and ſet a new nap on it.
Nick. Yea mary he had need ſo, for tis growne threedbare,
Twas neuer mery world with vs, ſince theſe gentlemē came vp
George I warrant thee, thou ſhalt neuer ſee a lord weare a leather aperne, now adaies.
Nicke. But ſirra, who comes more beſide Iacke Cade?
George Why theres Dick the Butcher, & Robin the Sadler, and Wil that came a wooing to our Nan laſt ſunday, & Harry and Tom, & Gregory that ſhould haue your Parnil, & a great ſort more is come from Rocheſter, & from Maidſtone, & Canterbury, & al the townes here abouts, and we muſt al be lords or ſquires, aſſoone as Iacke Cade is King.
Nicke Harke, harke, I heare the Drum, they be comming.

Enter Iacke Cade, Dicke Butcher, Robin, Will, Tom, Harry and the reſt with long ſtaues.

Cade. Proclaime ſilence.
All. Silence.
Cade. I Iohn Cade ſo named for my valiancie.
Dicke Or rather for ſtealing of a Cade of ſprats.
Cade. My father was a Mortimer.
Nicke He was an honeſt man, and a good Brick-laier.
Cade My mother came of the Braſes.
Wil. She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, and ſold many laces.

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Robin And now being not able to occupy her furd packe,
She washeth buckes vp and downe the countrey.

Cade. Therefore I am honorable borne.

Harry. Yea, for the field is honorable, for he was borne
Vnder a hedge, for his father had no house but the Cage.

Cade I am able to endure much.

George Thats true, I know he can endure any thing,
For I haue seene him whipt two market daies together.

Cade I feare neither sword nor fire.

Wil. He need not feare the sword, for his coate is of proofe.

Dick But me thinkes he should feare the fire, being so often
burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

Cade Therfore be braue, for your captain is braue and vowes
reformation: you shal haue seuen half-peny loaues for a peny,
and the three hoopt pot, shal haue ten hoops, and it shalbe fe-
lony to drink smal beere, and if I be the King, as King I wil be.

All. God saue your maiestie.

Cade I thank you good people, you shal al eate & drink of
my score, and go al in my liuery, and weel haue no writing, but
the score and the tally, and there shall be no lawes, but such as
comes from my mouth.

Dicke We shall haue sore laws then, for he was thrust into
the mouth the other day.

George Yea and stinking law too, for his breath stinkes so,
that one cannot abide it.

Enter Will with the clarke of Chattam.

Will Oh Captaine, a pryze.

Cade V Vhose that, V Vill?

Wil. The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade & cast
account, I tooke him setting of boies copies, and he has a book
in his pocket with red letters.

Cade Sounes, hees a coniurer, bring him hither,
Now sir, whats your name?

Clarke Emanuell sir, and it shal please you.

Dicke It will go hard with you, I can tel you,
For they vse to write that o'th top of letters.

Cade And what do you vse to write your name?

Or

16. if I be king— 32 Sounes—

Or do you as ancient forefathers haue done,
Vse the score and the tally?

Clarke. Nay true sir, I praise God I haue bin so wel brought
vp, that I can write mine owne name.

Cade Oh he has confest, go hang him with his penny incke-
horne about his necke. *exit one with the clarke.*

Enter Tom.

Tom. Captain: newes, newes, sir Humphrey Stafford and his
brother are comming with the Kings power: & me to kil vs al.

Cade Let them come, hees but a Knight is he?

Tom. No, no, hees but a Knight.

Cade V Vhy then to equal him, ile make my selfe Knight
Kneele downe Iohn Mortimer,
Rise vp sir Iohn Mortimer.
Is there any more of them that be Knights?

Tom. Yea his brother.

He knights Dicke Butcher.

Cade Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,
Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher.

Now sound vp the drumme.

Enter sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother, with drumme and souldiers.

Cade As for these silken coated slaues, I passe not a pinne,
Tis to you good people that I speake.

Staff. V Vhy country-men, what meanie you thus in troups,
To follow this rebellious traitor Cade?
V Vhy his father was but a Brick-laier.

Cade. V Vel, Adam was a Gardner, what then?
But I come of the Mortimers.

Stafford. Yea, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

Cade The Duke of Yorke, nay, I learnt it my selfe.
For looke you, Roger Mortimer the Earle of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

Staff. V Vel, thats true, but what then?

Cade And by her he had two children at a birth.

Staff. Thats false.

Cade

12 from bottom— Will and Adam—

Cade Yea, but I say, tis true.

All. Why then tis true.

Cade. And one of them was stolne away by a beggarwoman,
And was my father, and I am his sonne,
Deny it and you can.

Nicke Nay looke you, I know twas true,
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,
And the brickes are aliue at this day to testifie.

Cade But dost thou heare Stafford, tel the King, that for his fathers sake, in whose time boies plaid at spanne-counter with French crownes, I am content that he shall be King as long as he liues: marry alwaies prouided, Ile be Protector ouer him.

Staff. O monstrous simplicitie!

Cade And tell him, weele haue the Lord Sayes head, & the duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the dukedomes of Anioy and Mayne, and selling the townes in France, by which meanes England hath bin maimd euer since, and gone as it were with a crouch, but that the puissance held it vp. And besides, they can speake French, and therefore they are traitors.

Staff. As how I prethee?

Cade Why the French men are our enemies, be they not?
And then can he that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good subiect?
Answere me to that.

Staff. Well sirra, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebellious deedes?

Cade Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his crowne tel him, ere it be long.

Staff. Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings townes,
That those that wil forsake the Rebel Cade,
Shall haue free pardon from his maiestie.

exit Stafford and his men.

Cade Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

exeunt omnes.

Alarums to battaile, and sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is slaine.

slaine. Then Iacke Cade againe, and the rest.

Cade Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day most valiantly, and knockt them downe as if thou hadst bin in thy slaughter house, and thus I will reward thee: the Lent shall be as long again as it was: thou shalt haue licence to kil for foure fore and one a weeke: drum strike vp, for now weele march to London, for to morrow I meane to sit in the Kings seate at Westminster.

exeunt omnes.

Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene with the Duke of Suffolkes head, and the Lord Say, with others.

King Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is slaine,
And the rebels march amaine to London,
Go backe to them, and tell them thus from me,
Ile come and parly with their generall.

Reade. Yet stay, ile reade the letter once againe:
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnly vowd to haue thy head.

Say. Yea, but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

King How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolks death, I feare my loue, if I had bin dead, thou wouldst not haue mournd so much for me.

Queene No my loue, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a messenger.

Messen. Oh flie my Lord, the rebels are entered
Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the bridge,
Calling your grace an vsurper,
And that monstrous rebel Cade, hath sworne
To crowne himselfe King in Westminster,
Therefore flie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.

King Go bid Buckingham and Clifford gather
An Army vp, and meete with the rebells:
Come Madam let vs haste to Killingworth,
Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,
For feare the rebell Cade do find thee out.

Say My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me:
And therefore with your highnes leaue, Ile stay behind.

King Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say:

§ And that was — 18 that my passeuee
1. alt. to the battaile

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Come Madame, let vs goe. *exeunt omes.*

Enter the Lord Scayles vpon the Tower walls, walking.

Enter three or foure cittizens below.

L. Scayles How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

1 *Cittizen* No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,
For they haue wonne the bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them,
The Lord Maior craueth aid of your honor from the Tower,
To defend the cittie from the rebells.

L. Scayles Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them my selfe,
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Mathew Goffe:
Fight for your King, your country, and your liues,
And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

exeunt omnes.

Enter Iacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his sword vpon London stone.

Cade Now is Mortimer Lord of this cittie,
And now sitting vpon London stone, we commaund,
That the first yeare of our raigne,
The pissing conduit run nothing but red wine,
And now henceforth, it shall be treason
For any that calls me otherwise then
Lord Mortimer. *Enter a souldier.*

Sould. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

Cade Zounes, knocke him downe. *they kill him.*

Dicke My Lord, theres an Army gathered together
Into Smithfield.

Cade Come then, lets go fight with them,
But first go on and set London bridge on fire:
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too,
Come lets away. *exeunt omnes.*

Alarmes, and then Mathew Goffe is slain, and all the rest with him: then enter Iacke Cade again, and his company.

Cade.

24 henceforward — 32 bridge a fire.

Cade So sirs, now go some and pull downe the Sauoy,
Others to the Innes of the court, downe with them all.

Dicke I haue a suite vnto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it
For that word.

Dick. That we may go burne all the Records,
And that all writing may be put downe,
And nothing vsde but the score and the tally.

Cade Dick it shall be so, and henceforward al thing shalbe in common, and in Cheapside shall my palphrey go to grasse. Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb, should parchment be made, and then with a litle blotting ouer with inke, a man should vndo himselfe?

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis their wax, for I am sure I neuer sealed to any thing but once, and I was neuer mine owne man since.

Nicke But when shall we take vp those commodities
Which you told vs of?

Cade Mary he that wil lustily stand to it,
Shall go with me, and take vp these commodities following:
Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a peticote and a smocke.

Enter George.

George My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,
Which sold the townes in France.

Cade. Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum (lord,
What answer canst thou make vnto my mightines,
For deliuering vp the townes in France to Monsier busse minue the Dolphin of France?
And more thē so, thou hast most traiterously erected a grammer schoole, to infect the youth of the realm, & against the kings Crowne and dignitie, thou hast built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil be said to thy face, that thou keepst men in thy house that daily reades of bookes with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a Verb, and such abominable words, as no christian eare is able to indure it: and besides al that, thou hast appointed certain iustices of peace in euery shire to hang honest men that steal for their liuing, and because they could not reade, thou hast hung

9 things —

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them vp: onely for which cause they were most worthy to liue: thou ridest on a foothcloth, dost thou not?

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade Mary I say thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare a cloake, when an honester man then thy selfe goes in his hose and dublet.

Say. You men of Kent.

All Kent, what of Kent?

Say Nothing but *terra bona.*

Cade *Bonum terum*, sounds whats that?

Dick He speakes French.

Will. No, tis Dutch.

Nick No, tis Outtalian, I know it well inough.

Say. Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote,
Termd it the ciuil st place of al this land,
Then noble country-men, heare me but speake,
I sold not France, I lost not Normandie.

Cade But wherefore doest thou shake thy head so?

Say It is the palsie, and not feare that makes me.

Cade. Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say, thou wilt be euen with me, if thou getst away, but ile make thee sure enough, now I haue thee: go take him to the standard in Cheapside & chop off his head, & then go to Milend-green, to sir Iames Cromer his son in law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon two poles presently. *Away with him.*

exit one or two with the Lord Say.

There shall not a nobleman weare a head on his shoulders,
But he shall pay me tribute for it:
Nor there shal not a maid be maried, but he shal fee to me for
Maiden head or else, ile haue it my selfe, (her:
Mary I will that maried men shal hold of me in capite,
And that their wiues shal be as free as hart can think, or tongue
Enter Robin. (can tell.

Robin O captaine! London bridge is a fire.

Cade Runne to Billingsgate, and fetch pitch and flaxe and squench it.

Enter Dicke and a sergeant.

ser.

g bona terra

ser. Iustice, iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue iustice of this fellow here.

Cade Why, what has he done?

ser. Alas sir, he has rauisht my wife.

Dick Why my lord, he woud haue rested me,
And I went and entred my Action in his wiues paper house.

Cade Dicke follow thy sute in her common place,
You horson villaine, you are a sergeant, youle
Take any man by the throte for twelue pence,
And rest a man when hees at dinner,
And haue him to prison ere the meate be out of his mouth:
Go Dicke, take him hence, cut out his tong for cogging,
Hough him for running, and to conclude,
Braue him with his owne mace.

exit with the sergeant.

Enter two with the Lord Saies head, and sir Iames Cromers, vpon two poles.

So, come cary them before me, and at euery lanes end, let them kisse together.

Enter the duke of Buckingham, and Lord Clifford, the Earle of Comberland.

Cliff. Why country men and warlike frends of Kent,
What meanes this mutinous rebellion,
That you in troupes do muster thus your selues,
Vnder the conduct of this traitor Cade?
To rise against your soueraigne lord and King,
Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,
If you forsake this monstrous rebell here?
If honour be the marke whereat you ayme,
Then haste to France, that our forefathers wonne,
And winne againe that thing which now is lost,
And leaue to seeke your countries ouerthrow.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford. *They forsake Cade.*

Cade Why how now, will you forsake your generall,
And ancient freedome which you haue possest?
To bend your neckes vnto their seruile yokes,
Who if you stir, will straightwaies hang you vp?

 But

penult - neckes under their

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But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.
All. A Cade, a Cade.
They runne to Cade againe
Clif. Braue warlike friends heare me but speake a word,
Refuse not good, whilst it is offered you,
The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,
And I my selfe will go along with you,
To Winsore castle whereas the King abides,
And on mine honor you shall haue no hurt.
All. A Clifford, a Clifford, God saue the King.
Cade. How like a feather is this rascall company
Blowne euery way,
But that they may see there wants no valiancy in me,
My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,
And so a poxe take you all.
He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away.
Buck. Go some and make after him, and proclaime,
That those that can bring the head of Cade,
Shall haue a thousand crownes for his labor.
Come march way.
Enter King Henry, and the Queene, and Somerset.
King. Lord Somerset, what news heare you of the rebel Cade?
Som. This my gracious lord, that the lord Say is don to deth,
And the cittie is almost sackt.
King. Gods wil be done, for as he hath decreed, so it must be:
And be it as he please, to stop the pride of those rebellious mē.
Queene Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bin aliue,
The rebell Cade had bin suppreſt ere this,
And all the rest that do take part with him.
Enter the Duke of Buckingham, and Clifford, with the rebells, with halters about their neckes.
Cliff. Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King,
Loe here my Lord, these rebells are subdude,
And offer their liues before your highnesse feete.
King But tell me Clifford, is their captaine here?
Cliff. No, my gracious lord, he is fled away, but proclamati-
ons

26 so mast it—

ons are sent forth, that he that cā but bring his head, shal haue a thousand crownes. But may it please your maiesty, to pardon these their faults, that by that traitors meanes were thus misled.
King Stand vp you simple men, and giue God praise,
For you did take in hand you know not what,
And go in peace obedient to your King,
And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,
Whilst Henrie liues, and weares the Englsh crowne.
All God saue the King, God saue the King.
King Come let vs haste to London now with speed,
That solemne processions may be sung,
In laud and honor of the God of heauen,
And triumphs of this happy victory. *exeunt omnes.*
Enter Iacke Cade at one doore, and at the other, master Alexander Eyden and his men, and Iacke Cade lies downe picking of hearbs and eating them.
Eyden Good Lord how pleasant is this country life!
This little land my father left me here,
With my contented mind, serues me as well,
As all the pleasures in the court can yeeld,
Nor would I change this pleasure for the court.
Cade Sounes, heres the Lord of the soile, stand villain, thou wilt betray me to the King, and get a thousand crowns for my head, but ere thou goest, ile make thee eat yron like an estridge, and swallow my sword like a great pin.
Eyden Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee?
Is not enough that thou hast broke my hedges,
And entred into the ground without the leaue of me the owner,
But thou wilt braue me too?
Cade. Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best bloud of the realme, look on me well, I haue eate no meat this fiue daies, yet and I do not leaue thee and thy fiue men as dead as a door nail, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.
Eyden. Nay, it neuer shalbe said whilst the world doth stand, that Alexander Eiden an Esquire of Kent, took ods to combat with a famisht man, look on me, my limbs are equall vnto thine, and euery way as big, then hand to hand ile combat thee. Sirra
fetch

28 into my ground—

fetch me weapons, and stand you all aside.

Cade. Now sword, if thou hewst not this burly-boned churle into chines of beefe, I beseech God thou maist fall into some smiths hand and be turnd into hobnailes.

Eyden Come on thy way. *They fight, and Cade fals downe.*

Cade Oh villain, thou hast slaine the floure of Kent for chiualry, but it is famine & not thee that has done it, for come ten thousand diuels, & giue me but the ten meals that I wanted this fiue daies, and ile fight with you all, and so a pox rot thee, for Iacke Cade must die. *he dies.*

Eyd. Iack Cade, & was it that monstrous rebell which I haue slain: oh sword I honor thee for this, and in my chamber shalt thou hang as a monumēt to after age, for this great seruice thou hast done to me, ile drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his head and beare it with me. *exit*

Enter the Duke of Yorke with drum and souldiers.

Yorke In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,
Ring bells alowd, bonfires perfume the ayre,
To entertaine faire Englands royall King:
Ah *sancta Maiesta*, who would not buy thee deare?

Enter the duke of Buckingham.

But soft, who comes here? Buckingham, what news with him?

Buck Yorke, if thou meane wel, I greet thee so.

York Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I sweare,
What comest thou in loue, or as a messenger?

Bu. I come as a messenger from our dread lord & soueraign
Henry, to know the reason of these Armes in peace?
Or that thou being a subiect as I am,
Shouldst thus approach so neare with colours spread,
Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?

York A subiect as he is!
O how I hate these spightfull abiect termes,
But Yorke, dissemble till thou meete thy sonnes,
Who now in Armes expect their fathers sight,
And farre hence I know they cannot be:
Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,

That

2 if thou doest not hear — penult And not fam-

That I answerd not at first, my mind was troubled,
I came to remoue that monstrons rebell Cade,
And heaue prowd Somerset from out the Court,
That basely yeelded vp the townes in France.

Buc. Why that was presumption on thy behalfe,
But if it be no otherwise but so,
The King doth pardon thee, and grants to thy request,
And Somerset is sent vnto the Tower.

Yorke Vpon thine honour is it so?

Buc. Yorke, he is vpon mine honor.

Yorke Then before thy face, I here dismisse my troupes,
Sirs, meete me to morrow in saint Georges fields,
And there you shall receiue your pay of me.

exeunt souldiers.

Buc. Come Yorke, thou shalt go speake vnto the King,
But see, his grace is comming to meete with vs.

enter King Henry.

King How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with vs
That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?

Buc. He is my lord, and hath dischargde his troopes
Which came with him, but as your Grace did say,
To heaue the duke of Somerset from hence,
And to subdue the rebells that were vp.

King Then welcome coosin Yorke, giue me thy hand,
And thankes for thy great seruice done to vs,
Against those traitrous Irish that rebeld.

enter master Eyden with Iacke Cades head.

Eyden Long liue Henry in triumphant peace,
Lo here (my Lord) vpon my bended knees,
I here present the traitorous head of Cade,
That hand to hand in single fight I slew.

King First, thankes to heauen, and next, to thee my friend,
That hast subdude that wicked traitor thus,
Oh let me see that head that in his life
Did worke me and my land such cruell spight!
A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled lockes,
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,

H Presa-

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Presageth warlike humors in his life.
Here take it hence, and thou for thy reward,
Shalt be immediately created Knight:
Kneele downe my friend, and tell me whats thy name.
Eyden Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,
A poore Fsquire of Kent.
King Then rise vp sir Alexander Eyden Knight,
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
A thousand markes a yeere for to maintaine thee,
Beside the firme reward that was proclaimde,
For those that could performe this worthy act,
And thou shalt waite vpon the person of the King.
Eyden I humbly thanke your grace, and I no longer liue,
Then I prooue iust and loyall vnto my King. *exit.*

Enter the Queene with the Duke of Somerset.

King O Buckingham, see where Somerset comes,
Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone.
Queene He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,
But beard and braue him prowdly to his face.
Yorke Who's that? prowd Somerset at liberty?
Base feareful Henry that thus dishonor'st me,
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me,
I cannot brooke that traitors presence here,
Nor will I subiect be to such a King,
That knowes not how to gouerne, nor to rule,
Resigne thy crowne prowd Lancaster to me,
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,
For now is Yorke resolu'de to claime his owne,
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throne.
Somer. Prowd traitor, I arrest thee on high treason,
Against thy Soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke,
For here I sweare, thou shalt vnto the Tower,
For these prowd words which thou hast giuen the King.
Yorke Thou art deceiued, my sonnes shall be my baile,
And send thee there in spight of him.
Ho, where are you boyes?
Queene Call Clifford hither presently.

a yeare to maintaine — 15 to my —

Enter the Duke of Yorkes sonnes, Edward the Earle of March, and crooke-backe Richard, at the one doore, with drum and souldiers, and at the other doore, enter Clifford and his sonne, with drumme and souldiers, and Clifford kneeles to Henry, *and speakes.*

Cliff. Long liue my noble Lord and soueraigne King.
Yorke We thank thee Clifford:
Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.
Cliff. Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King:
What is he mad? to Bedlam with him.
King Yea, a bedlam frantike humor driues him thus,
To leauy Armes against his lawfull King.
Cliff. Why do not your grace send him to the Tower?
Queene He is arrested, but will not obey,
His sonnes he saith shall be his suertie.
Yorke How say you boyes, will you not?
Edward Yes noble father, if our words wil serue.
Richard And if our words will not, our swords shall.
Yorke Call hither to the stake, my two rough beares.
King Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.
Yorke Call Buckingham, and all the frends thou hast,
Both thou and they shall curse this fatall houre.
Enter at one doore the Earle of Salsbury and Warwicke, with drum and souldiers: and at the other, the duke of Buckingham, with drum and souldiers.
Cliff. Are these thy beares? weel bayte them soone,
Dispight of thee and all the friends thou hast.
War. You had best go dreame againe,
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.
Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
War. Now by my fathers age, old Neuells crest,
The Rampant beare chaind to the ragged staffe,
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,

Why doth not — 15 to my — his baile.

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As on a mountaine top the Cædar showes,
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme,
Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,
Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so.
Yong Clif. And so renowned soueraigne to armes,
To quel these traitors, and their complises.
Rich. Fie, charity for shame, speake it not in spight,
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night.
Yong Clif. Foule Stigmatike, thou canst not tell.
Rich. No, for if not in heauen, you'le surely sup in hel.
exeunt omnes.

Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the duke of Somerset and Richard fighting, Richard kills him vnder the signe of the Castle in saint Albons.

Rich. So, lie thou there, and breathe thy last.
Whats here, the signe of the Castle?
Then the prophesie is come to passe,
For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,
The which he alwaies did obserue,
And now behold, vnder a paltry ale house signe,
The Castle in S. Albons,
Somerset hath made the Wissard famous by his death. *exit.*

Alarme againe, and then enter the Earle of Warwicke alone.

War. Clifford of Comberland, tis warwicke calls,
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,
Now whilst the angry Trumpets sound Alarmes,
And dead mens cries do fil the empty ayre:
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Prowd Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

Clifford speakes within.

Warwicke stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes
with his murthering curtelaxe, through the fainting troupes to
find thee out.

War-

Warwicke stand still, and stirre not till I come.

Enter Yorke.

War. How now my Lord, what a foote?
Who kild your horse?
Yorke The deadly hand of Clifford, noble lord,
Fiue horse this day, slaine vnder me,
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,
But I did kil his horse he lou'de so wel,
The bonniest gray that ere was bred in North.

Enter Clifford, and Warwicke offers to fight with him.

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chase
My selfe will hunt this Deare to death.
War. Braue lord, tis for a crowne thou fightst,
Clifford farewell, as I entend to prosper wel to day,
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassaild. *exit Warwicke.*
Yorke Now Clifford, since we are singled here alone,
Be this the day of Doome to one of vs,
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate
To thee, and all the house of Lancaster.
Clif. And here I stand, and pitch my foote to thine,
Vowing neuer to stir, til thou or I be slaine,
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,
Till I haue spoild the hatefull house of Yorke.

Alarmes, and they fight, and Yorke kils Clifford.

Yorke Now Lancaster sit sure, thy sinewes shrinke,
Come fearefull Henry groueling on thy face,
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of Yorke.
exit Yorke.

Alarmes, then enter yong Clifford alone.

yong Clif. Father of Comberland,
Where may I seeke my aged father forth?
O dismall sight! see where he breathlesse lies,
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme bloud,
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true house,
Sweete father, to thy murthered Ghost I sweare,

 Immor-

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Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,
And left not one of them to breathe on earth.
He takes him vp on his backe.
And thus as olde Ankises sonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him against the bloudy Greekes:
Euen so will I: but stay, heres one of them,
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.
Enter Richard, and then Clifford layes downe his father, fights with him, and Richard flies away againe.
Out crooktbacke villaine, get thee from my sight,
But I will after thee, and once againe,
When I haue borne my father to his tent,
Ile trie my fortune better with thee.
exit yong Clifford with his father.
Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the duke of Buckingham wounded to his Tent.
Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene.
Queene Away my Lord, and flie to London straight,
Make haste, for vengeance comes along with them,
Come, stand not to expostulate, lets go.
King Come then faire Queene, to London let vs haste,
And summon a parlament with speede,
To stop the fury of these dyre euents.
exeunt King and Queene.
Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the duke of Yorke and Richard.
Yorke How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath beene,
I hope to vs and ours for Englands good,
And our great honor, that so long we lost,
Whilst faint-heart Henry, did vsurpe our rights:
But did you see old Salsbury since we
With bloudy minds did buckle with the foe,
I would not for the losse of this right hand,
That ought but well betide that good old man.

Rich. My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,
Charging his lance with his old weary armes,
And thrice I saw him beaten from his horse,
And thrice this hand did set him vp againe,
And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,
The boldest sprited man that ere mine eies beheld.
Enter Salsbury and Warwicke.
Edw. See noble father where they both do come,
The onely props vnto the house of Yorke.
Salsb. Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,
And thou braue bud of Yorkes increasing house,
The small remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
Three times this day thou hast preserude my life.
Yorke What say you Lords, the King is fled to London?
There (as I heare) to hold a Parlament.
What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?
War. After them, nay before them if we can:
Now by my Faith Lords twas a glorious day,
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,
Shal be eternizd in all age to come,
Sound Drums and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such daies as these to vs befall. *exeunt.*

FINIS.

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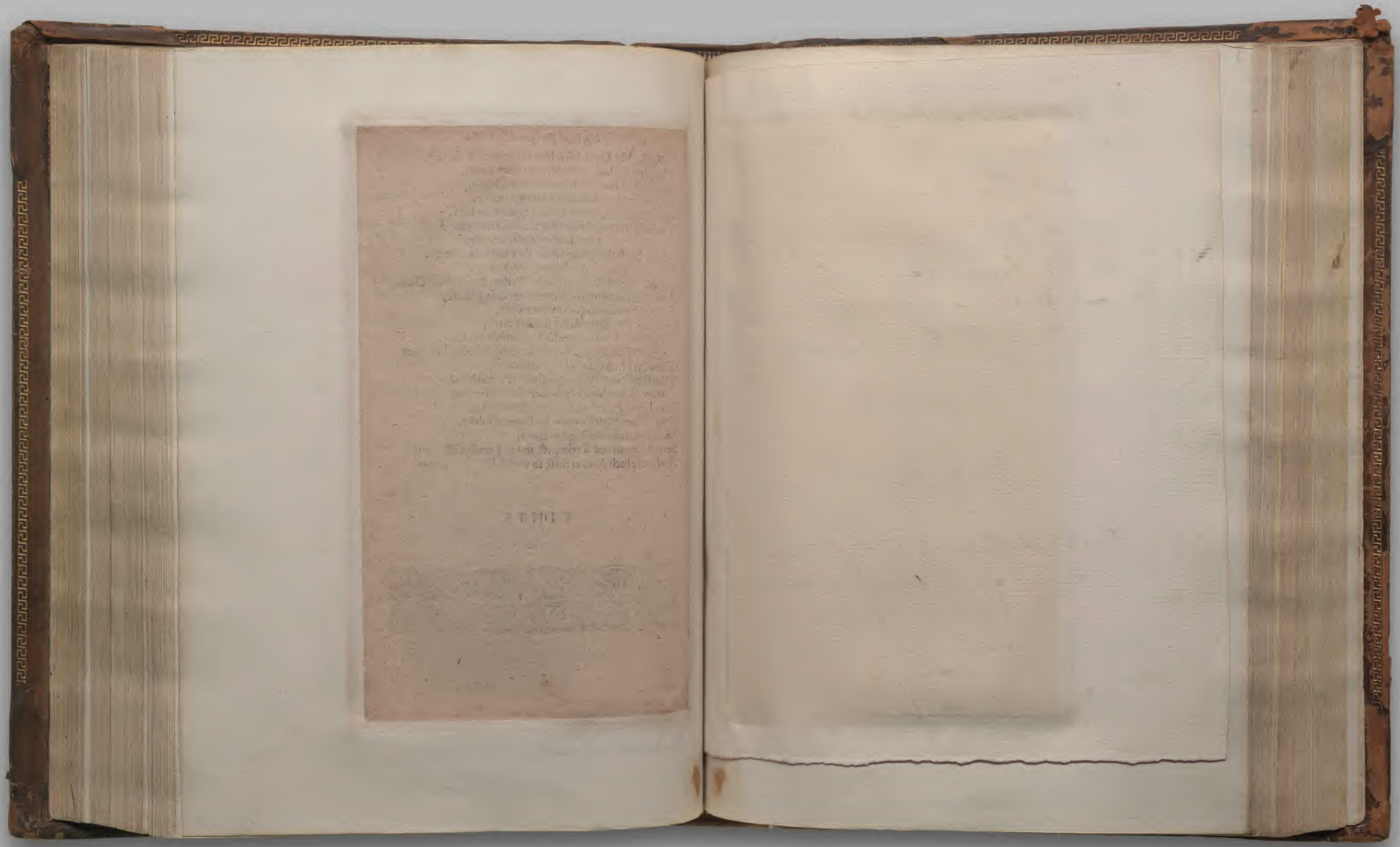

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26100) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.43[4]) Octavo

The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt with the whole contention betweene the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants.

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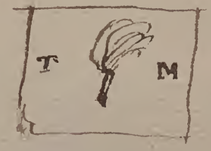

Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1595.

Octavo runs to E 7.

I have collated this ~~edit~~ copy of 1600 with that of ~~1595~~ 1595, and the variations are set down in the margin. — The first copy is not near so valuable as first editions generally are either by negligence or in consequence of the name

* of the page the metre of the play in innumerable places is destroyed by the concluding words of one line being printed in the beginning of the subsequent, an error which is corrected in the edition of 1600

THE Sapis Squyer

True Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the sixt:

VVith the whole contention betweene the two Houses, Lancaster and Yorke; as it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruantes.

Printed at Londou by *W.W.* for *Thomas Millington*, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornewall. 1600.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Part 3* (STC 21006a) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.43[5]) Octavo

THE TRVE TRAGEDIE
OF RICHARD DVKE OF YORKE,
AND THE GOOD KING
HENRIE THE SIXT.

Enter Richarde *Duke of Yorke, The Earle of* Warwicke, *The Duke of* Norffolke, Marquis Montague, Edward *Earle of March,* Crookeback Richard, *& the young Earle of* Rutland, *with Drumme and Souldiers, with white Roses in their hattes.*

Warwicke.

I Wonder how the King escapt our handes?
Yorke. Whilst we pursude the Horsemen of the North,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike eares could neuer brooke retrait,
Chargde our maine Battels front, and therewith him
Lord *Stafford* and Lord *Clifford* all abrest
Brake in, & were by the hands of common Souldiers slaine.
Edw. Lord *Staffords* father, Duke of *Buckingham,*
Is either slaine, or wounded dangerously;
I cleft his Beuer with a downe right blow:
Father that this is true, behold his bloud.
Mont. And brother, heeres the Earle of *Wiltshires* blood,
Whom I incountred as the Battailes ioynd.
Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.
York. What, is your grace dead my L. of *Somerset?*
Norf. Such hope haue all the line of *John of Gaunt.*
Rich. Thus doe I hope to shape King *Henries* head,
War. And so do I victorious Prince of Yorke,
Before I see thee seated in that throne,
Which now the house of *Lancaster* vsurpes,

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I vow by heauens these eies shall neuer close.
This is the Pallace of that fearfull king,
And that the regall chaire; Possesse it Yorke:
For this is thine, and not king *Henries* heires.
Yor. Assist me then sweet *VVarwicke*, and I will:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norff. Weele all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks gentle *Norffolke*. Staie by me my Lords:
and souldiers staie you heere and lodge this night:
VVar. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Vnlesse he seeke to put vs out by force.
Rich. Armde as we be, lets staie within this house?
VVar. The bloudie parlement shall this be calde:
Vnlesse *Plantagenet* Duke of Yorke be king,
And bashfull *Henrie* be deposde, whose cowardise
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
Yor. Then leaue me not my Lords, for now I meane
To take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor him that loues him best,
The proudest bird that holds vp *Lancaster*,
Dares stirre a wing, it *Warwicke* shake his bels.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*: and roote him out who dares?
Resolue thee *Richard*: Claime the English crowne.

Enter King Henrie the sixt, with the Duke of Excester, The Earle of Northumberland, The Earle of Westmerland, and Clifford, the Earle of Cumberland, with red Roses in their hats.

King. Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sits,
Euen in the chaire of state: belike he meanes
Backt by the power of *Warwicke* that false peere,
To aspire vnto the crowne, and raigne as king.
Earle of *Northumberland*, he slew thy Father:
And thine *Clifford*: and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.
Northu. And if I be not, heauens be reuengd on me.
Clif. The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourne in steele.
West. What? shall we suffer this? lets pull him downe,
My heart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.

King.

King. Be patient gentle Earle of *Westmerland*.
Clif. Patience is for pultrouns such as he,
He durst not sit there, had your father liu'd?
My gratious Lord: heere in the Parlement,
Let vs assaile the familie of Yorke.
North. Well hast thou spoken cousen, be it so.
King. O know you not the Cittie fauours them,
And they haue troopes of souldiers at their becke?
Exet. But when the D. is slaine, theile quickly flie.
King. Farre be it from the thoughtes of *Henries* heart,
To make a shambles of the parlement house.
Cosen of *Exeter*, words, frownes, and threats,
Shall be the warres that Henrie meanes to vse.
Thou factious duke of Yorke, descend my throne,
I am thy Soueraigne.
Yor. Thou art deceiu'd: I am thine.
Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee D. of *Yorke*.
Yor. 'Twas mine inheritance as the kingdom is.
Exet. Thy father was a traitour to the crowne.
War. *Exeter* thou art a traitour to the crowne,
In following this vsurping *Henrie*.
Clif. Whom should he followe but his naturall King?
VVar. True *Clif.* and that is *Richard* duke of Yorke.
King. And shall I stand while thou sitst in my throne?
Yor. Content thy selfe, it must, and shall be so.
VVar. Be duke of *Lancaster*, let him be King.
VVest. Why? he is both King and D. of *Lancaster*,
And that the Earle of *Westmerland* shall maintaine.
VVar. And *VVarwicke* shall disproue it. You forget
That we are those that chaste you from the field,
And slew your father, and with colours spred
Marcht through the Cittie to the pallace gates.
Nor. No *VVarwicke* I remember it to my greife,
And by his soule, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. *Plantagenet*, of thee and of thy sonnes,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of bloud were in my fathers vaines.
Clif. Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,

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I send thee *Warwicke* such a messenger,
As shall reuenge his death before I stirre.
War. Poore *Clifford* how I scorne thy worthlesse threats.
Yor. Will ye we shewe our title to the Crowne,
Or els our swordes shall plead it in the field?
King. What title hast thou traitour to the Crowne?
Thy father was as thou art Duke of *Yorke*,
Thy grandfather *Roger Mortimer* Earle of *March*,
I am the sonne of Henrie the fift, who tamde the *French*,
And made the Dolphin stoupe, and seazd vpon their
Townes and prouinces.
War. Talke not of *Fraunce* since thou hast lost it all.
King. The Lord protector lost it and not I,
When I was crownd, I was but nine months olde,
Rich. You are old enough now & yet me thinkes you lose,
Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurpers head.
Edw. Do so sweet father, set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lou'st and honourst armes,
Lets fight it out and not stand cauilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, & the King will flie.
Yor. Peace sonnes.
Nor. Peace thou, and giue King *Henrie* leaue to speake.
King. Ah *Plantagenet*, why seekest thou to depose me?
Are we not both *Plantagenets* by birth.
And from two brothers lineally discent?
Suppose by right and equitie thou be King,
Thinkst thou that I will leaue my Kingly seate
Wherin my father and my grandsire sate?
No, first shall warre vnpeople this my realme,
I, and our colours often borne in *Fraunce*,
And now in *England* to our heartes great sorrow
Shall be my winding sheete: why faint you Lords?
My title's better farre then his.
War. Proue it *Henrie*, and thou shalt be King.
King. Why, *Henrie* the fourth by conquest got the crowne
Yor. 'Twas by rebellion gainst his Soueraigne.
King. I know not what to say, my title's weake.
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heire?

VVar.

War. What then?
King. Then am I lawfull King, for *Richard*
The second, in the view of many Lords,
Resignde the Crowne to *Henerie* the fourth,
Whose heire my father was, and I am his.
Yor. I tell thee he rose against him, being his Soreraigne,
And made him to resigne the Crowne perforce.
VVar. Suppose my Lord he did it vnconstrainde,
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?
Exet. No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,
But that the next heire must succeed and raigne.
King. Art thou against vs, Duke of *Exeter*?
Exet. His is the right, and therfore pardon me.
King. All will reuolt from me and turne to him.
Nor. Plantagenet, for all the claime thou layest,
Thinke not king *Henrie* shall be thus deposde.
VVar. Deposde he shall be in despight of thee.
Nor. Tush *Warwicke*, thou art deceiued? tis not thy
Southerne powers of *Essex*, *Suffolke*, *Norffolke*, and of *Kent*,
That makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.
Clif. King *Henrie* be thy title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence.
May that ground gape and swallow me aliue,
Where I do kneele to him that slew my father,
King. O *Clifford*, how thy words reuiue my soule.
Yor. *Henrie* of *Lancaster* resigne thy crowne.
What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords?
War. Do right vnto this princely Duke of *Yorke*,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
Enter Souldiers.
And ouer the Chaire of state where now he sits,
Write vp his title with thy vsurping bloud.
King. O *Warwicke*, heare me speake,
Let me but raigne in quiet whilst I liue.
Yor. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine heires,
And thou shalt raigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st.
King. Conuaie the Souldiers hence, and then I will.

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War. Captaine, conduct them into *Tuthill* fields.
Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your Sonne?
War. What good is this for England and himselfe?
Northum. Base, fearefull, and despairing *Henry*.
Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?
West. I cannot stay to heare these Articles. *Exit.*
Clif. Nor I: Come, cosen lets go tell the Queene.
Northum. Be thou a praie vnto the house of *Yorke*,
And die in bands for this vnkingly deed. *Exit.*
Clif. In dreadfull warre mai'st thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandond and despisde. *Exit*
Exet. They seeke reuenge, & therfore will not yeeld my L.
King. Ah *Exceter*?
War. Why should you sigh my Lord?
King. Not for my selfe Lord *Warwicke*, but my Sonne,
Whom I vnnaturally shall disinherite.
But be it as it may: I heere intaile the Crowne
To thee and to thine heires, conditionally,
That heere thou take thine oath, to cease these ciuill broiles,
And whilst I liue, to honour me as thy King & Soueraigne.
Yor. That oath I willingly take and will performe.
War. Long liue King *Henry*: *Plantagenet* embrace him.
King. And long liue thou and all thy forward sonnes.
Yor. Now *Yorke* and *Lancaster* are reconcilde.
Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes,
Souud Trumpets.
Yor. My Lord Ile take my leaue, for ile to *Wakefield*
To my castell. *Exit Yorke*, and his sonnes
War. And Ile keepe *London* with my Souldiers. *Exit.*
Norf. And Ile to Norfolke with my followers. *Exit.*
Mont. And I to sea from whence I came. *Exit.*
Enter the Queene and the Prince.
Exet. My Lord, heere comes the Queene, Ile steale away.
King. And so will I.
Queene. Nay staie, or else I follow thee.
King. Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile staie.
Queene. What patience can there be? ah timerous man,
Thou hast vndoone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,
And

And giuen ouer rightes vnto the house of *Yorke*.
Art thou a King, and wilt be forst to yeelde?
Had I been there, the Souldiers should haue tost
Me on their Launces poyntes, before I would haue
Graunted to their willes. The Duke is made
Protector of the Land: Sterne *Faulconbridge*
Commaundes the narrow Seas. And think'st thou then
To sleepe secure? I heere diuorce mee *Henry*
From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement
Be recalde, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of *Yorke*.
The Northen Lordes that haue forsworne thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spred,
And spread they shall, vnto thy deepe disgrace.
Come Sonne, lets away, and leaue them heere alone.
King. Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me speake.
Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already, therfore be still.
King. Gentle sonne *Edward*, wilt thou stay with me?
Quee. I, to be murdred by his enemies. *Exit.*
Prin. When I returne with victorie from the fielde,
Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her. *Exit.*
King. Poore Queene, her loue to me, & to the Prince her sonne,
Makes her in furie thus forget her selfe.
Reuenged may she be on that accursed Duke,
Come cosen of *Exeter*, stay thou heere,
For *Clifford* and those Northen Lordes be gone
I feare towardes *Wakefielde*, to disturbe the Duke.

Enter Edward, and Richard, and Montague.
Edw. Brother, and cosen *Montague*, giue me leaue to speake.
Rich. Nay, I can better play the Orator.
Mont. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.
Yor. How now sonnes? what at a iarre amongst your selues?
Rich. No father, but a sweete contention, about that which
concernes your selfe and vs; The Crowne of England father.
York. The Crowne boy? Why *Henries* yet aliue,
And I haue sworne that he shal raigne in quiet till his death.

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Edw. But I would breake an hundred oathes to raigne one yeare.
Rich. And if it pleaſe your grace to giue me leaue,
Ile ſhew your grace the way to ſaue your oath.
And diſpoſſeſſe king *Henry* from the Crowne.
Yor. I prethee *Dick* let me heare thy deuiſe.
Rich. Then thus my Lord. An oath is of no moment
Being not ſworne before a lawfull Magiſtrate:
Henrie is none, but doth vſurpe your right,
And yet your grace ſtands bound to him by oath.
Then noble father reſolue your ſelfe,
And once more claime the Crowne,
Yor. I, ſaieſt thou ſo boy? why then it ſhall be ſo,
I am reſolued to win the crowne or die.
Edward, thou ſhalt to *Edmond Brooke* Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the *Kentiſhmen* will willingly riſe:
Thou coſen *Montague*, ſhalt to *Norfolke* ſtraight,
And bid the Duke to muſter vp his ſouldiers,
And come to me to *Wakefield* preſently.
And *Richard*, thou to *London* ſtraight ſhalt poaſt,
And bid *Richard Neuill* Earle of *Warwicke*
To leaue the Citie: and with his men of war,
To meet me at ſaint *Albons*, ten daies hence.
My ſelfe heere in *Sandall* caſtle will prouide
Both men and money to further our attempts.
Now what newes? *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Meſ. My Lord, the *Queene* with thirtie thouſand men,
Accompanied with the Earles of *Cumberland*,
Northumberland, and *Weſtmerland*, and others of the
Houſe of *Lancaſter*, are marching towards *Wakefield*,
To beſiedge you in your Caſtle heere.

Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer,

Yorke. A Gods name let them come. Couſen *Montague* poaſt you hence: and boies, ſtay you with me.

Sir *John* and Sir *Hugh Mortimers* mine vncles,
Y'are welcome to *Sandall* in an happy houre,
The armie of the Queene means to beſiedge vs.

Sir

Sir John. She ſhal not need my Lord, weele meet her in the field.
Yor. What with fiue thouſand ſouldiers vncle?
Rich. I father, with fiue hundred for a need,
A woman's generall, what ſhould you feare?
Yor. Indeed many braue battailes haue I won
In *Normandy*, when as the enemie
Hath bin ten to one: and why ſhould I now doubt
Of the like ſucceſſe? I am reſolu'd: Come lets go.
Edw. Lets martch away, I heare their drums. *Excunt*

Alarmes, and then enter the young Earle of Rutland, and his Tutor.

Tutor. Oh flie my Lord, lets leaue the Caſtle,
And flie to *Wakefield* ſtraight.

Enter Clifford.

Rut. O Tutor looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.
Clif. Chaplin awaie, thy prieſthood ſaues thy life,
As for the brat of that accurſed Duke
Whoſe father ſlew my father, he ſhall die.
Tutor. Oh *Clifford* ſpare this tender Lord, leaſt heauen
Reuenge it on thy head: Oh ſaue his life.
Clif. Souldiers awaie, and drag him hence perforce:
Awaie with the villaine. *Exit* the Chaplin.
How now, what dead already? or is it feare that
Makes him cloſe his eies? Ile open them.
Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the lambe,
And ſo he walkes inſulting ouer his praie.
And ſo he turnes againe to rend his limbes in ſunder:
Oh *Clifford*, kill me with thy ſword, and
Not with ſuch a cruell threatning looke.
I am to meane a ſubiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuengd on men and let me liue.
Clif. In vaine thou ſpeakeſt poore boy: my fathers blood,
Hath ſtopt the paſſage where thy words ſhould enter.
Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe,
He is a man; and *Clifford*, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy Brethren heere, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge ſufficient for me.

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Or ſhould I dig vp thy forefathers graues,
And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart.
The ſight of any of the houſe of *Yorke*,
Is as a furie to torment my ſoule.
Therfore till I roote out that curſed line,
And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therfore.
Rut. O let me pray, before I take my death,
To thee I praie, ſweet *Clifford* pittie me.
Clif. I ſuch pittie as my rapiers point affoardes.
Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But twas ere I was borne:
Thou haſt one ſonne, for his ſake pittie me,
Leaſt in reuenge thereof, ſith God is iuſt,
He be as miſerablie ſlaine as I.
Oh, let me liue in priſon all my daies,
And when I giue occaſion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou haſt no cauſe.
Clif. No cauſe? Thy Father ſlew my father, therefore die.
Plantagenet, I come *Plantagenet*,
And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my blade,
Shall ruſt vpon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeald with his, do make me wipe off both. *Exit.*

Alarmes. Enter the Duke of Yorke ſolus.

Yor. Ah *Yorke*, poaſt to thy Caſtle, ſaue thy life,
The goale is loſt; thou houſe of *Lancaſter*,
Thrice happie chaunce it is for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies, and calls me hence
But God knowes what chaunce hath betide my ſonnes:
But this I know, they haue deme and themſelues,
Like men borne to renowne by life or death:
Three times this daie came *Richard* to my ſight,
And cried, courrage Father: Victorie, or death.
And twice ſo oft came *Edward* to my view,
With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts,
In blood of thoſe whom he had ſlaughtered.

Oh

O harke, I heare the Drummes: No way to flie?
Noe way to ſaue my life? And heere I ſtay:
And here my life muſt end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, and ſoldiers.

Come bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchleſſe furie to more bloud:
This is the But, and this abides your ſhot.
North. Yeeld to our mercies proud *Plantagenet*.
Clif. I to ſuch mercie as his ruthfull arme
With downe right payment, lent vnto my father,
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an euening at the noonetide pricke.
Yor. My aſhes like the *Phœnix*, may bring foorth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I caſt mine eies to heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with:
Why ſtay you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer:
So Doues do pecke the Rauens pierſing tallents;
So deſperate thieues all hopeleſſe of their liues,
Breath out inuectiues gainſt the officers.
Yorke. Oh *Clifford*, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde orerun my former time:
And bite thy tongue that ſlaundreſt him with cowardiſe,
Whoſe verie looke hath made thee quake ere this.
Clif. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twiſe two for one.
Queene. Holde valient *Clifford*, for a thouſand cauſes,
I would prolong the traitours life a while.
Wrath makes him deafe, ſpeake thou *Northumberland*.
Nor. Hold *Clifford*, do not honour him ſo much,
To pricke thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thruſt his hand betwene his teeth,
When he might ſpurne him with his foote away?
Tis warr es priſe to take all aduantages,

7 from end. — death.

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And ten to one, is no impeach in Warres.
Fight, and take him.
Clif. I, I, ſo ſtriues the Woodcocke with the gin.
North. So doth the Cunnie ſtruggle with the net.
York. So triumphes Theeues vpon their conquered booty,
So true men yeeld by robbers ouer-matcht.
North. What will your grace haue done with him?
Queen. Braue warriours, *Clifford* and *Northumberland.*
Come make him ſtand vpon this Mouldhill here,
That aymde at Mountaines with outſtretched arme.
And parted but the ſhaddow with his hand.
Was it you that reuelde in our Parliament,
And made a preachment of your high deſcent?
Where are your meſſe of Sonnes to backe you now?
The wanton *Edward*, and the luſtie *George*?
Or where is that valiant *Crookebacke* prodegie?
Dicky your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce,
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutenies?
Or amongſt the reſt, where is your darling *Rutland*?
Looke *Yorke*; I dipt this Napkin in the blood
That valiant *Clifford* with his Rapier poynt,
Made iſſue from the booſome of thy Boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this, to dry thy cheekes withall.
Alas poore *Yorke*, But that I hate thee much,
I ſhould lament thy miſerable ſtate:
I prethee grieue, to make me merry, *Yorke*:
Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may ſing and daunce.
What? hath thy fierie hart ſo parcht thine entrailes,
That not a teare can fall for *Rutlands* death?
Thou wouldſt be feede I ſee to make me ſport.
Yorke cannot ſpeake, vnleſſe he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for *Yorke*? and Lords bow low to him?
So: hold you his hands while I do ſet it on,
I, now lookes he like a King.
This is he that tooke King *Henries* Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted heire.
But how is it that great *Plantagenet*,

Is crownd ſo ſoone, and broke his holy oath?
As I bethinke me, you ſhould not be King,
Till our *Henrie* had ſhooke hands with death.
And will you impale your head with *Henries* glorie,
And robbe his temples of the Diadem
Now in his life, againſt your holy oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the Crowne, and with the Crowne his head,
And whilſt we breath, take time to doe him dead.
Clif. That's my office, for my fathers death.
Queen. Yet ſtay, and lets heare the Oriſons he makes.
York. She wolfe of *France*, but worſe than wolues of *France*,
Whoſe tongue more poyſon'd than the Adders tooth:
How ill beſeeming is it in thy ſexe,
To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull
Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy face is vizard like, vnchanging,
Made impudent by vſe of euill deedes:
I would aſſay, proud Queene to make thee bluſh:
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,
Twere ſhame enough to ſhame thee, wert thou not ſhamles,
Thy father beares the tipe of King of *Naples*,
Of both the *Siſiles* and *Ieruſalem*,
Yet not ſo wealthie as an Engliſh Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to inſult?
It needes not, or it boo:es thee not proude Queene,
Vnleſſe the Adage muſt be verefide,
That Beggers mounted, runne their horſe to death.
Tis beautie, that oft makes women proud,
But God he wots, thy ſhare thereof is ſmall.
Tis gouernement, that makes them moſt admirde,
The contrarie doth make thee wondred at,
Tis vertue makes them ſeeme deuine,
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as oppoſite to euery good,
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs:
Or as the South to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygers hart, wrapt in a womans hide!

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How couldſt thou draine the life bloud of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be ſeene to beare a womans face?
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,
Thou indurate, ſterne, rough, remorceleſſe.
Bids thou me rage? why now thou haſt thy will;
Would'ſt haue me weepe? why ſo thou haſt thy wiſh,
For rageing windes blowes vp a ſtorme of teares,
And when the rage alayes, the raine begins.
Theſe teares are my ſweete *Rutlands* obſequies,
And euery drop, begges vengeance as it falles,
On thee fell *Clifford*, and the falſe French woman.
North. Beſhrew me, but his paſſions mooue me ſo,
As hardly can I checke mine eyes from teares.
Yorke. That face of his, the hungry Cannibals
Could not haue toucht, would not haue ſtaind with blood:
But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable,
O ten times more then Tygers of *Arcadia*.
See ruthleſſe Queene a hapleſſe fathers teares,
This cloth thou dipts in bloud of my ſweete Boy,
And loe, with teares I waſh the bloud away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boaſt of that:
And if thou tell the heauie ſtorie well,
Vpon my ſoule, the hearers will ſhead teares,
I, euen my foes will ſhed faſt falling teares,
And ſay; Alas, it was a pitteous deed.
Here, take the Crowne; and with the Crowne my curſſe,
And in thy need, ſuch comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy two cruell hands.
Hard-harted *Clifford*, take me from the worlde,
My ſoule to heauen, my bloud vpon your heads.
North. Had he bin ſlaughterman to all my kin,
I could not chuſe but weepe with him to ſee,
How inlie anger gripes his hart.
Quee. What weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly drie your melting teares.
Clif. Thears for mine oath, thears for my fathers death.

Quee.

melt. my oath —

Quee. And thears to right our gentle harted kind.
Yor. Open thy gates of mercie gratious God,
My ſoule flies foorth to meet with thee.
Quee. Off with his head and ſet it on *Yorke* Gates,
So *Yorke* may ouerlooke the towne of *Yorke*. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Edward and Richard, with drum and Souldiers.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and hapleſſe warre,
How doth my noble brother *Richard* fare?
Rich. I cannot ioy vntill I be reſolu'd,
Where our right valient father is become.
How often did I ſee him beare himſelfe,
As doth a Lion midſt a hearde of neate,
So fled his Enemies our valient father,
Me thinkes tis pride enough to be his Sonne.
Thre Sunnes appeare in the aire.
Edw. Loe how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious Sunne,
Daſell mine eies? or do I ſee three Sunnes?
Rich. Three glorious Suns, not ſeperated by a racking (cloude:
But ſeuered in a pale cleere ſhining skie.
See, ſee, they ioyne, embrace, and ſeeme to kiſſe,
As if they vowde ſome league inuiolate:
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one Sunne,
In this the heauens doth figure ſome euent.
Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the Sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Alreadie each one ſhining by his meed
May ioyne in one and ouerpeere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire ſhining Sunnes.
But what art thou that lookeſt ſo heauilie?
Meſ. Oh one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of *Yorke* was ſlaine.
Edw. Oh ſpeake no more, for I can heare no more.
Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.
Meſ. When as the noble Duke was put to flight,

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And then preſude by *Clifford* and the *Queene*,
And many ſouldiers moe, who all at once
Let driue at him, and forſt the Duke to yeeld:
And then they ſet him on a moulhill there,
And crowned the gratious Duke in high diſpight:
Who then with teares began to waile his fall.
The ruthleſſe *Queene* perceiuing he did weepe,
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eyes,
Dipt in the bloud of ſweete young *Rutland*
By rough *Clifford* ſlaine: who weeping tooke it vp,
Then through his breſt they thruſt their blouddie ſwords,
Who like a Lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of *Yorke*, they ſet his head,
And there it doth remaine, the piteous ſpectacle
That ere mine eies beheld.
Edw. Sweet Duke of *Yorke*, our prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, there is no hope for vs:
Now my ſoules pallace is become a priſon,
Oh would ſhe breake from compaſſe of my breaſt,
For neuer ſhall I haue more ioy.
Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breaſts moiſture
Scarſe ſerues to quench my furnace burning heart.
I cannot ioy till this white roſe be dide,
Euen in the heart bloud of the houſe of *Lancaſter*.
Richard, I beare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,
Or die my ſelfe in ſeeking of reuenge.
Edw. His name, that valiant Duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and Dukedome, that remaines for me.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy diſent by gazeing gainſt the Sunne.
For Chaire, and Dukedome, Throne, and kingdome ſaie:
For either that is thine, or elſe thou wert not his.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, Montague, with drum, enſient, and Souldiers.

War. How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes abroad?
Rich. Ah gentle *Warwicke*, ſhould we but reporte, The

Yorke, and Henrie the ſixt.

The balefull newes, and at each wordes deliuerance,
Stab poniardes in our fleſh, till all were told:
The words would adde more anguiſh then the woundes.
Ah valiant Lord, the Duke of *Yorke* is ſlaine.
Edw. Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, that *Plantagenet*,
Which held thee deare: euen as his ſoules redemption,
Is by the ſterne Lord *Clifford*, done to death.
War. Ten daies agoe, I drowned thoſe newes in teares,
And now to adde more meaſure to your woes,
I come to tell you things ſince then befalne.
After the blouddie fraie at *Wakefield* fought,
Where your braue father breath'd his lateſt gaſpe,
Tidings as ſwiftlie as the poaſt could run,
Was brought me of your loſſe, and his departure.
I, then in London, keeper of the King,
Muſtred my ſouldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And verie well appointed as I thought,
Marcht to ſaint *Albons* t'entercept the Queene,
Bearing the *King* in my behalfe along,
For by my ſcoutes I was aduertiſed,
That ſhe was comming, with a full intent
To daſh your late decree in parliament,
Touching King *Henries* heires, and your ſucceſſion.
Short tale to make, we at Saint *Albons* met,
Our battailes ioynde, and both ſides fiercelie fought.
But whether twas the coldneſſe of the King,
Who lookt full gentlie on his warlike Queene,
That robde my ſouldiers of their heated ſpleene
Or whether twas report of his ſucceſſe,
Or more then common feare of *Cliffords* rigour,
Who thunders to his Captaines bloud and death,
I cannot tell: But to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came:
Our Souldiers like the night Owles lazie flight,
Or like an idle threſher with a flaile,
Fell gently downe, as if they ſmote their friends,
I cheerd them vp with iuſtice of the cauſe,
With promiſe of high paie and great rewardes.

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But all in vaine, they had no hearts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the day,
So that we fled. The King vnto the Queene,
Lord *George* your brother, *Norffolke*, and my ſelfe,
In haſt, poſt haſt, are come to ioyne with you,
For in the marches heere we heard you were,
Making an other head, to fight againe.
Edw. Thankes gentle *Warwicke*,
How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
And when came *George* from *Burgundie* to *England*?
War. Some fiue miles off the Duke is with his power:
But as for your brother, he was lately ſent
From your kind Aunt, Dutches of *Burgundie*,
With aide of ſouldiers gainſt this needfull warre.
Rich. Twas ods belike when valient *Warwicke* fled.
Oft haue I heard thy praiſes in purſute,
But neere till now, thy ſcandall of retire.
War. Nor now, my ſcandall *Richard*, doſt thou heare?
For thou ſhalt knowe that this right hand of mine,
Can pluck the Diadem from faint *Henries* head,
And wring the awfull ſcepter from his fiſt:
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is famde for mildneſſe, peace, and praier.
Rich. I know it well Lord *Warwicke*, blame me not,
Twas loue I bare thy glories, made me ſpeake.
But in this troublous time, whats to be done?
Shall we goe throw away our coates of ſteele?
And clad our bodies in black mourning gownes,
Numbring our *Auemaries* with our beades?
Or ſhall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our deuotion, with reuengfull armes?
If for the laſt, ſaie I, and to it Lords.
War. Why therfore *Warwicke* came to find you out,
And therfore comes my brother *Montague*.
Attend me Lords, the proud inſulting Queene,
With *Clifford* and the haught *Northumberland*,
And of their feather many mo proud birdes,
Haue wrought the eaſie melting King like waxe.

He ſware conſent to your ſucceſsion,
His oath inrolled in the Parliament.
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruſterate his oath, or what beſides
May make againſt the houſe of *Lancaſter*.
Their power I geſſe them fiftie thouſand ſtrong.
Now if the helpe of *Norfolke*, and my ſelfe,
Can but amount to 40. thouſand,
With all the friends that thou braue Earle of *March*,
Among the louing Welchmen canſt procure,
Why via, To London will we march amaine,
And once againe beſtride our foaming ſteedes,
And once againe crie charge vpon the Foe,
But neuer once againe turne back and flie.
Rich. I, now me thinkes I heare great *Warwicke* ſpeake:
Nere may he liue to ſee a ſunſhine day,
That cries retire, when *Warwicke* bids him ſtay.
Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, on thy ſhoulder will I leane,
And when thou faint'ſt, muſt *Edward* fall:
Which perill heauen forefend.
VWar. No longer Earle of *March*, but Duke of *Yorke*,
The next degree is Englands royall King:
And King of England ſhalt thou be proclaimde,
In euerie Burrough as we paſſe along:
And he that caſts not vp his cappe for ioy,
Shall for th'offence make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward*, valient *Richard*, *Montague*,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect theſe reſolutions.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Duke of *Norfolke* ſends you word by me,
The *Queene* is comming with a puiſſant power,
And craues your company for ſpeedy councell.
VWar. Why then it ſorts braue Lords, Lets march away.

Exeunt Omnes.

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Enter the King and Queene, Prince Edward, and the Northren Earles, with Drumme and Souldiers.

Queen. Welcome my Lord, to this braue towne of *Yorke*.
Yonder's the head of that ambitious enemie
That sought to be impaled with your Crowne.
Doth not the obiect please your eie my Lord?
King. Euen as the rocks please them that feare their wracke.
Withhold reuenge deare God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly haue I infringde my vow.
Clif. My gratious Lord, this too much lenitie,
And harmefull pittie must be laide aside,
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle lookes?
Not to the beast that would vsurpe his den.
Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth licke?
Not his, that spoyles his young before his face.
Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foote vpon her backe.
The smallest Woorme will turne, being troden on:
And Doues will pecke, in rescue of their broode.
Ambitious *Yorke* did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou simy sing, while he knit his angry browes.
Hee but a Duke, would haue his sonne a King,
And raise his issue like a louing sire.
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,
Didst giue consent to disinherite him,
Which argude thee a most vnnaturall father.
Vnreasonable creatures feed their young,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene them euen with those same wings
Which they haue sometime vsde in fearefull flight,
Make warre with him, that climes vnto their nest,
Offring their owne liues, in their younges defence?
For shame my Lord, make them your president:
Were it not pittie that this goodly Boy,
Should lose his birth-right through his fathers fault?
And long hereafter say vnto his childe,

What

What my great Grandfather and Grandsire got,
My carelesse father, fondly gaue away?
Looke on the Boy, and let his manly face,
Which promiseth successefull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughts,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.
King. Full well hath *Clifford* playde the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mightie force,
But tell me, didst thou neuer yet heare tell,
That things ill got, had euer bad successe;
And happie euer was it for that sonne,
Whose father for his hoording, went to hell?
I leaue my sonne my vertuous deedes behind,
And would my father had left me no more;
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As askes a thousand times more care to keepe,
Then may the present profite counteruaile.
Ah cosen *Yorke*, would thy best friendes did know,
How it doth grieue me, that thy head standes there.
Quee. My Lord, this harmefull pittie makes your followers (faint.
You promisd knighthood to your princely sonne,
Vnsheath your sword, and straight do dub him Knight.
Kneele downe *Edward*.
King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight,
And learne this lesson Boy, Draw thy sword in right.
Prince. My gratious father, by your kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the Crowne,
And in that quarrell vse it to the death.
North. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royall Commaunders, be in readinesse,
For with a band of fiftie thousand men,
Comes *Warwicke* backing of the Duke of *Yorke*;
And in the Townes wheresthey passe along,
Proclaymes him King, and many flies to him:
Prepare your Battailes, for they be at hand.
Clif. I would your Highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

Queen.

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Queen. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.
King. Why thats my fortune, therefore Ile ſtay ſtill.
Clifford. Be it with reſolution then to fight.
Prince. Good father cheere theſe noble Lordes,
Vnſheath your ſword, ſweete father cry *Saint George.*
Clif. Pitch we our Battell here, for hence we wil not moue

Enter the houſe of Yorke.

Edw. Now periurd *Henry*, wilt thou yeeld thy Crowne,
And kneele for mercy at thy Soueraignes feete?
Quee. Goe rate thy minions proud inſulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus malepert,
Before thy King and lawfull Soueraigne?
Edw. I am his King, and he ſhould bend his knee,
I was adopted heire by his conſent.
Georg. Since when, he hath broke his oath,
For as we heare, you that are King,
Though he do weare the Crowne,
Haue cauſde him by new act of Parliament
To blot our brother out, and put his owne ſonne in.
Clif. And reaſon *George.* Who ſhould ſucceed the father,
but the ſonne?
Rich. Are you their butcher? (ſort.
Clif. I *Crookback*, here I ſtand to anſwere thee, or any of your
Rich. Twas you that kild young *Rutland*, was it not?
Clif. Yes, and olde *Yorke* too, and yet not ſatisfide.
Rich. For Gods ſake Lordes, giue ſynald to the fight.
VVar. What ſayſt thou *Henry?* wilt thou yeeld thy crowne?
Queen. What, long tongde *War.* dare you ſpeake?
When you and I met at Saint *Albones* laſt,
Your legges did better ſeruice then your handes.
VVar. I, then twas my turne to flee, but now tis thine.
Clif. You ſayd ſo much before, and yet you fled.
War. Twas not your vallour *Clifford*, that droue me thence.
Northum. No, nor your manhood *Warwick*, that could make
you ſtay.
Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, we holde thee re-
uerently. Breake off the parlie, for ſcarſe I can refraine the
exe-

execution of my big ſwolne heart, againſt that *Clifford* there,
that cruell child-killer.
Clif. Why, I kild thy Father, calſt thou him a childe?
Rich. I like a villaine, and a trecherous coward,
As thou didſt kill our tender brother *Rutland*,
But ere Sunne ſet Ile make thee curſſe the deed. (ſpeake,
King. Haue done with wordes great Lords, and heare me
Queen. Defie them then, or els hold cloſe thy lips.
King. I prethee giue no limits to my tongue,
I am a King and preuiledgde to ſpeake.
Clif. My Lord, the wound that bred this meeting heere,
Cannot be cur'd with wordes, therefore be ſtill.
Rich. Then Executioner vnſheath thy ſword,
By him that made vs all I am reſolu'de,
That *Cliffords* manhood hangs vpon his tongue.
Edw. What ſaiſt thou *Henrie?* ſhall I haue my right or no?
A thouſand men haue broke their faſt to day,
That nere ſhall dine, vnleſſe thou yeeld the crowne.
War. If thou denie, their blouds be on thy head,
For *Yorke* in iuſtice puts his armour on.
Prin. If all be right that *Warwicke* ſaies is right,
There is no wrong, but all things muſt be right.
Rich. Whoſoeuer got thee, there thy mother ſtands,
For well I wot, thou haſt thy Mothers tongue.
Quee. But thou art neither like thy ſire nor dam,
But like a foule miſhapen Stygmaticke,
Markt by the deſtinies, to be auoided
As venome Toades, or Lizards fainting lookes.
Rich. Iron of *Naples*, hid with Engliſh gilt,
Thy Father beares the title of a King,
As if a channell ſhould be calde the Sea;
Sham'ſt not, knowing from whence thou art deriu'de,
To parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires?
Edw. A wiſpe of ſtrawe were worth a thouſand crownes,
To make that ſhameleſſe Callet know her ſelfe,
Thy husbands Father reueld in the heart of *Fraunce*,
And tamde the French, and made the *Dolphin* ſtoope:
And had he matcht according to his ſtate,

32 Shames thou not—

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He might haue kept that glorie till this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'd thy poore sire with his bridall day:
Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him,
Which wash't his fathers fortunes out of Fraunce,
And heapt seditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd these tumults but thy pride?
Hadst thou bin meeke, our title yet had slept,
And we in pittie of the gentle King,
Had slipt our claime vntill an other age.
George. But when we saw our Sommer brought the gaine,
And that the harnest brought vs no encrease,
We set the axe to thy vsurping roote:
And though the edge haue somthing hit our selues,
Yet know thou, we will neuer cease to strike,
Till we haue hewen thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And in this resolution I defie thee,
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou denyest the gentle King to speake.
Sound trumpets, let our blouddie collours waue,
And either victorie, or else a graue.
Queene. Staie *Edward*, staie.
Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer staie,
Thy words will cost ten thousand liues to day.
Exeunt Omnes. *Alarmes.*
Enter VVarwicke.
VVar. Sore spent with toile, as runners with the race,
I lay me downe a litle while to breath,
For strokes receiu'd, and many blowes repaide,
Hath robde my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And force per force needes must I yeeld my selfe.
Enter Edward.
Edw. Smile gentle heauens, or strike vngentle death,
That we may die, vnlesse we gaine the daie.
What fatall starre malignant frownes from heauen,
Vpon the harmlesse line of *Yorkes* true house?
Enter George.

Geor. Come brother, come, lets to the field againe,
For yet theres hope enough to win the daie:
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting troopes,
Left they retire now we haue left the field.
War. How now my Lords? what hap, what hope of good?
Enter Richard running.
Rich. Ah *VVarwicke*, why hast thou withdrawne thy selfe?
Thy noble father in the thickest throngs,
Cride still for *Warwicke* his thrice valient sonne,
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,
And manie wouudes made in his aged brest:
And as he totering sate vpon his steede,
He wast his hand to me and cried aloud:
Richard, commend me to my valient sonne.
And still he cried, *Warwicke* reuenge my death,
And with those words he tumbled of his horse,
And so the noble *Salsburie* gaue vp the Ghost.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,
Ile kill my horse because I will not flie:
And heere to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to passe from forth this bloody field,
Till I am full reuenged for his death.
Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, I doe bende my knees with thine,
And in that vow, now ioyne my soule to thee,
Thou setter vp and puller downe of Kinges,
Vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs,
Or let vs die before we loose the day.
Georg. Then let vs haste to cheare the Souldiers harts,
And call them pillers that will stand to vs,
And highly promise to remunerate
Their trustie seruice, in these dangerous warres.
Rich. Come, come away, and stand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, giue me your handes, and let vs part,
And take our leaues, vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in woe,
To see these dire mishaps continue so. *Warwicke* farewell.

l. 30 promise

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VVar. Away, away, once more sweet Lords farewell.
Exeunt Omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter Richard at one dore, and Clifford at an other.

Rich. A *Clifford* a *Clifford.*
Clif. A *Richard* a *Richard.*
Rich. Now *Clifford*, for *Yorke* and young *Rutlands* death,
This thirstie sword that longs to drinke thy bloud,
Shall loppe thy limbes, and slice thy cursed heart,
For to reuenge the murthers thou hast made.
Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that stabd thy father *Yorke*,
And this the hand that slew thy brother *Rutland:*
And heer's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
And cheeres these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.

Alarmes, they fight, and then enters Warwicke and rescues Richard, and then Exeunt omnes. Alarmes still, and then enter Henrie solus.

Hen. Oh gratious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And set some endes to these incessant griefes,
How like a mastlesse ship vpon the Seas,
This wofull battaile doth coutinue still:
Now leaning this way, now to that side driue,
And none doth know to whome the day will fall.
O would my death might stay these cruell iarres:
Would I had neuer raignde, nor nere bin king.
Margret and *Clifford*, chide me from the field,
Swearing they had best successe when I was thence:
Would God that I were dead, so all were well,
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content,
To yeeld it them and liue a priuate life.

Enter a Souldier with a dead man in his armes.

Soul. Ill blowes the wind that profits no bodie,
This man that I haue slaine in fight to day
May be possessed of some store of Crownes,

And

And I will search to finde them if I can,
But stay: me thinkes it is my fathers face,
Oh I, tis he; whom I haue slaine in fight,
From London was I prest out by the King,
My father he came on the part of *Yorke:*
And in this conflict I haue slaine my father,
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father for I knew thee not.

Enter an other Souldier with a dead man.

2. *Soul.* Lie there, thou that foughtst with me so stoutly,
Now let me see what store of gold thou hast,
But stay, me thinkes this is no famous face;
Oh no, it is my Sonne that I haue slaine in fight,
O monstrous times, begetting such euents,
How cruell, bloodie, and ironious,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget,
Poore boy thy father gaue the life to late,
And hath bereau'd thee of thy life too soone.
King. Woe aboue woe, griefe more then common griefe,
Whilst Lions warre, and battaile for their dens,
Poore Lambs do feele the rigour of their wraths:
The Red rose and the Whight are on his face,
The fatall colours of our striuing houses,
Wyther one Rose, and let the other flourish:
For if you striue, ten thousand liues must perish.
1. *Soul.* How will my Mother for my fathers death,
Take on with me, and nere be satisfide?
2. *Soul.* How will my wife for slaughter of her sonne,
Take on with me, and nere be satisfide?
King. How will the people now misdeeme their King?
Oh would my death their mindes could satisfie.
1. *Soul.* Was euer sonne so rude, his fathers blood to spill?
2. *Soul.* Was euer father so vnnaturall his sonne to kill?
King. Was euer King thus greeud and vexed still?
1. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence from this accursed place;
For woe is me to see my fathers face.

Exit with his father.

2. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,

D 3. For

l. 17. too late 22 white 28 my son

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For I haue murdred where I ſhould not kill.

Exit with his ſonne.

K. Hen. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for teare,
Here ſits a King, as woe begone as thee.

Alarmes, and enter the Queene.

Queene. Away my Lord, to *Barwicke* preſently,
The day is loſt, our friendes are murdered,
No hope is left for vs; therefore away.

Enter Prince Edward.

Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue left the Field:
Take horſe ſweete father, let vs ſaue our ſelues.

Enter Exeter.

Exet. Away my Lord, for vengance come along with him:
Nay, ſtand not to expoſtulate; make haſte,
Or elſe come after, Ile away before.
K. Hen. Nay ſtay good *Exeter*, for Ile along with thee.

Enter Clifford, wounded with an arrow in his necke.

Clif. Heere burnes my candle out,
That whilſt it laſted, gaue king *Henry* light.
Ah *Lancaſter*, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodyes parting from my ſoule.
My loue and feare, glude many friendes to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing *Henry* ſtrengthened miſproud *Yorke*,
The common people ſwarme like ſommer Flies:
And whither flies the Gnats, but to the Sunne?
And who ſhines now but *Henries* enemie?
Oh *Phœbus*, hadſt thon neuer giuen conſent
That *Phaeton* ſhould checke thy fierie ſteedes,
Thy burning carre had neuer ſcorcht the earth.
And *Henry* hadſt thou liu'd as Kings ſhould doe,
And as thy father, and his father did,
Giuing no foote vnto the houſe of *Yorke*,
I, and ten thouſand in this wofull land,
Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathes:
And thou this day hadſt kept thy Throne in peace,
For what doth cheriſh Weedes but gentle Aire?

And

And what makes robbers bold, but lenetie?
Booteleſſe are plaintes, and cureleſſe are my woundes:
No way to flie, no ſtrength to hold our flight:
The foe is mercileſſe, and will not pittie me,
And at their handes I haue deſerude no pittie.
The aire is got into my bleeding wonndes,
And much effuſe of blood doth make me faint:
Come *Yorke* and *Richard*, *Warwicke*, and the reſt,
I ſtabde your fathers, now come ſplit my breſt.

Enter Edward, Richard, and Warwicke, and Souldiers.

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vpward courſe,
And we are graſt with wreathes of victorie:
Some troupes purſue the bloodie minded Queene,
That now towardes *Barwicke* doth poſte amaine,
But thinke you that *Clifford* is fled away with them?
War. No, tis impoſſible he ſhould eſcape:
For though before his face I ſpeake the wordes,
Your brother *Richard* markt him for the graue,
And where ſo ere he be, I warrant him dead.

Clifford grones, and then dyes.

Edw. Harke, what ſoule is this that takes his heauie leaue?
Rich. A deadly grone, like life and deaths departure.
Edw. See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendly vſed.
Rich. Reuerſe that doome of mercie, for tis *Clifford*,
Who kild our tender brother *Rutland*,
And ſtabd our princely Duke of *Yorke*.
War. From off the gates of *Yorke* fetch downe the head,
Your fathers head which *Clifford* placed there,
In ſtead of that, let his ſupply the roome.
Meaſure for meaſure muſt be anſwered.
Edw. Bring foorth that fatall skritch-Owle to our houſe,
That nothing ſung to vs but blood and death,
Now his yll boding tongue no more ſhall ſpeake.
War. I thinke his vnderſtanding is bereft.

Say

13 comes—

9 from end. And ſtabd our princely father Duke of Yorke.

Say *Clifford*, doſt thou know who ſpeakes to thee?
Darke cloudie death oreſhades his beames of life,
And he nor ſees nor heares vs what we ſay.
Rich. Oh would he did, and ſo perhaps he doth,
And tis his pollicie in the time of death,
He might auoyde ſuch bitter ſtormes as he
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father,
Geor. Richard, if thou thinkeſt ſo, vex him with eger words.
Rich. Clifford, aske mercie, and obtaine no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootleſſe penitence.
War. Clifford, deuiſe excuſes for thy fault.
George. Whilſt we deuiſe fell tortures for thy fault.
Rich. Thou pittiedſt *Yorke*, and I am ſonne to *Yorke*.
Edw. Thou pittiedſt *Rutland*, and I will pittie thee.
Georg. Where's captaine *Margaret* to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee *Clifford*; ſweare as thou waſt wont.
Rich. What not an oath? Nay then, I know hee's dead.
Tis hard, when *Clifford* cannot foord his friend an oath.
By this, I know hee's dead; and by my ſoule,
Would this right hand buy but an howers life,
That I in all contempt might raile at him.
Ide cut it off, and with the iſſuing blood,
Stifle the villaine, whoſe inſtanched thirſt,
Yorke and young *Rutland* could not ſatisfie.
War. I, but he is dead; off with the traytors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers ſtandes.
And now to *London* with triumphant march,
There to be crowned *Englands* lawfull King:
From thence ſhall *Warwicke* croſſe the ſeas to *Fraunce*,
And aske the Ladie *Bona* for thy Queene;
So ſhalt thou ſinew both theſe Landes togither:
And hauing *Fraunce* thy friend, thou needſt not dread,
The ſcattered foe, that hopes to riſe againe.
And though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them buſie, to offend thine eares;
Firſt Ile ſee the coronation done,
And afterward Ile croſſe the ſeas to *Fraunce*,
To effect this marriage, if it pleaſe my Lord?

Edw.

l.5 politie that in —

Edw. Euen as thou wilt, good *Warwicke* let it be:
But firſt before we go, *George* kneele downe, (ſword.
Wee here create thee *Duke of Clarence*; and girt thee with the
Our younger brother *Richard*, *Duke of Glocester*.
Warwicke as my ſelfe ſhall do and vndo, as him pleaſeth beſt.
Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*; *George* of *Gloſter*:
For *Gloſters* Dukedome is too ominous.
War. Tuſh, thats a childiſh obſeruation.
Richard be Duke of *Gloſter*. Now to London,
To ſee theſe honors in poſſeſſion. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter two Keepers with bow and arrowes.

Keeper. Come, lets take our ſtandes vpon this hill,
And by and by the Deere will come this way:
But ſtay, here comes a man, lets liſten him awhile.
Enter King Henrie diſguiſde.
Hen. From *Scotland* am I ſtolne euen of pure loue,
And thus diſguiſde, to greet my natiue land.
No, *Henrie* no, It is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee *Cæſar* now,
No humble ſuters ſues to thee for right:
For how canſt thou helpe them, and not thy ſelfe?
Keeper. I marry ſir, here is a Deere, his skin is a Keepers fee.
Sirra ſtand cloſe; for as I thinke, this is the King,
King *Edward* hath depoſde.
Hen. My Queene & ſonne, poore ſoules, are gone to *France*,
And (as I heare) the great commaunding *Warwicke*,
To intreate a marriage with the Lady *Bona*:
If this be true, poore Queene and Sonne,
Your labour is but ſpent in vaine:
For *Lewis* is a Prince ſoone wonne with wordes,
And *Warwicke* is a ſubtill Orator:
He laughes and ſayes, his *Edward* is inſtalde.
She weepes, and ſayes, her *Henrie* is depoſde:
He on his right hand, asking a wife for *Edward*;
She on his left ſide, crauing ayde for *Henrie*.
Heeper. What art thou that talkes of Kings and Queenes?
Hen. More then I ſeeme; for leſſe I ſhould not be.

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A man at leaſt, and more I cannot be,
And men may talke of Kings; and why not I?
Keep. I, but thou talkeſt as if thou wert a King thy ſelfe.
Hen. Why ſo I am in minde, though not in ſhewe.
Keep. And if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?
Hen. My crowne is in my heart, not on myhead.
My crowne is cald Content; a crowne that Kings do ſeldome
times enioy.
Keep. And if thou be a King, Crownd with Content,
Your crowne content, and you, muſt be content
To go with vs vnto the officer: for as we thinke,
You are our *quondam* King, *K. Edward* hath depoſde:
And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go along with vs vnto the Officers.
Hen. Gods name be fulfild, your Kinges name be obayde,
And be you Kinges: commaunde, and Ile obay.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter King Edward, Clarence, and Gloceſter, Montague, Haſtings, and the Ladie Gray.

K. Ed. Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Gloceſter*,
This Ladies husband heere, Sir *Richard Gray*,
At the battaile of Saint *Albones* did loſe his life,
His landes then were ſeazed on by the Conqueror:
Her ſute is now to repoſſeſſe thoſe lands,
And ſith in quarrell of the houſe of *Yorke*,
The noble gentleman did loſe his life:
In honour we cannot denie her ſute.
Glo. Your Highneſſe ſhall do well to graunt it then.
K. Ed. I, ſo I will, but yet Ile make a pauſe.
Glo. I, is the winde in that dore?
Clarence, I ſee the Ladie hath ſomthing to graunt,
Before the King will graunt her humble ſute.
Cla. He knowes the game, how well he keepes the winde.
K. Ed. Widdow, come ſome other time to know our mind.
La. May it pleaſe your Grace, I cannot brooke delayes,
I beſeech your Highneſſe to diſpatch me now. (wit.
K. Ed. Lords giue vs leaue, we meane to trie this widdows
Cla. I, good leaue haue you.

Glo.

Glo. For you will haue leaue, till youth take leaue,
And leaue you to your crouch.
K. Ed. Come hither widdow: How many Children haſt (thou?
Cla. I thinke he meanes to beg a Child on her.
Glo. Nay whip me then, hee'l rather giue her two,
La. Three my gratious Lord.
Glo. You ſhall haue foure and you will be rulde by him.
K. Ed. Were it not pittie they ſhould loſe their Fathers (lands?
La. Be pittifull then dread L. and grant it them.
K. Ed. Ile tell thee how theſe lands are to be got.
La. So ſhall you binde me to your highneſſe ſeruice.
K. Ed. What ſeruice wilt thou do me, if I graunt it them?
La. Euen what your Highneſſe ſhall commaund.
Glo. Nay then Widdow Ile warrant you all your husbands
If you graunt to do what he commaundes. (landes,
Fight cloſe, or in good fayth you catch a clap.
Cla. Nay I feare her not, vnleſſe ſhe fall.
Glo. Marie gods-forbot man, for heele take vantage then.
La. Why ſtops my Lord? ſhall I not know my taske?
K. Ed. An eaſie taske; tis but to loue a King.
La. Thats ſoone performd, becauſe I am a ſubiect.
K. Ed. Why then, thy husbands lands I freely giue thee.
La. I take my leaue, with many thouſand thankes.
Cla. The match is made, ſhe ſeales it with a curteſie.
K. Ed. Stay Widdow, ſtay: What loue doſt thou thinke
I ſue ſo much to get?
La. My humble ſeruice, ſuch as Subiectes owes,
and the lawes commaundes.
K. Ed. No by my troth, I meane no ſuch loue,
But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.
La. To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in priſon.
K. Ed. Why then thou canſt not get thy husbands lands.
La. Then mine honeſtie ſhall be my dower,
For by that loſſe, I will not purchaſe them.
K. Ed. Herein thou wrongſt thy children mightilie.
La. Herein your Highneſſe wronges both them and me:
But mightie Lord, this merrie inclination,
Agrees not with the ſadneſſe of my ſute.

24 curtsie

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Pleaſe it your Highnes to diſmiſſe me either with I or no?
K. Ed. I, if thou ſay I, to my requeſt:
No, if thou ſay no, to my demaund.
La. Then no my Lord, my ſute is at an end.
Glo. The widdow likes him not, ſhe bends the brow.
Cla. Why, he is the bluntſt woer in Chriſtendome.
K. Ed. Her lookes are all repleate with Maieſtie.
One way or other ſhe is for a King.
And ſhe ſhall be my loue, or elſe my *Queene*,
Saie, that king *Edward* tooke thee for his *Queene*?
La. Tis better ſaid then done, my gratious Lord,
I am a ſubiect fit to ieaſt withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.
K. Ed. Sweet widdow, by my ſtate I ſweare,
I ſpeake no more then what my heart intends:
And that is to enioy thee for my loue.
La. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know I am to bad to be your *Queene*:
And yet to good to be your Concubine.
K. Ed. You cauill widdow, I did meane my *Queene*.
La. Your grace would be loth my ſonnes ſhould call you Father.
K. Ed. No more then when my daughters cal thee mother
Thou art a widdow, and thou haſt ſome Children,
And (by Gods mother) I being but a Batcheler,
Haue other ſome: why tis a happie thing,
To be the father of manie Children:
Argue no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queene.
Glo. The ghoſtly father now hath done his ſhrift.
Cla. When he was made a ſhriuer twas for ſhift.
K. Ed. Brothers you muſe what talke the widdow and I haue had, you wold thinke it ſtrange if I ſhould marrie her.
Cla. Marrie her my Lord, to whom?
K Ed. Why *Clarence*, to my ſelfe.
Glo. That would be ten daies wonder at the leaſt.
Cla. Why thats a daie longer then a wonder laſts.
Glo. And ſo much more are the wonders in extreames.
K Ed. Well, ieaſt on Brothers, I can tell you,

Her

18 too bad. 19 too good

Her ſute is graunted, for her husbands lands.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. And it pleaſe your grace, *Henrie* your foe is taken,
And brought as priſoner to your pallace gates.
K Ed. Away with him, and ſend him to the Tower:
And lets go queſtion with the man about his apprehenſion.
Lords along, and vſe this Ladie honourably. *Exeunt.*

Manet Gloſter, and ſpeakes.

Glo. I, *Edward* will vſe women honourably,
Would he were waſted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loynes no iſſue might ſucceed,
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for:
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.
Firſt is there *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Henrie*,
And his ſonne, and all they looke for iſſue
Of their loynes, ere I can plant my ſelfe:
A colde premeditation for my purpoſe,
What other pleaſure is there in the world beſide?
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
And lull my ſelfe within a Ladies lappe,
And witch ſweet Ladies with my wordes and lookes.
Oh monſtrous man to harbour ſuch a thought,
Why, loue did ſcorne me in my mothers wombe:
And for I ſhould not deale in her affaires,
She did corrupt frailе nature in the fleſh,
And plaſt an enuious mountaine on my backe:
Where ſits deformitie, to mocke my bodie,
To dry mine arme vp like a withered Shrimpe,
To make my legges of an vnequall ſize,
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Eaſier for me to compaſſe twentie crownes.
Tut, I can ſmile, and murder when I ſmile:
I cry content to that, that greeues me moſt.
I can adde colours to the Camelion,
And for a need, change ſhapes with *Proteus*,
And ſet the aſpyring *Catalin* to ſchoole.

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Can I doe this, and can not get the Crowne?
Tuſh, were it ten times higher, Ile pull it downe. *Exit.*

Enter King Lewis and the Lady Bona, and Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford, and others.

Lewis. Welcome *Q. Margaret* to the Court of *Fraunce*,
It fits not *Lewis* to ſit while thou doſt ſtand,
Sit by my ſide, and here I vow to thee,
Thou ſhalt haue ayde to repoſſeſſe thy right,
And beate proud *Edward* from his vſurped ſeate,
And place king *Henry* in his former rule.
Queen. I humbly thanke your royall Maieſtie,
And pray the God of heauen, to bleſſe thy ſtate,
Great King of *Fraunce*, that thus regardes our wronges.

Enter Warwicke.

Lew. How now, Who is this?
Queen. Our Earle of *Warwicke*, *Edwards* chiefeſt friend.
Lew. Welcome braue *Warwick*, what brings thee to *France*?
War. From worthy *Edward* King of *England*,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindneſſe and vnfaigned loue,
Firſt to do greetinges to thy royall perſon,
And then to craue a league of amitie:
And laſtly, to confirme that amitie,
With nuptiall knot, if thou vouchſafe to graunt.
That vertuous Lady *Bona* thy faire ſiſter,
To *Englands* King in lawfull marriage.
Queen. And if this goe forward, all our hope is done.
War. And gratious Madam, in our Kinges behalfe,
I am commaunded, with your loue and fauour,
Humbly to kiſſe your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the paſſions of my Soueraignes hart:
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plaſt thy glorious image and thy vertues.
Queen. King *Lewis* and Lady *Bona*, heare me ſpeake,
Before you anſwere *Warwicke* or his wordes,
For he it is hath done vs all theſe wrongs.

War.

War. Iniurious *Margaret.*
Prince Ed. And why not Queene?
War. Becauſe thy father *Henrie* did vſurpe,
And thou no more art Prince, then ſhe is Queene.
Oxf. Then *Warwicke* diſanuls great *Iohn* of *Gaunt*,
That did ſubdue the greateſt part of *Spaine*,
And after *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, wiſe *Henrie* the fourth,
Whoſe wiſedome was a mirrour to the worlde.
And after this wiſe Prince, *Henrie* the fift;
Who with his proweſſe conquered all *Fraunce*:
From theſe, our *Henries* lineally diſcent.
War. Oxford, how haps that in this ſmooth diſcourſe,
You tolde not how *Henrie* the ſixt had loſt
All that *Henrie* the fift had gotten?
Me thinkes theſe peeres of *Fraunce* ſhould ſmile at that:
But for the reſt, you tell a pettigree
Of threeſcore and two yeeres a ſillie time,
To make preſcription for a Kingdomes worth.
Oxf. Why *Warwicke*, canſt thou denie thy King,
Whom thou obeyedſt thirtie and eight yeeres,
And bewray thy treaſons with a bluſh?
Warw. Can *Oxford* that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler falſhood with a pettigree?
For ſhame leaue *Henrie*, and call *Edward* King.
Oxf. Call him my King, by whom mine elder brother
The Lord *Awbray Vere* was done to death:
And more then ſo, my father euen in the
Downefall of his mellowed yeeres,
When age did call him to the doore of death?
No *Warwicke* no, whilſt life vpholds this arme,
This arme vpholdes the houſe of *Lancaſter*.
Warw. And I the houſe of *Yorke*.
K. Lewis. Queene *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*,
Vouchſafe to forbeare a while,
Till I do talke a word with *Warwicke*.
Now *Warwicke*, euen vpon thy honour tell me true,
Is *Edward* lawfull King or no?
For I were loth to linke with him, that is not lawfull heire.

Warw.

War. Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credit.
Lew. What, is he gratious in the peoples eyes?
War. The more, that *Henry* is vnfortunate.
Lew. What, is his loue to our sister *Bona?* (selfe,
War. Such it seemes, as may beseeme a monarke like him-
My selfe haue often heard him say and sweare,
That this his loue was an eternall plant,
The roote whereof was fixt in vertues ground:
The leaues and fruite maintainde with beauties sunne,
Exempt from enuie, but not from disdaine,
Vnlesse the Lady *Bona* quite his paine.
Lew. Then sister, let vs heare your firme resolue.
Bona. Your graunt or your deniall, shall be mine,
But ere this day I must confesse, when I
Haue heard your Kinges desertes recounted,
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to desire.
Lew. Then draw neare Queene *Margaret*, & be a witnesse,
That *Bona* shall be wife to the English King.
Prince Edvv. To *Edvvard*, but not the English King.
VVar. Henrie now liues in *Scotland* at his ease,
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose:
And as for you your selfe, our *quondam* Queene,
You haue a father able to maintaine your state:
And better twere to trouble him then *Fraunce.*
Sound for a Post within.
Lew. Here comes some Post *VVarvvicke*, to thee or vs.
Post. My Lord Ambassadour, this Letter is for you,
Sent from your brother Marquis *Montague.*
This from our King vnto your Maiestie.
And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.
Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistresse
Smiles at her newes, when *Warvvicke* frets at his.
P.Ed. And marke how *Lewes* stampes, as he were nettled.
Lewv. Now *Margaret* & *VVarvvicke*, What are your news?
Queen. Mine, such as filles my hart full of ioy.
VVar. Mine, full of sorrow and harts discontent.
Lewv. What, hath your King married the Lady *Gray*,
And now to excuse himselfe, sendes vs a Post of papers?
How

How dares he presume to vse vs thus?
Queen. This proceeth *Edwards* loue, & *Warwicks* honesty.
VVar. King *Lewes*, I here protest in sight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,
That I am cleare from this misdeede of *Edwards.*
No more my King, for he dishonours me,
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of *Yorke*,
My father came vntimely to his death?
Did I let passe the abuse done to my Neece?
Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,
And thrust king *Henrie* from his native home?
And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus?
My gratious Queene, pardon what is past,
And hencefoorth I am thy true seruitour:
I will reuenge the wrongs done to Lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henrie* in his former state.
Queen. Yes *VVarwicke* I do quite forget thy former faults,
If now thou wilt become king *Henries* friend:
War. So much his friend; I, his vnfaigned friend,
That if King *Lewes* vouchsafe to furnish vs
With some few bandes of chosen Souldiers,
Ile vndertake to land them on our coast,
And force the Tyrant from his seate by warre.
Tis not his new made Bride shall succour him.
Lew. Then at the last, I firmely am resolu'd,
You shall haue ayde:
And English *Messenger* returne in post,
And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewes* of *Fraunce*, is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him and his new Bride.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'le be a Widower shortly,
Ile weare the Willow Garland for his sake.
Queen. Tell him, my mourning weedes be layde aside,
And I am readie to put Armour on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
Ther's thy reward; begone.

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Lew. But now tell me *Warwicke*, what assurance
I shall haue of thy true loyaltie?
War. This shall assure my constant loyaltie,
If that our Queene and this young Prince agree:
Ile ioyne mine eldest Daughter and my ioy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlockes bands.
Quee. With all my heart, that match I like full well,
Loue her Sonne *Edward*, she is faire and young,
And giue thy hand to *Warwicke* for thy loue.
Lew. It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leuie Souldiers for to go with you.
And you Lord *Burbon*, our high Admirall,
Shall wait them safelie to the English coast,
And chase proud *Edward* from his slumbring traunce,
For mocking marriage with the name of Fraunce.
War. I came from *Edward* as Embassadour,
But I returne his sworne and mortall foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull warre shall answare his demaunde.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I, shall turne his iest to sorrow:
I was the chiefe that raisde him to the crowne,
And Ile be chiefe to bring him downe againe,
Not that I pitie *Henries* miserie,
But seeke reuenge on *Edwards* mockerie. *Exit.*

Enter King Edward, the Queene, and Clarence, Glouster, Montague, Hastings, and Penbrooke, with soldiers.

Ed. Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Glocester*,
What thinke you of our marriage with the Ladie *Gray*?
Glo. My Lord, we thinke as *Warwicke* and *Lewis*
That are so slacke in iudgment, that they'le take no offence at
this suddaine marriage.
K. Ed. Suppose they do; they are but *Lewis*, and *Warwicke*,
And I am your King; and *Warwickes*, And will be obaied.
Glo. And shall, because you are our king, but yet such sud-
daine marriages seldome proueth well.

Ed.

t. penult. because our king.

Ed. Yea brother *Richard*, are you against vs too?
Glo. Not I my Lord; no, God forfend that I should
Once gainesay your highnesse pleasure:
I, & twere a pittie to sunder them that yoake so wel togither.
Ed. Setting your scornes and your dislikes aside,
Shew me some reasons why the Lady *Gray*
May not be my Loue, and Englands Queene?
Speake freely *Clarence*, *Glouster*,
Montague, and *Hastinges*.
Cla. My Lord, then this is my opinion,
That *Warwicke* being dishonored in his embassage,
Doth seeke reuenge, to quite his iniuries.
Glo. And *Lewis*, in regard of his sisters wronges,
Doth ioyne with *Warwicke*, to supplant your state.
Ed. Suppose that *Lewis* and *Warwicke* be appeasd,
By such meanes as I can best deuise?
Mont. But yet to haue ioyned with Fraunce in this
Alliance, would more haue strengthned this our
Common wealth, gainst forraigne stormes;
Then any home bred marriage.
Hast. Let England be true within it selfe,
We need not Fraunce nor any alliance with them.
Cla. For this one speache the Lord *Hastings* well deserues,
To haue the daughter and heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.
Ed. And what then? It was our will it should be so?
Cla. I, and for such a thing too, the Lord *Scales*
Did well deserue at your handes, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord *Bonfield*, and left your
Brothers to goe seeke elsewhere: but in
Your madnes, you burie brotherhood.
Ed. Alasse poore *Clarence*, is it for a wife,
That thou art mal-content?
Why man be of good cheere, I will prouide thee one.
Cla. Nay, you plaide the broker so ill for your selfe,
That you shall giue me leaue to make my
Choyse as I thinke good: and to that intent,
I shortly meane to leaue you.
Ed. Leaue me or tarrie, I am full resolu'd,

 Ed.

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Edward will not be tied to his brothers wills.
Quee. My Lords, do me but right, and you must confesse,
Before it pleasde his highnesse to aduance
My state to title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble in my birth.
Edw. Forbeare my Loue, to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they must obay, nay shall obay,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.
Mont. My Lord, heere is the messenger returnde from (Fraunce

Enter a Messenger.

Edw. Now sirra, What letters, or what newes?
Mes. No letters my Lord; and such newes, as without your
Highnesse speciall pardon, I dare not relate.
Edw. We pardon thee; and as neere as thou canst, tell me
What said *Lewis* to our letters?
Mes. At my departure these were his verie wordes,
Go tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of Fraunce is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him and his new bride.
Ed. Is *Lewis* so braue? belike he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what saide Lady *Bona* to these wrongs? (shortly,
Mes. Tell him (quoth she) in hope hee'l proue a widdower
Ile weare the willow garland for his sake,
Ed. She had the wrong indeed; she could say litle lesse:
But what said *Henries* Queene? for as I heare she was then in
place.
Mes. Tell him (quoth she) my mourning weedes be done:
And I am readie to put armour on.
Ed. Then belike she meanes to plaie the *Amazon*.
But what said *Warwicke* to these iniuries?
Mes. He more incensed then the rest my Lord,
Tell him (quoth he) that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
Ed. Ha, Durst the traitour breath out such proud words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worst.
But what, is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?
Mes. I my good Lord, they are so linkt in friendshippe, That

That young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwickes* daughter.
Cla. The elder? belike *Clarence* shall haue the younger?
All you that loue me, and *Warwicke*, follow me.

Exit Clarence, and Sommerset.

Ed *Clarence*, and *Sommerset*, fled to *Warwicke*.
What saie you brother *Richard*, will you stand to vs?
Glo. I, my Lord, in despight of all that shal withstand you:
For why hath nature made me halt down right,
But that I should be valient and stand to it?
For if I would, I cannot run away.
Ed. *Penbrooke*, go raise an armie presently,
Pitch vp my Tent; for in the field this night,
I meane to rest: and on the morrow morne,
Ile march to meet proud *Warwicke*, ere he land
Those straging troopes, which he hath got in Fraunce:
But ere I goe *Montague* and *Hastings*,
You of all the rest are neerest alied
In bloud to *Warwicke*; therfore tell me, if
You fauour him more then me, or not?
Speake trulie, for I had rather haue you open enemies,
Then hollow friendes.
Mon. So God helpe *Montague*, as he proues true.
Hast. And *Hastings*, as he fauours *Edwards* cause.
Ed. It shall suffice: come then, lets march away.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Warwicke, and Oxenford, with Souldiers.

War. Trust me my Lords, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to vs.
But see where *Sommerset* and *Clarence* comes.
Speake suddenly my Lords, are we all friends.
Cla. Feare not that my Lord.
VVar. Then gentle *Clarence* welcome vnto *Warwicke*.
And welcome *Sommerset*. I hold it cowardise,
To rest mistrustfull, where a noble heart:
Hath pawnd an open hand, in signe of loue.
Else might I thinke that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,
Were but a faigned friend to our proceedings:

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But welcome sweete *Clarence*, my daughter shalbe thine,
And now what restes but in nightes couerture,
Thy brother being carelesly encampt,
His Souldiers lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a simple guarde,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure:
Our Skoutes haue found the aduenture verie easie:
Then cry King *Henrie*, with resolued mindes,
And breake we presently into his tent.
Cla. Why then lets on our way in silent sort,
For *VVarwicke* and his friends, God and Saint *George*.
War. This is his Tent, and see where his guard doth stand.
Courage my Souldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and *Edward* shall be ours.
All. A *VVarwicke*, a *Warwicke*.

Alarmes, and Gloster and Hastings flies.

Oxf. Who goes there?
War. *Richard* and *Hastinges*, let them go: here is the Duke.
Edw. The Duke, why *Warwicke*, when we parted last,
thou calldst me King?
VVar. I, but the case is altred now.
When you disgrast me in my Embassage,
Then I disgrast you from being King,
And now am come to create you Duke of *Yorke*.
Alasse how should you gouerne any Kingdome,
That knowes not how to vse Embassadours,
Nor how to vse your brothers brotherly:
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enemies.
Edw. Well *Warwicke*, let Fortune doe her worst,
Edward in minde will beare himselfe a King.
War. Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands king,
But *Henrie* now shall weare the English Crowne.
Goe conuey him to our brother Archbyshop of *Yorke*,
And when I haue fought with *Penbrooke*, and his followers,
Ile come and tell thee what the Lady *Bona* sayes:
And so for a while, farewell good Duke of *Yorke*.
Exeunt some with Edward.

Cla.

Cla. What followes now, all hitherto goes well,
But we must dispatch some letters to *Fraunce*,
To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,
And bid her come with speede to ioyne with vs.
VVar. I, thats the first thing that we haue to doe,
And free king *Henrie* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his regall throne.
Come, let vs haste away, and hauing past these cares,
Ile post to *Yorke*, and see how *Edward* fares.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, and sir William Stanly.
Glo. Lord *Hastings*, and sir *VVilliam Stanly*,
Know, that the cause I sent for you is this.
I looke my brother with a slender traine,
Should come a hunting in this Forrest heere;
The Bishop of *Yorke* befriendes him much,
And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase:
Now I haue priuily sent him word,
How I am come with you to rescue him.
And see where the Huntsman and he doth come.

Enter Edward and a Huntsman.
Hunts. This way my Lord the Deere is gone.
Ed. No this way Huntsman, see where the Keepers stand.
Now brother and the rest,
What, are you prouided to depart?
Glo. I, I, the horse standes at the Parke corner,
Come to *Linne*, and so take shipping into *Flaunders*.
Ed. Come then: *Hastings* and *Stanlie*,
I will requite your loues. Byshop farewell,
Sheeld thee from *VVarwickes* frownes:
And pray that I may repossesse the Crowne.
Now Huntsman what will you doe?
Hunts. Marrie my Lord, I thinke I had as good
Goe with you, as tarry heere to be hangde.
Ed. Come then, lets away with speede,
Exeunt omnes.

Enter

l. 5 from end - frownes

Enter the Queene and the Lord Riuers.

Riuers. Tell me good Madam, Why is your Grace so
passionate of late?
Queene. Why brother *Riuers*, heare you not the newes
Of that succesſe king *Edward* had of late?
Riu. What? losse of some pitcht battaile against *Warwicke*?
Tush, feare not faire Queene, but cast those cares aside,
King *Edwards* noble minde, his honours doth display:
And *Warwicke* may lose, though then he got the day.
Queen. If that were all, my griefes were at an end:
But greater troubles will (I feare) befall.
Riu. What? is he taken prisoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall person then?
Queen. I, ther's my griefe: King *Edward* is surprisde,
And led away, as prison vnto *Yorke*.
Rut. The newes is pesing strange, I must confesse:
Yet comfort your selfe, for *Edward* hath more friends,
Then *Lancaster* at this time must perceiue;
That some will set him in his throne againe.
Queen. God graunt they may: but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme awhile,
Vntill I come vnto the sanctuarie,
There to preserue the fruite within my wombe,
King *Edwards* seed, true heire to *Englands* crowne. *Exit.*

Enter Edward and Richard, and Hastinges with a troope of Hollanders.

Ed. Thus farre from *Belgia* haue we past the seas,
And marcht from *Rouesput* hauen vnto *Yorke*:
But soft, the Gates are shut; I like not this.
Rich. Sound vp the Drumme, and call them to the walles.

Enter the Lord Maior of Yorke vpon the Walles.

Maior. My Lordes, we had notice of your comming,
And thats the cause we stand vpon our garde,
And shut the Gates, for to preserue the Towne:
Henrie now is King, and we are sworne to him. *Ed.*

Ed. Why my Lord Maior, if *Henrie* be your King,
Edward I am sure at least, is Duke of *Yorke*?
Maior. Trueth my Lord, we know you for no lesse.
Ed. I craue nothing but my Dukedome.
Rich. But when the Foxe hath gotten in his head,
Heele quickly make the body follow after.
Hast. Why my Lord Maior, what stand you vpon points?
Open the Gates, we are king Henries friendes.
Maior. Say you so, then Ile open them presently.
Exit Maior.
Ric. By my faith a wise stout Captaine, & soone perswaded.

The Maior opens the doore, and bringes the Keyes in his hand.

Ed. So my Lord Maior, these Gates must not be shut,
But in the time of Warre: Giue me the keyes.
What, feare not man; for *Edward* will defend the towne
and you, despight of all your foes.

Enter sir Iohn Mountgommery with Drumme and Souldurs.

How now *Richard*, Who is this?
Rich. Brother, this is Sir Iohn *Mountgommery*,
A trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiude.
Ed. Welcome *Sir Iohn*, Wherefore come you in armes?
Sir Iohn. To helpe king *Edward* in this time of Stormes,
As euery loyall subiect ought to doe.
Ed. Thankes braue *Mountgommery*,
But I onely claime my Dukedome,
Vntill it please God to send thee rest.
Sir Iohn. Then fare you well. Drum strike vp and let vs
March away: I came to serue a King and not a Duke.
Ed. Nay stay *Sir Iohn*, and let vs first debate,
With what securitie we may doe this thing.
Sir Iohn. What stand you on debating: to be briefe,
Except you presently proclaime your selfe our King,
Ile hence againe, & keepe them backe that come to succour
you: why should we fight, when you pretende no title?

l. 15. prisoner— 16 passing—
28 Rouesput—.

9 from end. — the rest.

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Rich. Fie brother, fie, ſtande you vpon tearmes?
Reſolue your ſelfe, and let vs claime the Crowne.
Ed. I am reſolude once more to claime the Crowne,
And win it too, or elſe to loſe my life.
Sir Iohn. Now my Soueraigne ſpeakes like himſelfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion,
Sound Trumpets, for *Edward* ſhalbe proclaymde.
Edward the fourth by the grace of God, King of England and
Fraunce, and Lord of Ireland;
And whoſoeuer gainſayes king *Edwards* right,
By this I challenge him to ſingle fight:
Long liue *Edward* the fourth.
All. Long liue *Edward* the fourth.
Ed. We thanke you all. Lord Maior, lead on the way,
For this night weele harboure heer in *Yorke*,
And then as earlie as the morning ſunne,
Liftes vp his beames aboue this Horiſon,
Weele march to London, to meete with *Warwicke*,
And pull falſe *Henrie* from the Regall throne.

Enter Warwicke and Clarence, with the Crowne, and then king Henrie, and Oxford, and Summerſet, and the young Earle of Richmond.

King. Thus from the Priſon to this princely ſeate,
By Gods great mercies am I brought againe:
Clarence and *Warwicke* do you keepe the Crowne,
And gouerne and protect my Realme in peace,
And I will ſpend the Remnant of my dayes,
To ſinnes rebuke, and my creators prayſe.
War. What anſweres *Clarence* to his Soueraignes will?
Cla. Clarence agrees to what king *Henrie* likes.
King. My Lord of *Sommerſet*, what prettie Boy is that,
You ſeeme to be ſo carefull of?
Sum. And it pleaſe your Grace, it is young *Henrie*,
Earle of *Richmond*.
King. Henrie of *Richmond*, Come hither prettie Ladde,
If heauenly powers doe aime aright

To

l. 5 ſpeaketh

To my diuining thoughtes, thou prettie boy,
Shalt proue this Countries bliſſe,
Thy head is made to weare a princely Crowne,
Thy lookes are all repleat with Maieſtie:
Make much of him my Lordes, for this is he,
Shal helpe you more, then you are hurt by me.

Enter one with a letter to VVarwicke.

War. What counſell Lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With haſtie *Germaines* and blunt *Hollanders*,
Is paſt in ſafetie through the narrow ſeas,
And with his troopes do marrch amaine towards London,
And many giddie people follow him.
Oxf. Tis beſt to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire doe kindle any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.
VVar. In *Warwicke* ſhire I haue true harted friendes,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will I muſter vp, and thou ſonne *Clarence* ſhalt
In Eſſex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
Stirre vp the Knights and Gentlemen to come with thee,
And thou brother *Montague*, in Leiſter ſhire,
Buckingham and Northampton ſhire ſhalt finde,
Men well inclinde to doo what thou commaunds,
And thou braue *Oxford* wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy countries muſter vp thy friends.
My ſoueraigne with his louing Citizens,
Shall reſt in London till we come to him.
Faire Lordes, take leaue and ſtand not to replie:
Farewell my Soueraigne.
King. Farewell my *Hector*, my *Troyes* true hope.
VVar. Farewell ſweete Lordes, lets meete at Couentrie.
All. Agreed. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Edward and his traine.
Ed. Seaſe on the ſhamefaſt *Henrie*,
And once againe conuay him to the Tower,

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Away with him, I will not heare him speake.
And now towards Couentrie lets bend our course,
To meet with *Warwicke*, and his confederates.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter VVarwicke on the Walles.

VVar. Where is the post that came from valient *Oxford?*
How far hence is thy Lord, my honest fellowe?
Ox. Post. By this at *Daintrie*, marching hitherward.
War. Where is our brother *Montague?*
Where is the post that came from *Montague?*
Post. I left him at *Donsmore*, with his troopes.
VVar. Say *Sommerfield*, where is my loueing sonne?
And by thy gesse, how farre is *Clarence* hence?
Som. At *Southam* my Lord, I left him with his force,
And do expect him two howers hence.
War. Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum.

Enter Edward, and his power.

Glo. See Brother where the surly *Warwicke* mans the wall.
War. Oh vnbid spight: is spottull *Edward* come?
Where slept our scoutes? or how are they seduc'd?
That we could haue no newes of their repaire?
Ed. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou be sorie for thy faultes,
And call *Edward* King, and he will pardon thee?
War. Nay rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe,
Confesse who set thee vp, and puld thee downe:
Call *VVarwicke* patron and, be penitent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of *Yorke*.
Glo. I had thought at least he would haue said the King,
Or did he make the least against his will?
War. T was *VVarwicke*, gaue the kingdome to thy brother,
Ed. Why then tis mine, if but by *VVarwickes* guift.
VVar. I but thou art no *Atlas* for so great a waight,
And weakling *VVarwicke* takes his guift againe,
Henrie is my king: *VVarwicke* his subiect.
Ed. I prethee gallant *VVarwicke* tell me this,
What is the bodie, when the head is off?

Glo.

Glo. Alas that *VVarwicke* had no more foresight,
But while he sought to steale the single ten,
The king was finely fingred from the decke:
You left poore *Henrie* in the Bishops pallace,
And ten to one youle meet him in the Tower.
Ed. Tis euen so, and yet you are ould *VVarwicke* still,
War. O cheerfull colours: see where *Oxford* comes?

Enter Oxford with drum and souldiers, and all crie Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster. *Exeunt.*

Ed. The gates are open, see, they enter in,
Lets follow them, and bid them battaile in the streetes.
Glo. No, so some other might set vpon our backes,
Wee'l stay till all be entred, and then follow them.

Enter Sommerset with drum and souldiers.

Som. Sommerset, Sommerset, for *Lancaster.* *Exeunt.*
Glo. Two of thy name both Dukes of Sommerset,
Haue sould their liues vnto the house of Yorke,
And thou shalt be the third, and my sword hold.

Enter Montague, with drum and souldiers,

Mon. Montague, Montague, for *Lancaster.* *Exeunt.*
Ed. Traiterous *Montague*, thou and thy brother,
Shall deerlie abie this rebellious acte.

Enter Clarence, with drum and souldiers,

VVar. And loe where *George of Clarence*, sweepes along,
Of power enough to bid his brother battaile.
Cla. Clarence, Clarence, for *Lancaster.* *Exeunt.*
Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab *Cæsar* too?
A parlie sirrah to *George of Clarence.*
Sound a Parlie, and Richard and Clarence whispers together, and then Clarence takes his red Rose out of his Hat and throwes it at Warwicke.
War. Come *Clarence*, come, thou wilt if *VVarwicke* call,
Cla. Father of *Warwicke*, know you what this meanes?
I throw mine infamie at thee,

l. 1. ~~sees~~ foresight. 2 Whilst

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I wil not ruinate my fathers houſe,
Who gaue his bloud to lime the ſtones together:
And ſet vp *Lancaſter*. Thinkeſt thou
That *Clarenec* is ſo harſh vnnaturall,
To lift his ſword againſt his brothers life?
And ſo proud hearted *Warwicke* I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my bluſhing cheekes:
Pardon me *Edward*, for I haue done amiſſe,
And *Richard*, do not frowne vpon me,
For hence forth I will proue no more vnconſtant.
Ed. Welcome *Clarence*, and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou neuer hadſt deſerued our hate.
Glo. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is brotherly.
War. Oh paſsing traitour, periurde, and vniuſt.
Ed. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou leaue the Towne & fight?
Or ſhall we beate the ſtones about thine eares?
War. Why, I am not coopt vp heere for defence,
I will away to *Barnet* preſently,
And bid thee battaile *Edward*, if thou dareſt.
Ed. Yes *Warwicke*, he dares, and leades the way,
Lords to the field, ſaint *George* and victorie.

Exeunt Omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter Warwicke, wounded.

War. Ah who is nie? Come to me friend, or foe,
And tell me who is victor, *Yorke*, or *VVarwicke*?
Why aske I that? my mangled bodie ſhewes,
That I muſt yeeld my bodie to the earth,
And by my fall the conqueſt to my foes:
Thus yeeldes the Cedar to the axes edge,
Whoſe armes gaue ſhelter to the princely Eagle,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the ramping Lion ſlept,
Whoſe top braunch ouerpeer'd *Ioues* ſpreading tree:
The wrinckles in my browes, now fild with bloud,
Were likened oft to Kingly ſepulchers,
For who liu'd King but I could dig his graue?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwicke* bent his brow?

Lo

Loe now my glorie ſmeerd in duſt and bloud,
My parkes, my walkes, my mannours that I had,
Euen now forſake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.

Enter Oxford, and Sommerſet.

Ox. Ah *Warwicke*, *VVarwicke*, cheere vp thy ſelfe and liue,
For yet theres hope enough to win the day,
Our warlike *Queene* with troopes is come from *Fraunce*,
And at *South-hampton* landed all her traine,
And mighteſt thou liue, then would we neuer flie.
VVar. Why, then I would not flie, nor haue I now,
But *Hercules* himſelfe muſt yeeld to ods,
For many woundes receiu'd and many moe repaide,
Hath robd my ſtrong knit ſinewes of their ſtrength,
And ſpite of ſpites needes muſt I yeeld to death.
Som. Thy brother *Montague* hath breathd his laſt,
And at the pangs of death I heard him crie,
And ſaie, commend me to my valient brother,
And more he would haue ſaide, and more he ſaide,
Which ſounded like a clamour in a vaulte,
That could not bediſtinguiſht for the ſounde,
And ſo the valiant *Montague* gaue vp the ghoſt.
VVar. What is pompe, rule, raigne, but earth and duſt?
And liue we how we can, yet die we muſt.
Sweet reſt his ſoule, flie Lords, and ſaue your ſelues,
For *VVarwicke* bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.

He dies.

Oxf. Come noble *Summerſet*, lets take our Horſe,
And cauſe retraite be ſounded through the Campe,
That all our friendes that yet remaine aliue,
May be awarn'd, and ſaue them ſelues by flight.
That done, with them weele poſt vnto the Queene,
And once more trie our fortune in the fielde. *Ex. ambo.*

Enter Edward, Clarence, and Gloſter, with ſouldiers.

Ed. Thus ſtill our fortune giues vs victorie,
And girts our temples With trimphant ioyes.

The

10 ~~mights~~ mighst.

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The bigboond *Warwicke* hath breathde his laſt,
And heauen this day hath ſmlde vpon vs all,
But in this cleere and brightſome day,
I ſee a blacke ſuſpitious cloude appeare
That will encounter with our glorious ſunne
Before he gaine his eaſefull weſterne beames,
I meane thoſe powers which the Queene hath got in *Fraunce*,
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.
Glo. Oxford and *Sommerſet* are fled to her,
And tis likelie if ſhe haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.
Ed. We are aduertiſde by our louiug friends,
That they do holde their courſe towardes Tewxburie:
Thither will we, for willingneſſe rids way,
n d in e uerie coun tie as we paſſe along,
Our ſtrengthes ſhall be augmented. Come, lets goe;
For if we ſlacke this faire bright Summers daie,
Sharpe Winters ſhowers will marre our hope for haie.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford, & Summerſet, with Drumme & Souldiers.

Quee. Welcome to England, my louing friends of France,
And welcome *Sommerſet* and *Oxford* too.
Once more haue we ſpread our Sailes abroad:
And though our tackling be almoſt conſumde,
And *VVarvvicke* as our maine-Maſt ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lordes, raiſe you that ſturdie poſt,
That beares the ſailes to bring vs vnto reſt.
And *Ned* and I as willing Pilots ſhould
For once with carefull mindes guide on the ſterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe,
That heretofore hath ſwallowed vp our friendes.
Prince. And if there be, as God forbid there ſhould,
Amongſt vs a timerous or fearefull man,
Let him depart before the Battaile ioyne,
Leaſt he in time of need intiſe another,
And ſo withdraw the Souldiers harts from vs.

I will

3 from bottom 2 battels

I will not ſtand aloofe and bid you fight,
But with my ſword preſſe in the thickeſt throngs,
And ſingle *Edward* from his ſtrongeſt guarde:
And hand to hand, enforce him for to yeelde,
Or leaue my bodie as witneſſe of my thoughtes.
Ox. Women and Children of ſo high reſolue?
And warriours faint, why twere perpetuall ſhame:
Oh braue young prince, thy noble Grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee: long mayeſt thou liue,
To beare his Image, and to renew his glories.
Som. And he that turnes and flies when ſuch do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by day,
Be hiſt and wondred at, if he ariſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lords, Duke *Edward* with a mightie power,
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you:
Ox. I thought it was his pollicie to take vs vnprouided,
but heere will we ſtand, and fight it to the death.

Enter king Edward, Cla. Glo. Haſt. and ſouldiers.

Ed. See brothers, yonder ſtands the thornie wood,
Which by gods aſiſtance and your proweſſe,
Shall with our swordes ere night, be cleane cut downe.
Quee. Lords, Knightes, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,
My teares gainſay: for as you ſee, I drinke
The water of mine eies. Then no more but this,
Henrie your king is priſoner in the Tower,
His land and all our friends are quite diſtreſt,
And yonder ſtands the Wolfe that makes all this.
Then on Gods name, Lords together crie, Saint *George*.
All. Saint *George* for *Lancaſter*.

Alarmes to the Battaile, Yorke flies, then the Chambers be diſcharged: Then enter the King, Cla. Glo. and the reſt, and make a great ſhout, and crie; For Yorke, for Yorke: and then the Queene is taken, the Prince, Oxford, and Sum. & then ſound, & enter all againe.

H. Edw.

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Edw. Lo heere a period of tumultuous broiles,
Away with *Oxford*, to *Hames* Castle straight,
For *Summerset*, off with his guiltie head:
Away, I will not heare them speake.
Ox. For my part Ile not trouble thee with wordes.
Exit Oxford.
Som. Nor I, but stoope with patience to my death.
Exit Somerset.
Ed. Now *Edward*, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion?
Prince. Speake like a subiect, proud ambitious *Yorke*,
Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,
Resigne thy chaire: and where I stand, kneele thou,
Whilest I propose the selfe same words to thee,
Which traitour thou, wouldst haue me answare to.
Quee. Ouh that thy father had bin so resolu'd.
Glo. That you might still haue kept your petticoate,
And nere haue stolne the breech from *Lancaster*.
Prince. Let *Aesop* fable in a winters night,
His currish Riddles sorts not with this place.
Glo. By heauen, brat Ile plague you for that word.
Quee. I thou wast borne to be a plague to men.
Glo. For Gods sake take away this captiue scold.
Prince. Nay take away this scolding Crookbacke rather.
Ed. Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.
Cla. Vntutered Lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duties, you are all vndutifull,
Lasciuious *Edward*, and thou periur'd *George*,
And thou misshapen *Dicke*, I tell you all,
I am your better, traitours as you be.
Ed. Take that, the lightnes of this rayler heere.
Quee. Oh kill me too.
Glo. Marrie and shall. (die.
Ed. Hold *Richard*, hold, for we haue done too much alrea-
Glo. Why should she liue to fill the worlde with words.
Ed. What doth she swound? make meanes for her recouc-
Glo. (*Clarence*, excuse me to the King my brother, (rie.
I must to London, on a serious matter,
Ere

12 Whilst— 8 from end— Lines—

Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes.
Cla. About what, prethee tell me?
Glo. The Tower man, the Tower, Ile roote them out.
Exit Gloster.
Queene, Ah *Ned*, speake to thy Mother boy,
Canst thou not speake,
Traitours, Tyrants, blouddie Homicides:
They that stabd *Cæsar* shed no bloud at all,
For he was a man, this in respect a childe;
And men nere spend their furie on a childe;
Whats worse then tirant, that I may name?
You haue no children Diuells, if you had,
The thought of them, would then haue stopt your rage:
But if you euer hope to haue a sonne,
Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off,
As traitours you haue done this sweet young Prince.
Ed. Away, and beare her hence,
Quee. Nay, nere beare me hence, dispatch me here,
Heere sheath thy sword, Ile pardon thee my death.
Wilt thou not?
Then *Clarence*, do thou do it.
Cla. By heauen I would not do thee so much ease.
Quee. Good *Clarence* do, sweet *Clarence* kill me too.
Cla. Didst not thou heare me sweare I would not do it?
Quee. I, but thou vsest to forsweare thy selfe,
Twas sinne before, but now tis charitie.
Wheres the Diuells butcher? hard fauourd *Rechard*,
Richard where art thou?
He is not heere, Murder is his almes deed,
Petitioners for bloud, he nere put backe.
Ed. Away I saie, and take her hence per force.
Quee. So come to you and yours, as to this prince.
Exit.
Edw. *Clarence*, whither's *Gloster* gone?
Cla. Marrie my Lord to London, as I gesse,
To make a bloudie supper in the Tower.
Ed. He is suddaine, if a thing come in his head.
Well, discharge the common Souldiers with pay,
And

And thankes, and now let vs towardes London,
To see our gentle Queene how she poth fare,
For by this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for vs.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Gloster to King Henrie in the Tower.

Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your Booke so hard?
Hen. I my good Lord. Lord I should say, rather;
Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,
Good *Gloster*, and good Diuell, were all alike.
What scene of Death hath *Rosius* now to act?
Glo. Suspition alwayes hauntes a guiltie minde.
Hen. The birde once limde, doth feare the fatall bush,
And I the haplesse maile to one poore birde,
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine eye,
Where my poore young was limde, was caught and kilde.
Glo. Why what a foole was that of *Creete?*
That taught his sonne the office of a Birde,
And yet for all that, the poore Fowle was drowne.
Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore sonne *Icarus*,
Thy father *Minos*, that denide our course,
Thy brother *Edward*, the Sunne that searde his winges,
And thou the enuious Gulfe that swallowed him.
Oh better can my brest abide thy daggers poynt,
Then can mine eares that tragike historie.
Glo. Why, dost thou thinke I am an executioner?
Hen. A persecuter I am sure thou art:
And if murdering Innocentes be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy sonne I kilde for his presumption.
Hen. Hadst thou bin kilde when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of mine:
And thus I prophesie of thee;
That many a Widdow for her Husbands death,
And many an Infants water standing eye,
Widdowes for their husbandes, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that euer thou wert borne.
The Owle shrikt at thy birth; an euill signe,
The

2 doth—

The night-Crow cride, aboding lucklesse tune.
Dogges houlde, and hidious tempestes shooke downe trees,
The Rauen rookt her on the Chimnies top,
And chatrering Pies in dismall discord sung,
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,
And yet brought foorth lesse then a mothers hope:
To wit, an vndigest created lumpe,
Not like the fruite of such a goodly tree;
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast borne,
To signifie thou camst to bite the worlde:
And if the rest be true that I haue heard,
Thou camst into the world *He stabs him.*
Glo. Die Prophet in thy speach, Ile heare no more,
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordainde.
Hen. I and for much more slaughter after this,
O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee. *He dies.*
Glo. What? will the aspyring blood of *Lancaster*
Sinke into the ground? I had thought it would haue mounted
See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death,
Now may such purple teares be alwayes shed,
For such as seeke the downefall of our house,
If any sparke of life remaine in thee,
Stabbe him againe.
Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither.
I that haue neither pittie, loue, nor feare:
Indeed twas true that *Henrie* tolde me of,
For I haue often heard my mother say,
That I came into the worlde with my legges forward:
And had I not reason thinke you to make haste,
And seeke their ruines that vsurpt our rights?
The women wept, and the Midwife cride,
O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth.
And so I was indeed: which plainely signifide,
That I should snarle and bite, and play the dogge.
Then since Heauen hath made my body so,
Let Hell make crookt my minde, to answere it.
I had no father; I am like no father.
I haue no brother; I am like no brothers.

l. ult. I have no ~~brothers~~ brothers—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Part 3* (STC 21006a) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.43[5]) Octavo

And this word *Loue*, which graybeardes tearme diuine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light:
But I will sort a pitchie day for thee.
For I will buz abroad such prophesies,
As *Edward* shall be fearefulll of his life:
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
Henrie and his sonne are gone, thou *Clarence* next,
And by one and one, I will dispatch the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
Ile dragge thy body in another roome,
And triumph *Henry* in thy day of doome.

Exit.

Enter King Edward, Queene Elizabeth, and a Nurse with the young Prince, and Clarence, and Hastinges, and others.

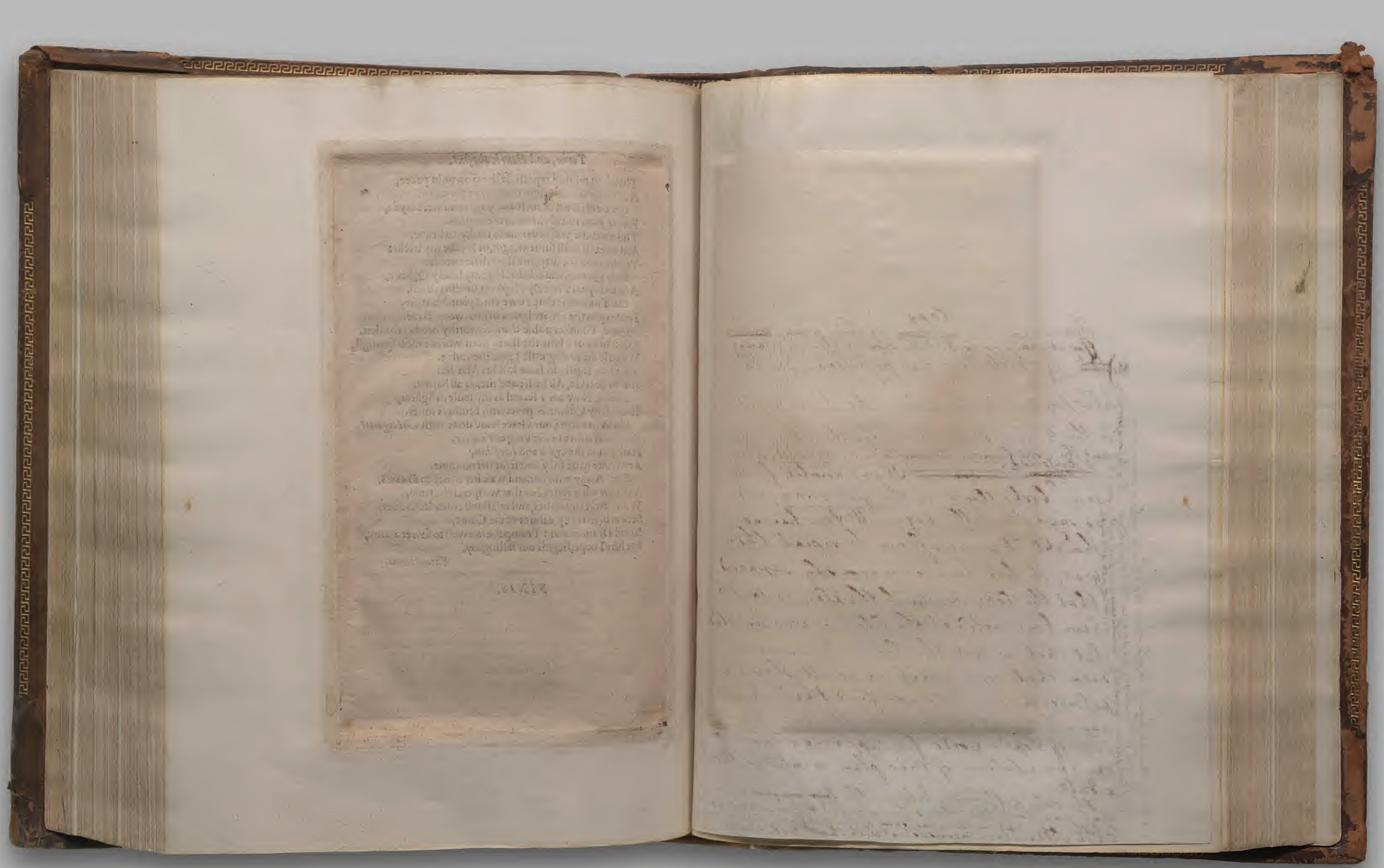
Edw. Once more we sit in Englandes royall throne,
Repurchasde with the blood of enemies,
What valiant foe-men like to *Autumes* corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of *Summerset*, three folde renowmd,
For hardie and vndoubted champions.
Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the sonne:
And two *Northumberlands*: two brauer men
Nere spurd their coursers at the trumpets sound.
Wth them the two rough Beares, *Warwicke* & *Montague*.
That in their chaines fettered the kingly Lion,
And made the forrest tremble when they roard:
Thus haue we swept suspition from our seate,
And made our footestoole of securitie.
Come hither *Bess*, and let me kisse my Boy,
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Vncles and my selfe,
Haue in our Armours watcht the Winters night,
Marcht all a foote in Summers scalding heat,

That

That thou mightst repossesse the crowne in peace,
And of our labours thou shalt reape the gaine.
Glo. Ile blast his haruest and your head were layde,
For yet I am not lookt on in the worlde.
This Shoulder was ordainde so thicke, to heaue,
And heaue it shall some waight, or breake my backe:
Worke thou the way, and thou shalt execute.
Edw. *Clarence*, and *Gloster*, loue my louely Queene,
And kisse your Princely Nephew, brothers both.
Cla. The duetie that I owe vnto your Maiestie,
I seale vpon the rosiate lippes of this sweete Babe.
Queen. Thankes noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thankes.
Glo. And that I loue the fruite from whence thou sprangst,
Witnesse the louing kisse I giue the childe.
To say the trueth, so *Iudas* kist his Master:
And so he cride, All hayle; and meant all harme.
Edward. Now am I seated as my soule delightes,
Hauing my Countries peace, and brothers loues.
Cla. What will your Grace haue done with *Margaret*?
Reynard her father to the king of *Fraunce*,
Hath pawnd the *Cyssils* and *Ierusalem*,
And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.
Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to *Fraunce*.
And now what restes, but that we spend the time,
With stately triumphes, and mirthfull comicke shewes,
Such as be fits the pleasures of the Court,
Sound Drummes and Trumpets: farewell to sower annoy,
For here I hope, begins our lasting ioy.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Part 3* (STC 21006a) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.43[5]) Octavo

There is another ~~edition~~ copy of this play, ~~without~~ for it appears to be the same edition, running to sign. M. ~~date~~, of which Pope was possessed. In the title-page are the words — "As it was acted by the King's Majesty's servants at the Globe," and the word famous is omitted — For Cresseid, it has ~~I have never seen it~~ Cresseida. It was printed for the same booksellers in the year 1609; and so says the title-page. Mr Pope having thought it unnecessary to repeat the year, it has been erroneously supposed that the copy in which the play is said to have been acted at the Globe, was undated, but that is not the fact. I have now seen that copy, which is in Mr Kemble's possession. — I do not find that there is any other authority than the misapprehension of Pope's words for supposing that there was any edition of this play printed without a date.

The only difference between the ~~two copies~~ copy that mentions the play's being acted & the other is in the title page, and in the omission of the preface in that copy, which w.d have been inconsistent with that title-page: ∞

∞ for in this preface it is asserted that this play had never been performed on the stage; as soon as that was found to be a false assertion the booksellers cancelled the ~~title page~~ preface and inserted the words "as it was acted &c."

THE Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid.

Excellently expressing the beginning of their loues, with the conceited wooing of *Pandarus* Prince of *Licia*.

Written by William Shakespeare.

LONDON
Imprinted by *G. Eld* for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, and are to be sold at the sprud Eagle in Paules Church-yeard, ouer against the great North doore.
1609.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Troilus and Cressida* (STC 22332) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.43[6]) Octavo

A neuer writer, to an euer reader. Newes.

Eternall reader, you haue heere a new play, neuer stal'd with the Stage, neuer clapper-clawd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall: for it is a birth of your braine, that neuer vnder-tooke that/ *any thing commicall, vainely: And were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of Commodities, or of Playes for Pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their grauities: especially this authors Commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serue for the most common Commentaries, of all the actions of our liues. shewing such a dexteritie, and power of witte, that the most displeased with Playes, are pleasd with his Commedies. And all such dull and heauy-witted worldlings, as were neuer capable of the witte of a Commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, haue found that witte there, that they neuer found in them selues, and haue parted better wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte set vpon them, more then euer they dreamd they had braine to grinde it on. So much and such sauored salt of witte is in his Commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that Ile that brought forth* Venus. *Amongst all there is none more witty then this: And had I time I would comment vpon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much*

much as will make you thinke your testerne well bestowd) but for so much worth, as euen poore I know to be stuft in it. It deserues such a labour, as well as the best Commedy in Terence *or* Plautus. *And beleeue this, that when hee is gone, and his Commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set vp a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perrill of your pleasures losse, and Iudgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied, with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I beleeue you should haue prayd for them rather then beene prayd. And so I leaue all such to be prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it.*

Vale.

The history of *Troylus* and *Cressida*.

Enter Pandarus *and* Troylus.

Troy. CAll heere my varlet, Ile vnarme againe,
Why should I warre without the walls of Troy:
That finde such cruell battell here within,
Each Troyan that is maister of his heart,
Let him to field *Troylus* alas hath none.
Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?
Troy. The Greeks are strong and skilfull to their strength
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse valiant,
But I am weaker then a womans teare;
Tamer then sleepe; fonder then ignorance,
Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skillesse as vnpractiz'd infancy:
Pan. Well, I haue told you enough of this; for my part ile not meddle nor make no farther; hee that will haue a cake out of the wheate must tarry the grynding.
Tro. Haue I not tarried?
Pan. I the grinding; but you must tarry the boulting.
Troy. Haue I not tarried?
Paude. I the boulting; but you must tarry the leauening.
Troy. Still haue I tarried.
Pan. I, to the leauening, but heares yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating the ouen, and the baking, nay you must stay the cooling too, or yea may chance burne your lippes.
Troy. Pacience her selfe, what Godesse ere she be,
Doth lesser blench at suffrance then I do:
At *Priams* royall table do I sit
And when faire *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,
So traitor then she comes when she is thence.
Pand. Well shee looke yesternight fairer then euer I saw her looke, or any woman els.
Troy. I was about to tell thee when my heart,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Troilus and Cressida* (STC 22332) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.43[6]) Octavo

As wedged with a ſigh would riue in twaine,
Leaſt *Hector* or my father ſhould perceiue mee:
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a ſcorne)
Buried this ſigh in wrincle of a ſmyle,
But ſorrow that is couch't in ſeeming gladneſſe,
Is like that mirth fate turnes to ſuddaine ſadneſſe.

Pan: And her haire were not ſome-what darker then *Helens*, well go to, there were no more comparison betweene the women! but for my part ſhe is my kinſwoman, I would not as they tearme it praiſe her, but I would ſom-body had heard her talke yeſter-day as I did, I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandras* wit, but------

Troy. Oh *Pandarus* I tell thee *Pandarus*,
When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drown'd:
Reply not in how many fadomes deepe,
They lie indrench'd, I tell thee I am madde:
In *Creſſids* loue? thou anſweſt ſhe is faire,
Powrell in the open vlcer of my heart:
Her eyes, her haire her cheeke, her gate, her voice,
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe: O that her hand
In whoſe compariſon all whites are ynke
Writing their owne reproch; to whoſe ſoft ſeiſure,
The cignets downe is harſh, and ſpirit of ſence:
Hard as the palme of plow-man; this thou telſt me,
As true thou telſt me, when I ſay I loue her,
But ſaying thus in ſteed of oyle and balme,
Thou layſt in euery gaſh that loue hath giuen mee
The knife that made it.

Pan: I ſpeake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou doſt not ſpeake ſo much.

Pan: Faith Ile not meddle in it, let her bee as ſhee is, if ſhe bee faire tis the better for her, and ſhee bee not, ſhe has the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus*, how now *Pandarus*?

Pan: I haue had my labour for my trauell, ill thought on of her, and ill thought of you, gon betweene and betweene, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan.

Pan. Because ſhe's kin to me therefore ſhee's not ſo faire as *Hellen*, and ſhe were kin to me, ſhe would be as faire a Friday as *Hellen*, is on Sunday, but what I? I care not and ſhee were a blackeamore, tis all one to mee.

Troy. Say I ſhe is not faire?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no, ſhe's a foole to ſtay behinde her father let her to the Greekes, and ſo Ile tell her the next time I ſee her for my part Ile meddle nor make no more ith'matter.

Troy. Pandarus. *Pan.* Not I.

Troy. Sweete *Pandarus.*

Pan. Pray you ſpeake no more to mee I will leaue all as I found it and there an end. *Exit.*

Sound alarum.

Troy. Peace you vngracious clamors, peace rude ſounds,
Fooles on both ſides, *Hellen* muſt needes be faire,
When with your bloud you daylie paint her thus,
I cannot fight vpon this argument:
It is too ſtaru'd a ſubiect for my ſword,
But *Pandarus*: O gods! how do you plague me
I cannot come to *Creſſid* but by *Pandar*,
And he's as teachy to be wood to woe,
As ſhe is ſtubborne, chaſt, againſt all ſuite.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* loue
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India* there ſhe lies, a pearle,
Betweene our Ilium, and where ſhee reides
Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood:
Our telſe the Marchant, and this ſayling *Pandar*,
Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our barke.

Alarum Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now prince *Troylus*, wherefore not a field.

Troy. Becauſe not there; this womans anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence.
What newes *Æneas* from the field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home and hurt.

Troy. By whom *Æneas*?

Æne. *Troylus* by *Menelaus*.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Troilus and Cressida* (STC 22332) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.43[6]) Octavo

Troy. Let *Paris* bleed: tis but a scar to scorne,
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* horne. *Alarum.*
Æne. Harke what good sport is out of towne to day.
Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:
But to the sport abrode are you bound thither?
Æne. In all swift hast.
Troy. Come goe wee then togither. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cressid *and her man.*

Cres. Who were those went by?
Man. Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen.*
Cres. And whether goe they?
Man. Vp to the Easterne tower,
Whose hight commands as subiect all the vaile,
To see the battell: *Hector* whose patience,
Is as a vertue fixt, to day was mou'd:
Hee chid *Andromache* and strooke his armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in warre
Before the Sunne rose, hee was harnest lyte,
And to the field goes he; where euery flower
Did as a Prophet weepe what it foresawe,
In *Hectors* wrath. *Cres.* What was his cause of anger.
Man. The noise goes this, there is amonge the Greekes,
A Lord of Troian bloud, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Aiax*. *Cres.* Good; and what of him.
Man. They say hee is a very man *per se* and stands alone.
Cres. So do all men vnlesse the are dronke, sicke, or haue no legges.
Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their particular additions, hee is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish as the Beare, slowe as the Elephant: a man into whome nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crusht into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any mā an attraint, but he carries some staine of it. Hee is melancholy without cause and merry against the haire, hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing so out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie *Briareus*, many hands, & no vse; or purblinde *Argus*, al eyes, and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man that makes me smile, make *Hector* angry.
Man They say hee yesterday cop't *Hector* in the battell and stroke him downe, the disdaine and shame whereof hath euer since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.
Cres. Who comes here.
Man Maddam your vncle *Pandarus.*
Cres. *Hectors* a gallant man.
Man As may be in the world Lady.
Pand Whats that? whats that?
Cres. Good morrow vncle *Pandarus.*
Pan. Good morrow cozen *Cressid*: what doe you talke of? good morrow *Alexander*: how doe you cozen? when were you at Illum? *Cres.* This morning vncle.
Pan. What were you talking of when I came? was *Hector* arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium, *Hellen* was not vp was she? *Cres.* *Hector* was gone but *Hellen* was not vp?
Pan. E'ene so, *Hector* was stirring early.
Cres. That were wee talking of, and of his anger.
Pan: Was he angry? *Cres:* So he saies here.
Pan: True hee was so; I know the cause to, heele lay about him to day I can tel them that, & ther's *Troylus* wil not come farre behind him, let them take heede of *Troylus*; I can tell them that too. *Cres.* What is he angry too?
Pan: Who *Troylus*? *Troylus* is the better man of the two:
Cres: Oh *Iupiter* ther's no comparison.
Pan: What not betweene *Troylus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you see him?
Cres: I, if I euer saw him before and knew him:
Pan: Well I say *Troylus* is *Troylus:*
Cres. Then you say as I say, for I am sure hee is not *Hector.*
Pan. No nor *Hector* is not *Troylus* in some degrees.
Cres. Tis iust; to each of them he is himselfe.
Pan. Himselfe, alas poore *Troylus* I would he were.
Cres. So he is.
Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foot to India.
Cres. He is not *Hector.*
Pan. Himselfe? no? hee's not himselfe, would a were himselfe,

selfe, well the Gods are aboue, time must friend or end well *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troylus*.

Cres. Excuse me. *Pand.* He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pand. Th'others not come too't, you shall tell me another tale when th'others come too't, *Hector* shall not haue his will this yeare.

Cres. He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.

Pand. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter. *Pand.* Nor his beautie.

Cres. Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You haue no iudgement neece; *Hellen* her selfe swore th'other day that *Troylus* for a browne fauour (*for so tis I must confesse*) not browne neither.

Cres. No, but browne.

Pand. Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pand. She praisd his complexion aboue *Paris*,

Cres. Why *Paris* hath colour inough. *Pand.* So he has.

Cres. Then *Troylus* should haue too much, if shee praisd him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, hee hauing colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Helens* golden tongue had commended *Troylus* for a copper nose.

Pand. I sweare to you I thinke *Helen* loues him better then

Cres. Then shees a merry greeke indeed. (*Paris.*

Pand. Nay I am sure she dooes, she came to him th'other day into the compast window, and you know hee has not past three or foure haires on his chinne.

Cres. Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring his particulars therein to a totall.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound lifte as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cres. Is he so yong a man, and so old a lifter.

Pand. But to prooue to you that *Hellen* loues him, shee came and puts mee her white hand to his clouen chin.

Cres. *Iuno* haue mercy, how came it clouen?

Pand.

Pan. Why, you know tis dimpled,
I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia. *Cres.* Oh he smiles valianty.

Pan. Dooes hee not?

Cres. Oh yes, and twere a clowd in *Autumne*.

Pan. Why go to then, but to prooue to you that *Hellen* loues *Troylus*.

Cres. *Troylus* will stand to thee proofe if youle prooue it so.

Pan. *Troylus*, why hee esteemes her no more then I esteeme an addle egge:

Cres. If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle head you would eate chickens ith shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she tickled his chin, indeed shee has a maruel's white hand I must needs confesse.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And shee takes vpon her to spie a white heare on his chinne.

Cres. Alas poore chin many a wart is ritcher.

Pan. But there was such laughing, Queene *Hecuba* laught that her eyes ran ore.

Cres. With milstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cres. At what was all this laughing.

Pan. Marry at the white heare that *Hellen* spied on *Troylus* chin.

Cres. And t'had beene a greene heare I should haue laught too.

Pan. They laught not so much at the heare as at his pretty answere.

Cres. What was his answere?

Pan. Quoth shee heere's but two and fifty heires on your chinne; and one of them is white.

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. Thats true, make no question of that, two and fiftie

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heires quoth hee, and one white, that white heire is my father, and all the rest are his sonnes. *Iupiter* quoth shee, which of these heires is *Paris* my husband? the forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was such laughing, and *Hel'en* so blusht, and *Paris* so chaf't, and all the rest so laught that it past.

Cres. So let it now for it has beene a great while going by.

Pan. Wel cozen I tou'd you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cres. So I doe.

Pan. Ile be sworne tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill. *Sound a retreate.*

Cres. And Ile spring vp in his teares an'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, shall we stand vp here and see them as they passe toward Ilion, good Neece do, sweete Neece *Cressida*.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Heere, here, here's an excellent place, here wee may see most brauely, ile tell you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke *Troylus* aboue the rest. *Enter Æneas.*

Cres. Speake not so lowde.

Pan. Thats *Æneas*, is not that a braue man, hees one of the flowers of Troy I can tell you, but marke *Troylus*, you shal see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. Thats *Antenor*, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's man good enough, hees one o'th soundest iudgements in Troy whosoeuer, and a proper man of person, when comes *Troylus*, ile shew you *Troylus* anon, if hee see me, you shall see him nod at mee.

Cres. Will he giue you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Enter Hector.

Cres. If he do the ritch shall haue more.

Pan. Thats *Hector*, that, that, looke you that, there's a fellow! goe thy way *Hector*, there's a braue man Neece. O braue *Hector*, looke how hee lookes, there's a countenance, ist not a braue man?

Cres. O a braue man.

Pan: Is a not? it dooes a man heart good, looke you what hacks are on his helmet, looke you yonder, do you see, looke you there, there's no iesting, there's laying on, takt off, who will as they say, there be hacks.

Cres. Be those with swords.

Enter Paris.

Pan: Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell come to him, its all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*, looke yee yonder Neece, ist not a gallant man to, ist not, why this is braue now, who said he came hurt home to day. Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellens* heart good now ha? would I could see *Troylus* now, you shall see *Troylus* anon.

Cres. Whose that?

Enter Helenus:

Pan. Thats *Helenus*, I maruell where *Troylus* is, thats *Helenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day, thats *Helenus*.

Cres: Can *Helenus* fight vncle?

Pan: *Helenus* no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where *Troylus* is; harke doe you not here the people crie *Troylus*? *Helenus* is a priest;

Cres: What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troylus.

Panda: Where? yonder? thats *Deiphobus*. Tis *Troylus*! theres a man Neece, hem? braue *Troylus* the Prince of chiualrie.

Cres. Peace for shame peace.

Pan. Marke him, note him: O braue *Troylus*, looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his sword is bloudied, and his helme more hackt then *Hectors*, and how hee lookes, and how hee goes? O admirable youth, hee neuer saw three and twenty, go thy way *Troylus*, go thy way, had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a Goddesse, hee should take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant *Hellen* to change would giue an eye to boote.

Cres. Here comes more.

Pa. Asses, fooles, doults, chaff & bran, chaff & bran, porredge after meate, I could liue and die in the eyes of *Troylus*, nere

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looke, nere looke, the Eagles are gonne, crowes and dawes, crowes and dawes, I had rather bee such a man as *Troylus*, then *Agamemnon* and all Greece.

Cres. There is amongst the Greekes *Achilles* a better man then *Troylus*.

Pan. *Achilles*, a dray-man, a porter, a very Camell.

Cres. Well, well:

Pan. Well, well, why haue you any discretion, haue you any eyes, doe you know what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, man-hood, learning, gentlenesse, vertue youth, liberallity and such like, the spice & salt that season a man.

Cres. I a minst man, and then to bee bak't with no date in the pie, for then the mans date is out:

Pan. You are such a woman a man knowes not at what ward you lie:

Cres: Vpon my backe to defend my bellie, vpon my wit to defend my wiles, vpon my secrecy to defend mine honesty, my maske to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these: and at al these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay Ile watch you for that; and thats one of the chiefest of them two: If I cannot ward what I would not haue hit: I can watch you for telling how I tooke the blowe vnlesse it swell past hiding, and then its past watching:

Pan: You are such another: *Enter Boy:*

Boy: Sir my Lord would instantlie speake with you.

Pan: Where?

Boy: At your owne house there he vnarmes him:

Pan. Good boy tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt, fare ye well good Neice: *Cres:* Adiew vncle:

Pan: I wilbe with you Neice by and by:

Cres: To bring vncle: *Pan:* I a token from *Troylus*

Cres: By the same token you are a Bawde,
Words, vowes, guifts, teares and loues full sacrifices
He offers in anothers enterprize,
But more in *Troylus* thousand fould I see,
Then in the glasse of *Pandars* praise may bee:

Yet hold I off: women are angels woing,
„Things woone are done, ioyes soule lies in the dooing.
That shee belou'd, knows naught that knows not this,
„Men price the thing vngaind more then it is,
That she was neuer yet that euer knew
Loue got so sweet, as when desire did sue,
Therefore this *maxim* out of loue I teach,
„*Atchiuement is command; vngaind beseech,*
Then though my hearts content firme loue doth beare,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare. *Exit.*

Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Vlisses, Diomedes,
Menelaus *with others.*

Aga. Princes: what griefe hath set these Iaundies ore your (cheekes?
The ample proposition that hope makes,
In all designes begun on earth below,
Failes in the promist largenesse, checks and disasters,
Grow in the vaines of actions highest reard,
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infects the sound Pine, and diuerts his graine,
Tortiue and errant from his course of growth.
Nor Princes is it matter new to vs,
That we come short of our suppose so farre,
That after seauen yeares siege, yet Troy walls stand,
Sith euer action that hath gone before,
Whereof we haue record, triall did draw,
Bias and thwart: not answering the ayme,
And that vnbodied figure of the thought,
That gau't surmised shape: why then you Princes,
Do you with cheekes abasht behold our workes,
And call them shames which are indeed naught else,
But the protractiue tryals of great *Ioue*,
To finde persistiue constancie in men.
The fineneſſe of which mettall is not found,
In fortunes loue: for then the bould and coward,
The wise and foole, the Artist and vnread,
The hard and soft seeme all affyn'd and kin,
But in the winde and tempest of her frowne,
Distinction with a broad and powerfull fan,

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Puffing at all, winnowss the light away,
And what hath maſſe or matter by it ſelfe,
Lyes rich in vertue and vnmingled.
Neſtor. With due obſeruance of the godlike ſeate,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words. In the reproofe of chance,
Lies the true proofe of men: the ſea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble boates dare ſaile,
Vpon her ancient breſt, making their way
With thoſe of nobler bulke?
But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold
The ſtrong ribbd barke through liquid mountaines cut,
Bounding betweene the two moyſt elements,
Like *Perſeus* horſe. Where's then the ſawcie boate,
Whoſe weake vntymberd ſides but euen now
Corriuald greatneſſe, either to harbor fled,
Or made a toſte for *Neptune*: euen ſo
Doth valours ſhew, and valours worth deuide
In ſtormes of fortune; for in her ray and brightneſſe
The heard hath more annoyance by the Bryze
Then by the Tyger, but when the ſplitting winde,
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Okes,
And Flies fled vnder ſhade, why then the thing of courage,
As rouzd with rage, with rage doth ſimpathize,
And with an accent tun'd in ſelfe ſame key,
Retires to chiding fortune.
Vliſſ. Agamemnon,
Thou great Commander, nerues and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, ſoule and onely ſpright,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be ſhut vp: heere what *Vliſſes* ſpeakes,
Beſides th'applauſe and approbation,
The which moſt mighty (for thy place and ſway
And thou moſt reuerend) for the ſtretcht out life,
I giue to both your ſpeeches; which were ſuch
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece,
Should hold vp high in braſſe, and ſuch againe

As venerable *Neſtor* (hatcht in ſilüer)
Should with a bond of ayre ſtrong as the Axel-tree,
(On which heauen rides) knit all the Greekiſh eares
To his experienc't tongue, yet let it pleaſe both
Thou great and wiſe, to heare *Vliſſes* ſpeake,
Troy yet vpon his baſes had beene downe,
And the great *Hectors* ſword had lackt a maſter
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpecialtie of rule hath beene neglected,
And looke how many Grecian tents do ſtand,
Hollow vpon this plaine, ſo many hollow factions,
When that the generall is not like the hiue,
To whom the forragers ſhall all repaire,
What honey is expected? Degree being viſarded
Th'vnworthieſt ſhewes as fairly in the maske.
The heauens them-ſelues, the planners and this center
Obſerue degree, prioritie and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, forme,
Office and cuſtome, in all line of order.
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and ſpherd,
Amidſt the other; whoſe medcinable eye,
Corrects the influence of euill Planets,
And poſts like the Commandment of a King,
Sans check to good and bad. But when the Planets,
In euill mixture to diſorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutinie?
What raging of the ſea, ſhaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors
Diuert and crack, rend and deracinate,
The vnitie and married calme of ſtates
Quite from their fixure; O when degree is ſhakt,
Which is the ladder of all high deſignes,
The enterpriſe is ſick. How could communities,
Degrees in ſchooles, and brother-hoods in Cities,
Peacefull commerce from deuidable ſhores,
The primogenitie and due of birth,
Prerogatiue of age, crownes, ſcepters, lawrels,

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But by degree ſtand in authentique place:
Take but degree away, vntune that ſtring,
And harke what diſcord followes, each thing melts
In meere oppugnancie: the bounded waters
Should lift their boſomes higher then the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe:
Strength ſhould be Lord of imbecilitie,
And the rude ſonne ſhould ſtrike his father dead.
Force ſhould be right or rather right and wrong,
(*Betweene whoſe endleſſe iarre Iuſtice recides*)
Should looſe their names, and ſo ſhould Iuſtice too?
Then euery thing include it ſelfe in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite an vniuerſall Woolfe,
(So doubly ſeconded with will and power)
Muſt make perforce an vniuerſall prey,
And laſt eate vp himſelfe.
Great *Agamemnon*,
This *chaos* when degree is ſuffocate,
Followes the choaking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward with a purpoſe
It hath to clime. The generalls diſdaind,
By him one ſtep below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath, ſo euery ſtep,
Exampl'd by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his ſuperior, growes to an enuious feauer
Of pale and bloudleſſe emulation,
And 'tis this feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne ſinnews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſſe ſtands not in her ſtrength.
Neſtor. Moſt wiſely hath *Vliſſes* here diſcouerd,
The feuer whereof all our power is ſick.
Agamem. The nature of the ſickneſſe found *Vliſſes*
What is the remedie?
Vliſſes. The great *Achilles* whom opinion crownes,
The ſinnow and the fore-hand of our hoſte,
Hauing his eare full of his ayrie fame,

Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lies mocking our deſignes: with him *Patroclus*
Vpon a lazie bed the liue-long day,
Breakes ſcurrell iests,
And with ridiculous and ſillie action,
Which (ſlanderer) he Imitation calls,
He pageants vs. Some-time great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſſe deputation he puts on,
And like a ſtrutting Player, whoſe conceit
Lyes in his ham-ſtring, and doth thinke it rich
To heere the woodden dialogue and ſound,
Twixt his ſtretcht footing and the ſcoaffollage,
Such to be pitied and ore-reſted ſeeming,
He acts thy greatneſſe in. And when he ſpeakes,
'Tis like a chime a mending, with termes vnſquare,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would ſeeme hiperboles, at this fuſtie ſtuffe,
The large *Achilles* on his preſt bed lolling,
From his deepe cheſt laughes out a lowd applauſe,
Cries excellent; 'tis *Agamemnon* right,
Now play me *Neſtor*, hem and ſtroake thy beard,
As he being dreſt to ſome Oration,
That's done, as neere as the extremeſt ends
Of paralells, as like as *Vulcan* and his wife:
Yet god *Achilles* ſtill cries excellent,
'Tis *Neſtor* right: now play him me *Patroclus*,
Arming to anſwer in a night alarme,
And then forſooth the faint defects of age,
Muſt be the ſcæne of myrth, to coffe and ſpit,
And with a palſie fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the riuet, and at this ſport
Sir valour dyes, cryes O enough *Patroclus*,
Or giue me ribbs of ſteele, I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my ſpleene, and in this faſhion,
All our abilities, guifts, natures ſhapes,
Seuerals and generalls of grace exact,
Atchiuements, plots, orders, preuentions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,

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Succeſſe or loſſe, what is, or is not, ſerues
As ſtuffe for theſe two to make paradoxes,
Neſtor. And in the imitation of theſe twaine,
Who as *Vliſſes* fayes opinion crownes,
With an imperiall voyce: many are infect,
Aiax is growne ſelfe-wild, and beares his head
In ſuch a reyne, in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles*: keepes his Tent like him,
Makes factious feaſts, railes on our ſtate of warre,
Bould as an Oracle, and ſets *Therſites*
A ſlaue, whoſe gall coynes ſlanders like a mint,
To match vs in compariſons with durt,
To weaken our diſcredit, our expoſure
How ranke ſo euer rounded in with danger.
Vliſſes. They taxe our pollicie, and call it cowardice,
Count wiſdome as no member of the warre,
Forſtall preſcience, and eſteeme no act
But that of hand, the ſtill and mentall parts,
That do contriue how many hands ſhall ſtrike,
When fitneſſe calls them on, and know by meaſure
Of their obſeruant toyle the enemies waight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignitie,
They call this bed-worke, mappry, Cloſet warre,
So that the Ram that batters downe the wall,
For the great ſwinge and rudeneſſe of his poiſe,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or thoſe that with the fineſſe of their ſoules,
By reaſon guide his execution.
Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horſe
Makes many *Thetis* ſonnes,
Agam. What trumpet? looke *Menelaus*.
Mene. From Troy.
Agam. What would you fore our tent.
Æne. Is this great *Agamemnons* tent I pray you?
Agam. Euen this.
Æne. May one that is a Herrald and a Prince,
Do a faire meſſage to his Kingly eyes?
Agam. With ſurety ſtronger then *Achilles* arme,

Fore-

Fore all the Greekiſh heads, which with one voice,
Call *Agamemnon* head and generall.
Æne. Faire leaue and large ſecurity, how may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperiall lookes,
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Agam. How?
Æne. I, I aske that I might waken reuerence,
And bid the cheeke be ready with a bluſh, (*Phœbus*,
Modeſt as morning, when ſhee coldly eyes the youthfull
Which is that god, in office guiding men,
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*.
Agam. This Troyan ſcornes vs, or the men of Troy,
Are ceremonious Courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free as debonaire, vnarm'd
As bending Angels, thats their fame in peace:
But when they would ſeeme ſoldiers, they haue galls,
Good armes, ſtrong ioints, true ſwords, & great *Ioues* accord
Nothing ſo full of heart: but peace *Æneas*,
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthineſſe of praiſe diſtaines his worth,
If that the praiſd him-ſelfe bring the praiſe forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blowes, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.
Agam. Sir you of Troy, call you your ſelfe *Æneas*?
Æne. I Greeke, that is my name.
Agam. Whats your affaires I pray you?
Æne. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares.
Aga. He heeres naught priuately that comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whiſper with him,
I bring a trumpet to awake his eare,
To ſet his ſeat on that attentiue bent,
And then to ſpeake.
Agam. Speake frankly as the winde,
It is not *Agamemnons* ſleeping houre;
That thou ſhalt know Troyan he is awake,
Hee tel's thee ſo himſelfe.
Æne. Trumpet blowe alowd,
Send thy braſſe voyce through all theſe lazie tents,

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And euery Greeke of mettell let him know,
What Troy meanes fairely, shall be spoke alowd. *Sound trumpet.*
We haue great *Agamemnon* heere in Troy,
A Prince calld *Hector*, *Priam* is his father,
Who in his dull and long continued truce,
Is rustie growne: He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpose speake. Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among the fairst of Greece,
That holds his honour higher then his ease,
And feeds his praise, more then he feares his perill,
That knowes his valour, and knowes not his feare,
That loues his Mistresse more then in confession,
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)
And dare avowe her beautie, and her worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this challenge;
Hector in view of Troyans and of Greekes,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it:
He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Then euer Greeke did couple in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Mid-way betweene your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouze a Grecian that is true in loue:
If any come, *Hector* shall honor him:
If none, heele say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a Launce. Euen so much.
Agam. This shall be told our louers Lord *Æneas*,
If none of them haue soule in such a kinde,
We left them all at home, but we are souldiers,
And may that souldier a meere recreant prooue,
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue:
If then one is, or hath a meanes to be,
That one meetes *Hector*: if none else I am he.
Nest. Tell him of *Nestor*, one that was a man
When *Hectors* grand-sire suckt. He is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian hoste,
A noble man that hath no sparke of fire
To answer for his loue, tell him from me,

Ile hide my siluer beard in a gould beauer,
And in my vambrace put my withered braunes
And meeting him tell him that my Lady,
Was fairer then his grandam, and as chast,
As may bee in the world, (his youth in flood)
Ile proue this troth with my three drops of bloud,
Æne. Now heauens for-send such scarcity of men.
Vlis. Amen: faire Lord *Æneas* let me touch your hand,
To our pauilion shall I leade you sir;
Achilles shall haue word of this intent,
So shall each Lord of Greece from tent to tent,
Your selfe shall feast with vs before you goe,
And finde the welcome of a noble foe.
Vlis. Nestor. *Nest.* What saies *Vlisses?*
Vlis. I haue a yong conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What ist?
Vlis: Blunt wedges riue hard knots, the seeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blowne vp
In ranke *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or shedding breede a noursery of like euill,
To ouer-bulk vs all. *Nest.* Well and how?
Vlis: This challeng that the gallant *Hector* sends,
How euer it is spread in generall name
Relates in purpose onely to *Achilles*.
Nest. True, the purpose is perspicuous as substance,
Whose grosenesse little characters sum vp:
And in the publication make no straine,
But that *Achilles* weare his braine, as barren,
As banks of libia (*though* Apollo *knowes*
Tis dry enough) will with great speed of iudgement,
I with celerity finde *Hectors* purpose, pointing on him,
Vlis. And wake him to the answere thinke you?
Nest. Why tis most meete; who may you else oppose,
That can from *Hector* bring those honours off,
If not *Achilles*: though't be a sportfull combat,
Yet in the triall much opinion dwells:
For here the Troyans taste our deerest repute,

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With their fin'ſt pallat, and truſt to me *Uliſſes*
Our imputation ſhalbe odly poizde
In this vilde action, for the ſucceſſe,
Although perticuler ſhall giue a ſcantling
Of good or bad vnto the generall,
And in ſuch *indexes* (although ſmall pricks
To their ſubſequent volumes) there is ſeene,
The baby figure of the gyant maſſe,
Of things to come at large: It is ſuppoſ'd
He that meetes *Hector*, yſſues from our choice;
And choice (being mutuall act of all our ſoules)
Makes merit her election, and doth boyle,
(As twere from forth vs all) a man diſtill'd
Out of our vertues, who miſcarrying,
What heart receiues from hence a conquering part,
To ſteele a ſtrong opinion to them ſelues.

Uliſſ. Giue pardon to my ſpeech? therefore tis meete,
Achilles meete not *Hector*, let vs like Marchants
Firſt ſhew foule wares, and thinke perchance theile ſell;
If not; the luſter of the better ſhall exceed,
By ſhewing the worſe firſt: do not conſent,
That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meet,
For both our honour and our ſhame in this, are dog'd with
two ſtrange followers.

Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eyes what are they?

Vleſſ. What glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*
Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare with him:
But he already is too' inſolent,
And it were better parch in Affique Sunne,
Then in the pride and ſault ſcorne of his eyes
Should he ſcape *Hector* faire. If he were foild,
Why then we do our maine opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a lottry
And by deuiſe let blockiſh *Aiax* draw
The ſort to fight with *Hector*, among our ſelues,
Giue him allowance for the better man,
For that will phiſick the great Myrmidon,
Who broyles in loud applauſe, and make him fall,

His

His creſt that prouder then blew Iris bends,
If the dull brainleſſe *Aiax* come ſafe off
Weele dreſſe him vp in voices, if he faile
Yet go we vnder our opinion ſtill,
That we haue better men, but hit or miſſe,
Our proiects life this ſhape of ſence aſſumes
Aiax imploy'd plucks downe *Achilles* plumes.

Neſt. Now *Vleſſes* I begin to reliſh thy aduiſe,
And I will giue a taſte thereof forthwith,
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him ſtraight
Two curres ſhall tame each other, pride alone
Muſt arre the maſtiffs on, as twere a bone. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aiax and Therſites.

Aiax. Therſites.

Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had bi'es, full, all ouer, generally. *Aiax. Therſites.*

Ther: And thoſe byles did run (ſay ſo), did not the generall run then, were not that a botchy core. *Aiax.* Dogge.

Ther. Then would come ſome matter from him, I ſee none now.

Aia: Thou bitchwolfs ſon canſt thou not heare, feele then.

Ther. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou mongrell beefe witted Lord.

Aiax: Speake then thou vnſalted leauen, ſpeake, I will beate thee into hanſomneſſe.

Ther. I ſhall ſooner raile thee into wit and holineſſe, but I thinke thy horſe will ſooner cunne an oration without booke, then thou learne prair without booke, thou canſt ſtrike canſt thou? a red murrion ath thy Iades trickes.

Aiax. Tode-ſtoole? learne me the proclamation.

Ther: Dooſt thou thinke I haue no ſence thou ſtrikeſt mee thus? *Aiax.* The proclamation.

Ther: Thou art proclaim'd foole I thinke.

Aiax. Do not Porpentin, do not, my fingers itch:

Ther. I would thou didſt itch from head to foote, and I had the ſcratching of the, I would make thee the lothſomeſt ſcab in Greece, when thou art forth in the incurſions thou ſtrikeſt as ſlow as another.

Aiax:

Aiax. I say the proclamation.

Ther. Thou grombleſt and rayleſt euery houre on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of enuy at his greatneſſe, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpinas* beauty, I that thou barkſt at him.

Aiax. Miſtres *Therſites*.

Ther. Thou ſhouldſt ſtrike him. *Aiax Cobloſe*, Hee would punne thee into ſhiuers with his fiſt, as a ſayler breakes a bisket, you horſon curre. Do? do?

Aiax: Thou ſtoole for a witch:

Ther. I, Do? do? thou ſodden witted Lord, thou haſt no more braine then I haue in mine elbowes, an *Aſinico* may tutor thee, you ſcuruy valiant aſſe, thou art heere but to thraſh Troyans, and thou art bought and ſould among thoſe of any wit, like a Barbarian ſlaue. If thou vſe to beate mee I will beginne at thy heele, and tell what thou art by ynches, thou thing of no bowells thou.

Aiax. You dog: *Ther.* You ſcuruy Lord.

Aiax. You curre.

Ther. *Mars* his Idiot, do rudeneſſe, do Camel, do, do.

Achil. Why how now *Aiax* wherefore do yee thus, How now *Therſites* whats the matter man.

Ther. You ſee him there? do you?

Achil. I whats the matter. *Ther:* Nay looke vpon him.

Achil: So I do, whats the matter?

Ther: Nay but regard him well.

Achil: Well, why ſo I do.

Ther: But yet you looke not well vpon him, for who ſome euer you take him to be he is *Aiax*.

Achil. I know that foole.

Ther. I but that foole knowes not himſelfe.

Aiax: Therefore I beate thee.

Ther: Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicums* of wit he vtters, his euaſions haue eares thus long, I haue bobd his braine more then he has beate my bones. It will buy nine ſparrowes for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow: this Lord (*Achilles*) *Aiax*, who weares his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I tell you what I ſay of him.

Ach. What. *Ther.* I ſay this *Aiax*.

Achil. Nay good *Aiax*. *Ther.* Has not ſo much wit.

Achil. Nay I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of *Hellens* needle, for whom he comes to fight. *Achil.* Peace foole?

Ther. I would haue peace and quietneſſe, but the foole will not, he there, that he: looke you there?

Aiax. Oh thou damned curre I ſhall———

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a fooles.

Ther. No I warrant you, the fooles will ſhame it.

Patro. Good words *Theſites*. *Achil.* Whats the quarrell.

Aiax. I bad the vile oule goe learne mee the tenor of the proclamation, and he railes vpon me.

Ther. I ſerue thee not? *Aiax.* Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I ſerue here voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſeruice was ſuffrance: twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary. *Aiax* was here the voluntary, and you as vnder an Impreſſe.

Ther. E'ene ſo, a great deale of your witte to, lies in your ſinnewes, or els there bee liers, *Hector* ſhall haue a great catch and knocke at either of your braines, a were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernell.

Achil. What with me to *Therſites*.

Ther. Theris *Vliſſes* and old *Neſtor*, whoſe wit was mouldy ere their grandſiers had nailes, yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough vp the warres.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes good ſooth, to *Achilles*, to *Aiax*, to ———

Aiax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeake as much as thou afterwards.

Patro. No more words *Therſites* peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* brooch bids me, (ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like *Clatpoles*, ere I come any more to your tents, I will keepe where there is wit ſtirring, and leaue the faction of fooles. *Exit.*

Patro. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this ſir is proclaim'd through all our hoſte, That *Hector* by the firſt houre of the Sunne:

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Will with a trumpet twixt our Tents and Troy,
To morrow morning call some Knight to armes,
That hath a stomack, and such a one that dare,
Maintaine I know not what, (tis trash) farewell——
Aiax. Farewell, who shall answer him.
Achil. I know not; tis put to lottry, otherwise,
He knew his man.
Aiax. O meaning you? I will go learne more of it.
Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.
Priam. After so many houres, liues, speeches spent,
Thus once againe saies *Nestor* from the Greekes:
Deliuer *Hellen*, (and all domage els,
As honour, losse of time, trauell, expence,
Wounds, friends and what els deere that is consum'd:
In hot digestion of this cormorant warre)
Shalbe stroke off, *Hector* what say you to't?
Hect: Though no man lesser feares the Greekes then I
As farre as toucheth my particular: yet dread *Priam*
There is no Lady of more softer bowells,
More spungy to suck in the sence of feare:
More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes
Then *Hector* is: the wound of peace is surely
Surely secure, but modest doubt is calld
The beacon of the wise, the tent that serches,
Too'th bottome of the worst let *Hellen* go,
Since the first sword was drawne about this question
Euery tith soule 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath beene as deere as *Hellen*. I meane of ours:
If we haue losse so many tenthes of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs,
(Had it our name) the valew of one ten,
What merits in that reason which denies,
The yeelding of her vp?
Troy. Fie, fie, my brother,
Way you the worth and honour of a King:
So great as our dread fathers in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with *Compters* summe,
The past proportion of his infinite

And buckle in, a waste most fathomles,
With spanes and inches so dyminutue:
As feares and reasons: Fie for Godly shame?
Hele. No maruell though you bite so sharpe of reasons,
You are so empty of them should not our father;
Beare the great sway of his affaires with reason,
Because your speech hath none that tell him so?
Troy. You are for dreames and slumbers brother Priest,
You furre your gloues with reason, here are your reasons
You know an enemy intrends you harme:
You know a sword imployde is perilous
And reason flies the obiect of all harme.
Who maruells then when *Helenus* beholds,
A Gretian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heeles,
And flie like chidden *Mercury* from *Ioue*
Or like a starre disorbd? nay if we talke of reason,
Sers shut our gates and sleepe: man-hood and honour,
Should haue hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cram'd reason, reason and respect,
Make lyuers pale, and lusthood deiect.
Hect. Brother, shee is not worth, what shee doth cost the keeping.
Troy. Whats aught but as tis valued.
Hect. But valew dwells not in perticuler will,
It holds his estimate and dignity,
As well wherein tis precious of it selfe
As in the prizer, tis madde Idolatry
To make the seruice greater then the God,
And the will dotes that is attributiue;
To what infectiously it selfe affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit,
Troy. I take to day a wife, and my election:
Is led on in the conduct of my will,
My will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded pilots twixt the dangerous shore,
Of will and Iudgement: how may I auoyde?
(Although my will distast what it elected)

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The wife I chooſe, there can be no euaſion,
To blench from this and to ſtand firme by honor,
We turne not backe the ſilkes vpon the marchant
When we haue ſoild them, nor the remainder viands,
We do not throw in vnreſpectiue ſiue,
Becauſe we now are full, it was thought meete
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the Greekes.
Your breth with full conſent bellied his ſailes,
The ſeas and winds (old wranglers) tooke a truce:
And did him ſeruice, hee toucht the ports deſir'd,
And for an old aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queene, whoſe youth and freſhneſſe,
Wrinckles *Apolloes*, and makes pale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt,
Is ſhe worth keeping? why ſhee is a pearle,
Whoſe price hath lanſh't aboue a thouſand ſhips:
And turn'd crown'd Kings to Marchants,
If youle auouch twas wiſdome *Paris* went,
As you muſt needs, for you all cri'd go, go,
If youle confeſſe be brought home worthy prize:
As you muſt needs, for you all, clapt your hands,
And cry'd ineſtimable: why do you now
The yſſue of your proper wiſdomes rate,
And do a deed that neuer fortune did,
Begger the eſtimation, which you priz'd
Ritcher then ſea and land? O theft moſt baſe,
That wee haue ſtolne, what we do feare to keepe,
But theeues vnworthy of a thing ſo ſtolne:
That in their country did them that diſgrace,
We feare to warrant in our natiue place.

Enter Caſſandra rauing.

Caſſ. Cry Troyans cry:
Priam. What noiſe? what ſhrike is this?
Troy. Tis our madde ſiſter I do know her voice,
Caſſ. Cry Troyans. *Hect.* It is *Caſſandra!*
Caſſ. Cry Troyans cry, lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick teares.
Hect. Peace ſiſter peace.

Caſſ. Virgins and boyes, mid-age, and wrinckled elders,
Soft infancie, that nothing canſt but crie,
Adde to my clamours: let vs pay be-times
A moytie of that maſſe of mone to come:
Crie *Troyans* crye, practiſe your eyes with teares,
Troy muſt not bee, nor goodly Ilion ſtand,
Our fire-brand brother *Paris* burnes vs all,
Crie Troyans crie, a *Helen* and a woe,
Crie crie, Troy burnes, or elſe let *Helen* goe. *Exit.*
Hect. Now youthfull *Troylus*, do not theſe high ſtraines
Of diuination in our Siſter, worke
Some touches of remorſe? or is your bloud
So madly hott, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor feare of bad ſucceſſe in a bad cauſe,
Can qualifie the ſame?
Troy. Why brother *Hector*,
We may not thinke the iuſtneſſe of each act
Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes,
Becauſe *Caſſandra's* madde, her brain-ſick raptures
Cannot diſtaſt the goodneſſe of a quarrell,
Which hath our ſeuerall honors all engag'd,
To make it gratious. For my priuate part,
I am no more toucht then all *Priams* ſonnes:
And *Ioue* forbid there ſhould be done amongſt vs,
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleene,
To fight for and maintaine.
Par. Elſe might the world conuince of leuitie,
As well my vnder-takings as your counſells,
But I atteſt the gods, your full conſent,
Gaue wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All feares attending on ſo dire a proiect,
For what (alas) can theſe my ſingle armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To ſtand the puſh and enmitie of thoſe
This quarrell would excite? Yet I proteſt
Were I alone to paſſe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,

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Paris should nere retract, what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuite,
Pria. Paris you speake
Like one be-sotted on your sweet delights,
You haue the hony still, but these the gall,
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.
Par. Sir, I propose not meerly to my selfe,
The pleasures such a beautie brings with it,
But I would haue the soile of her faire rape,
Wip't of in honorable keeping her,
What treason were it to the ransackt queene,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliuer her possession vp
On tearmes of base compulsion? can it be,
That so degenerate a straine as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosomes?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to drawe,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestowd, or death vnfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the subiect. Then I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large spaces cannot parallell.
Hect. Paris and *Troylus*, you haue both said well,
And on the cause and question now in hand,
Haue glozd, but superficially, not much
Vnlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
Vnfit to heere *Morrall Philosophie*;
The reasons you alleadge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distempred blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
Twixt right and wrong: for pleasure and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then Adders to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature craues
All dues be rendred to their owners. Now
What nearer debt in all humanitie,
Then wife is to the husband? if this lawe
Of nature be corrupted through affection

And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benummed wills resist the same,
There is a lawe in each well-orderd nation,
To curbe those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractarie;
If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta's* King,
As it is knowne she is, these morrall lawes
Of nature and of nations, speake alowd
To haue her back returnd: thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heauie. *Hectors* opinion
Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lesse,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keepe *Helen* still,
For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,
Vpon our ioynt and seuerall dignities.
Tro. Why there you touchd the life of our designe:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heauing spleenes,
I would not wish a drop of Troyan bloud,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize vs,
For I presume braue *Hector* would not loose
So rich aduantage of a promisd glory,
As smiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds reuenew.
Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great *Priamus*,
I haue a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits,
I was aduertizd, their great generall slept,
Whilst emulation in the armie crept:
This I presume will wake him. *Exeunt.*

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Enter Therſites *ſolus.*

How now *Therſites?* what loſt in the Labyrinth of thy furie? ſhall the Elephant *Aiax* carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy ſatisfaction, would it were otherwiſe: that I could beate him, whilſt hee raild at mee: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raiſe Diuels, but Ile ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpitefull execrations. Then ther's *Achilles*, a rare inginer. If Troy bee not taken till theſe two vndermine it, the walls will ſtand till they fall of them-ſelues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art *Ione* the king of gods: and *Mercury*, looſe all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if yee take not that little little leſſe then little witte from them that they haue: which ſhort-armd Ignorance it ſelfe knowes is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumuention deliuer a flie from a ſpider, without drawing their maſſie Irons, and cutting the web. After this the vengeance on the whole campe, or rather the Neopolitan bone-ache: for that me thinkes is the curſe depending on thoſe that warre for a placket. I haue ſaid my prayers, and diuell Enuie ſay *Amen.* What ho my Lord *Achilles?*

Patrocl. Whoſe there? *Therſites?* good *Therſites* come in and raile.

Therſ. If I could a remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou couldſt not haue ſlipt out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, thy ſelfe vpon thy ſelfe. The common curſe of mankinde, Folly and Ignorance, be thine in great reuenew: Heauen bleſſe thee from a tutor, and diſcipline come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death: then if ſhe that layes thee out ſayes thou art not a faire courſe, Ile be ſworne and ſworne vpon't, ſhee neuer ſhrowded any but lazars. *Amen.* Where's *Achilles?*

Patro. What art thou deuout? waſt thou in prayer?

Therſ. I the heauens heare me.

Patro. Amen. *Enter* Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patro. Therſites my Lord.

Achil. Where? where? O where? art thou come why my cheese,

cheeſe, my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſerued thy ſelfe into my table, ſo many meales, come what's *Agamemnon?*

Ther. Thy commander *Achilles*, then tell me *Patroclus*, whats *Achilles?*

Patro. Thy Lord *Therſites.* Then tell mee I pray thee, what's *Therſites?*

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus*: then tell mee *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patro. Thou mſt tell that knoweſt.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile decline the whole queſtion. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* knower, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Deriue this? come?

Ther. Agamemnon is a foole to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded. *Therſites* is a foole to ſerue ſuch a foole, and this *Patroclus* is a foole poſitiue.

Patr. Why am I a foole?

Ther. Make that demand of the Prouer, it ſuffices mee thou art: looke you, who comes heere?

Enter Agam: Vliſſ: Neſtor, Diomed, Aiax & Calcas.

Achil. Come *Patroclus*, Ile ſpeake with no body: come in with me *Therſites.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patcherie, ſuch iugling, and ſuch knauery: all the argument is a whore, and a Cuckold, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, & bleed to death vpon.

Agam. Where is *Achilles?*

Patro. Within his tent, but ill diſpoſd my Lord.

Aga. Let it be knowne to him, that we are heere,
He ſate our meſſengers and we lay by,
Our appertainings, viſiting of him
Let him be told ſo, leaſt perchance he thinke,
We dare not moue the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patro. I ſhall ſay ſo to him.

Vliſſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his tent,
Hee is not ſick.

Aiax. Yes Lion ſick, ſick of proud heart, you may call it

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melancholy, if you will fauour the man. But by my head, tis pride: but why, why, let him shew vs a cause?

Nest. What mooues *Aiax* thus to bay at him?

Vliss. *Achilles* hath inueigled his foole from him,

Nest. Who *Thersites*? *Vliss.* He.

Nest. The wil *Aiax* lack matter, if he haue lost his argumẽt.

Vli. No you see he is his argument, that has his argument *Achilles*.

Nes. All the better, their fractiõ is more our wish then their faction, but it was a strõg composure a foole could disunite.

Vli. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily vnty,
Heere comes *Patroclus*. *Nest.* No *Achilles* with him.

Vlis. The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for courtesie,
His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me say he is much sorry,
If any thing more then your sport and pleasure
Did mooue your greatnesse, and this noble state,
To call vpon him. He hopes it is no other
But for your health, and your digestion sake,
An after dinners breath.

Agam. Heere you *Patroclus*:
We are too well acquainted with these answers;
But his euasion winged thus swift with scorne,
Cannot out-flie our apprehensions,
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him. Yet all his vertues,
Not vertuously on his owne part beheld,
Doe in our eyes begin to lose their glosse,
Yea like faire fruite in an vnhelsome dish;
Are like to rott vntasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speake with him, and you shall not sinne,
If you do say, we thinke him ouer-proud
And vnder-honest, in selfe assumption greater
Then in the note of iudgement. And worthier then himselfe
Heere tend the sauage strangenesse he puts on:
Disguise, the holy strength of their command,
And vnder-write in an obseruing kinde,
His humorous predominance; yea watch

His

His course, and time, his ebbs and flowes, and if
The passage, and whole streame of his commencement,
Rode on his tide. Goo tell him this, and adde,
That if he ouer-hold his price so much,
Weele none of him, But let him like an engine,
Not portable, lye vnder this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot go to warre,
A stirring dwarfe we doe allowance giue,
Before a sleeping gyant. Tell him so.

Patr. I shall, and bring his answer presently.

Agam. In second voyce weele not be satisfied,
We come to speake with him: *Vlisses* entertaine.

Aiax. What is he more then another?

Agam. No more then what he thinkes he is.

Aiax. Is he so much: doe you not thinke he thinkes himselfe a better man then I am?

Agam. No question.

Aiax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is.

Agam. No noble *Aiax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Aia. Why should a man be proud? how doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your minde is the cleerer, and your vertues the fairer, hee that is proud eates vp him-selfe: Pride is his owne glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne chronicle, and what euer praises it selfe but in the deed, deuoures the deed in the praise.

Enter Vlisses.

Aiax. I do hate a proud man, as I do hate the ingendring of Toades.

Nest. And yet he loues himselfe, ist not strange?

Vlis. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Vlis. He doth relye on none,
But carries on the streame of his dispose,
Without obseruance, or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.

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Agam. Why will he not vpon our faire request,
Vntent his person, and share th'ayre with vs.
Vlis. Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely,
He makes important, possest he is with greatnesse,
And speakes not to himselfe but with a pride,
That quarrels at selfe breath. Imagind worth,
Holds in his bloud such swolne and hott discourse,
That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts,
Kingdomd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters downe himselfe. What should I say,
He is so plaguie proud, that the death tokens of it,
Cry no recouerie. *Agam.* Let *Aiax* go to him,
Deare Lord, go you, and greete him in his tent,
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be lead,
At your request a litt'e from himselfe.
Vlis. O *Agamemnon* let it not be so,
Weele consecrate the steps that *Aiax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*: shall the proud Lord
That bastes his arrogance with his owne seame,
And neuer suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, saue such as doth reuolue,
And ruminate him-selfe: shall he be worshipt,
Of that we hold an idoll more then hee,
No: this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Shall not so staule his palme nobly acquird,
Nor by my will assubiugate his merit,
As amply liked as *Achilles* is, by going to *Achilles*,
That were to enlard his fat already pride,
And adde more coles to *Cancer* when he burnes,
With entertaining great *Hiperion*,
This Lord go to him, *Iupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder *Achilles* go to him.
Nest. O this is well, he rubs the vaine of him.
Diom. And how his silence drinkes vp his applause,
Aia. If I go to him: with my armed fist ile push him ore the face.
Agam. O no, you shall not goe,
Aia. And he be proud with me, Ile phese his pride,
Let me goe to him,

Vlis.

Vlis. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrell.
Aiax. A paltry insolent fellow.
Nest. How he describes himselfe.
Aiax. Can he not be sociable.
Vlis. The Rauen chides blacknesse.
Aiax. Ile tell his humorous bloud.
Agam. Hee wilbe the phisition, that should bee the patient. *Aiax.* And all men were of my minde.
Vlis. Wit would bee out of fashion.
Aiax: A should not beare it so, a should eate swords first? shall pride carry it?
Nest. And two'od yow'd carry halfe.
Aiax. A would haue ten shares. I will kneade him, Ile make him supple, he's not yet through warme?
Nest. Force him with praiers poure in, poure, his ambition is dule.
Vlis. My Lord you feed too much on this dislike.
Nest. Our noble generall do not do so?
Diom. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.
Vlis: Why tis this naming of him do's him harme,
Here is a man but tis before his face, I wilbe silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous as *Achulles* is.
Vlis. Know the whole world hee is as valiant——
Aiax. A hoarson dog: that shall palter with vs thus, would hee were a Troyan?
Nest. What a vice were it in *Aiax* now?
Vlis: If hee were proude.
Diom. Or couetous of praise.
Vlis. Ior surly borne.
Diom. Or strange or selfe affected.
Vlis: Thank the heauens Lord, thou art of sweet composure
Praise him that gat thee, shee that gaue thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature,
Thrice fam'd beyond all thy erudition:
But hee that disciplind thine armes to fight,
Let *Mars* diuide eternity in twaine,
And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour:

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Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yeeld,
To sinowy *Aiax*, I will not praise thy wisdome,
Which like a boord: a pale, a shore confines
This spacious and dilated parts, here's *Nestor*,
Instructed by the antiquary times:
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise,
But pardon father *Nestor* were your daies
As greene as *Aiax*, and your braine so temper'd,
You should not haue the eminence of him,
But be as *Aiax*. *Aiax*. Shall I call you father?
Nest. I my good Sonne.
Dio. Be rul'd by him Lord *Aiax*.
Vlis. There is no tarrying here the Hart *Achilles*,
Keepes thicket, please at our great generall,
To call together all his state of warre,
Fresh Kings are come to Troy, To morrow
We must with all our maine of power stand fast,
And here's a Lord come Knights from East to West
And cull their flower, *Aiax* shall cope the best.
Aga. Go we to counsell, let *Achilles* sleepe,
Light boates saile swift, though greater hulkes draw deepe.
Enter Pandarus. (*Exeunt*,
Pan. Friend you, pray you a word, doe you not follow the yong Lord *Paris*. *Man*. I sir when he goes before mee.
Pan. You depend vpon him I meane.
Man. Sir I do depend vpon the Lord.
Pan. You depend vpon a notable gentleman I must needs praise him.
Man. The Lord be praized?
Pan. You know me? doe you not?
Man. Faith sir superficially.
Pan. Friend know mee better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.
Man. I hope I shall know your honour better?
Pan. I do desire it.
Man. You are in the state of grace?
Pan. Grace? not so friend, honour and Lordship are my titles, what musicke is this?
Man. I do but partly know sir, it is musick in parties.

Pan.

Pan. Know you the musicians?
Man. Wholy sir. *Pan*. Who play they to?
Man. To the hearers sir.
Pan. At whose pleasure friend?
Man. At mine sir, and theirs that loue musicke.
Pan. Command I meane:
Man. Who shall I command sir?
Pan. Friend we vnderstand not one another, I am too courtly and thou too cunning, at whose request do these men play?
Man. Thats to't indeed sir? marry sir, at the request of *Paris* my Lord, who is there in person, with him the mortall *Venus*, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuisible soule.
Pan. Who my cozen *Cressida*.
Man. No sir, *Hellen*, could not you finde out that by her attributes.
Pan. It should seeme fellow thou hast not seene the Lady *Cressid* I come to speake with *Paris*, from the Prince *Troylus*, I will make a complementall assault vpon him for my businesse seeth's.
Man. Sodden businesse, theirs a stew'd phrase indeed.
Enter Paris and Hellen.
Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company, faire desires in all faire measure fairlie guide them, especially to you faire Queene faire thoughts be your faire pillow.
Hel. Dere Lord you are full of faire words.
Pan. You speake your faire pleasure sweet Queene, Faire Prince here is good broken musicke.
Par. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life, you shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a peece of your performance. *Nel*. he is full of harmony.
Pan. Truely Lady no. *Hel*. O sir:
Pan. Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.
Paris. Well said my Lord, well, you say so in fits.
Pan. I haue businesse to my Lord deere Queene? my Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.
Hel. Nay this shall not hedge vs out, weele here you sing certainely.
Pan. Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with mee, but,

mary,

marry? thus my Lord my deere Lord, and most esteemed friend your brother *Troylus*.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus* hony sweet Lord,

Pan. Go too sweet Queene, go to?
Comends himselfe most affectionatly to you.

Hel. You shall not bob vs out of our melody,
If you do our melancholy vpon your head.

Pan. Sweet Queene, sweet Queene, thats a sweet Queene I faith———

Hel. And to make a sweet Lady sad is a sower offence.

Pan. Nay that shall not serue your turne, that shall it not in truth la? Nay I care not for such words, no, no. And my Lord hee desires you that if the King call for him at super. You will make his excuse.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. What saies my sweete Queenem, y very very sweet Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where supes he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan What saies my sweet Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You must not know where he sups.

Par. Ile lay my life with my disposer *Cressida*.

Pan. No, no? no such matter you are wide, come your disposer is sicke.

Par. Well ile makes excuse?

Pan. I good my Lord, why should you say *Cressida*, no, your disposers sick. *Par.* I spie?

Pan. You spy? what doe you spie? come, giue mee an instrument, now sweete Queene:

Hel. Why this is kindely done?

Pan. My Neece is horribly in loue with a thing you haue sweete Queene.

Hel. Shee shall haue it my Lord, if it bee not my Lord *Paris*.

Pand. Hee? no? sheele none of him, they two are tawine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out may make them three.

Pand.

Pand. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing you a song now.

Hell: I, I, prethee, now by my troth sweet lad thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pand: I you may, you may.

Hell: Let thy song be loue: this loue will vndoe vs all. Oh *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

Pand: Loue? I that it shall yfaith.

Par: I good now loue, lone, nothing but loue.

Pand: *Loue, loue, nothing but loue. still loue still more:*
For o loues bow. Shoots Bucke and Doe.
The shafts confound not that it wounds
But ticles still the sore:
These louers cry, oh ha they dye,
Yet that which seemes the wound to kill,
Doth turne oh ho; to ha ha he,
So dying loue liues still,
O ho a while, but ha ha ha,
O ho grones out for ha ha ha——hey ho,

Hell: In loue I faith to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eates nothing but doues loue, and that breeds hot blood, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deeds is loue.

Pand. Is this the generation of loue: hot bloud hot thoughts and hot deedes why they are vipers, is loue a generation of vipers:
Sweete Lord whose a field to day?

Par: *Hector, Deipholus, Helenes, Anthenor*, and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not haue it so.
How chance my brother *Troylus* went not?

Hell: He hangs the lippe at something, you know al Lord *Pandarus*.

Pand: Not I hony sweete Queene, I long to heare how they sped to day:
Youle remember your brothers excuse?

Par: To a hayre.

Pand: Farewell sweete Queene.

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Hell. Commend me to your neece.
Pand. I will sweet Queene. *Sound a retreat?*
Par: Their come from the field: let vs to Priames Hall
To greete the warriers. Sweet *Helen* I must woe you,
To helpe vn-arme our *Hector*: his stubborne bucles
With this your white enchaunting fingers toucht;
Shall more obey then to the edge of steele,
Or force of Greekish sinewes: you shall do more
Then all the Iland Kinges, disarme great *Hector*.
Hell: Twil make vs proud to be his seruant *Paris?*
Yea what he shall receiue of vs in duty,
Giues vs more palme in beauty then we haue.
Yea ouershines our selfe.
Par: Sweet aboue thought I loue her? *Exeunt.*

Enter. Pandarus Troylus, man.

Pand: How now wher's thy maister, at my Cousin *Cressida?*
Man: No sir stayes for you to conduct him thether.
Pand: O heere he comes: how now, how now?
Troy: Sirra walke off.
Pand: Haue you seene my Cousine?
Troy: No *Pandarus*, I stalke about her dore
Like to a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes
Staying for waftage. O be thou my Charon,
And giue me swift transportance to these fieldes,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle *Pandar*,
From *Cupids* shoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to *Cressid*.
Pand: Walke heere ith' Orchard, Ile bring her straight.
Troy: I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,
Th'ymaginary relish is so sweete,
That it inchaunts my sence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taste indeed
Loues thrice repured Nectar? Death I feare me
Sounding distruction, or some ioy too fyne,
Too subtill, potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetnesse
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I feare it much, and I doe feare besides

That I shall loose distinction in my ioyes
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying.
Pand. Shees making her ready, sheele come straight, you must be witty now, she does so blush, and fetches her wind so short as if shee were fraid with a spirite: Ile fetch her; it is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath as short as a new tane sparrow.
Troy: Euen such a passion doth imbrace my bosome,
My heart beats thicker then a feauorous pulse,
And all my powers do their bestowing loose
Like vassalage at vnwares encountring
the eye of maiesty. *Enter pandar and Cressid.*
Pand. Come, come, what need you blush?
Shames a babie; heere shee is now, sweare the othes now to her that you haue sworne to me: what are you gone againe, you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must you? come your waies come your waies, and you draw backward weele put you ith fillies: why doe you not speake to her. Come draw this curtaine, and lets see your picture; alasse the day? how loath you are to offend day light; and twere darke you'd dose sooner: so so, rub on and kisse the mistresse; how now a kisse in fee-farme: build there Carpenter the ayre is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The faulcon, as the tercell; for all the ducks ith riuer: go too, go too.
Troy: You haue bereft me of all wordes Lady.
Pand: Words pay no debts; giue her deeds; but sheele bereaue you ath' deeds too if she call your activity in question: what billing again: heeres in witnesse whereof the parties interchangeably. Come in come in Ile go get a fire?
Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?
Troy. O *Cressid* how often haue I wisht me thus.
Cres. Wisht my Lord? the gods graunt? O my Lord?
Troy. What should they graunt? what makes this pretty abruption: what to curious dreg espies my sweete lady in the fountaine of our loue?
Cres. More dregs then water if my teares haue eyes.
Troy. Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see truly.

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Cref. Blind feare that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing, then blind reason, stumbling without feare: to feare the worst oft cures the worse.

Troy. O let my Lady apprehend no feare,
In all *Cupids* pageant there is presented no monster.

Cref. Nor nothing monstrous neither.

Troy. Nothing but our vndertakings, when wee vow to weepe seas, liue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers, thinking it harder for our mistresse to deuise imposition ynough then for vs to vndergoe any difficulty imposed.
This the monstruosity in loue Lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confind, that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slaue to lymite.

Cref. They say all louers sweare more performance thene then they are able, and yet reserue an ability that they neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten: and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares are they not monsters?

Troy. Are there such: such are not we; Praise vs as wee are tasted, allow vs as we proue: our head shall goe bare till merit louer part no affection in reuersion shall haue a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and being borne, his addition shall bee humble: few words: to to faire faith. *Troylus* shall be such to *Cressid*, as what enuy can say worst shall bee a mocke for his truth, and what truth can speake truest not truer then *Troylus*.

Cref. Will you walke in my Lord?

Pand. What blushing still, haue you not done talking yet?

Cref. VVell Vncle what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Pand. I thanke you for that if my Lord gette a boy of you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch chide me for it.

Troy: You know now your hostages, your Vncles word and my firme faith.

Pand. Nay Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they bee woed, they are constant being

being wonne, they are burres I can tell you, theyle sticke where they are throwne.

Cref. Bouldnesse comes to me now and brings me heart: Prince *Troylus* I haue loued you night and day, for many weary moneths.

Troy: Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to wyn?

Cref: Hard to seeme wonne: but I was wonne my Lord
With the first glance: that euer pardon me
If I confesse much you will play the tyrant,
I loue you now, but till now not so much;
But I might master it; in faith I lye,
My thoughts were like vnbrideled chilpren grone
Too headstrong for their mother: see wee fooles,
VVhy haue I blab'd: who shall be true to vs
VVhen we are so vnsecret to our selues.
But though I loue'd you well, I woed you not,
And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man;
Or that we women had mens priuiledge
Of speaking first. Sweete bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speake
The thing I shall repent: see see your scylence
Comming in dumbnesse, from my weaknesse drawes
My very soule of councell. Stop my mouth.

Troy: And shall, albeit sweet musique issues thence.

Pand. Pretty yfaith.

Cref. My Lord I doe beseech you pardon me,
Twas not my purpose thus to begge a kisse:
I am asham'd; O Heauens what haue I done!
For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.

Troy: Your leaue sweete *Cressid*:

Pan: Leaue: and you take leaue till to morrow morning.

Cref: Pray you content you. *Troy:* What offends you Lady?

Cref: sir mine own company.

Troy: You cannot shun your selfe.

Cref: Let me goe and try:
I haue a kind of selfe recids with you:
But an vnkinde selfe, that it selfe will leaue,
To be anothers foole. I would be gone:

 where

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Where is my wit? I know not what I speake, (wisely,
Tro. Well know they what they speake, that speake so
Cres. Perchance my Lord I show more craft then loue,
And fell so roundly to a large confession.
To angle for your thoughts, but you are wise,
Or else you loue not: for to be wise and loue,
Exceeds mans might that dwells with gods aboue.
Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman.
As if it can I will presume in you,
To feed for age her lampe and flames of loue.
To keepe her constancy in plight and youth.
Out-liuing beauties outward, with a mind,
That doth renew swifter then blood decays,
Or that persuasion could but thus conuince me,
That my integrity and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and waight,
O! such a winnowed purity in loue,
How were I then vp-lifted: but alasse,
I am as true as truths simplicity,
And simpler then the infancy of truth.
Cres. In that ile war with you, *Tro.* O vertuous fight,
When right with right warres who shalbe most right,
True swains in loue shall in the world to come
Approue their trueth by *Troylus*, when their rimes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
Wants simele's truth tyrd with iteration.
As true as steele, as plantage to the moone.
As sunne to day: as turtle to her mate,
As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th' Center,
After all comparisons of truth,
(As truths authentique author to be cited)
As true as *Troylus*, shall croune vp the verse,
And sanctifie the nombers,
Cres. Prophet may you bee,
If I bee false or swarue a hayre from truth,
When time is ould or hath forgot it selfe,
When water drops haue worne the stones of *Troy*,
And blind oblivion swallowd Cities vp.

And mighty states character-les are grated,
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false among false mayds in loue,
Vpbraid my falsehood, when th'haue said as false,
As ayre, as water, wind or sandy earth,
As Fox to Lambe; or Wolfe to Heifers Calfe,
Pard to the Hind, or stepdame to her Sonne,
Yea let them say to sticke the heart of falsehood,
As false as *Cressid.*
Pand. Go to a bargaine made, seale it, seale it ile bee the witnes here I hold your hand, here my Cozens, if euer you proue false one, to another since I haue taken such paine to bring you together let all pittifull goers betweene be cald to the worlds end after my name, call them all Panders, let all constant men be Troyluses all false woemen *Cressids*, and all brokers betweene panders; say Amen.
Tro. Amen. *Cre.* Amen.
Pan. Amen.
Wherevpon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed because it shall not speake of your prety encounters presse it to death; away. *Exeunt.*
And Cupid grant all tong-tide maydens here,
Bed, chamber, Pander to prouide this geere. *Exit.*
Enter Vlisses, Diomed, Nestor, Agamem, Chalcas.
Cal Now Princes for the seruice I haue done,
Th'aduantage of the time prompts me aloud,
To call for recompence: appere it to mind,
That through the sight I beare in things to loue,
I haue abandond Troy, left my possession,
Incurd a traytors name, expos'd my selfe,
From certaine and possest conueniences,
To doubtfull fortunes, sequestring from me all,
That time acquaintance, custome and condition,
Made tame, and most familiar to my nature:
And here to doe you seruice am become,
As new into the world, strange, vnacquainted.
I do beseech you as in way of taste,
To giue me now a little benefit.

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Out of those many registred in promise,
Which you say liue to come in my behalfe:
Aga. What wouldst thou of vs Troian? make demand?
Calc. You haue a Troian prisoner cald *Antenor*,
Yesterday tooke, Troy holds him very deere.
Oft haue you (often haue you thankes therefore)
Desird my Cressed in right great exchange.
Whom Troy hath still deni'd but this *Anthenor*,
I know is such a wrest in their affaires:
That their negotiations all must slacke,
Wanting his mannage and they will almost,
Giue vs a Prince of blood a Sonne of *Pryam*,
In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes,
And he shall buy my daughrer: and her presence,
Shall quite strike of all seruice I haue done,
In most accepted paine.
Aga. Let *Diomedes* beare him,
And bring vs *Cressid* hither, *Calcas* shall haue
What he requests of vs: good *Diomed*
Furnish you fartly for this enterchange,
Withall bring word If *Hector* will to morrow,
Bee answered in his challenge. *Aiax* is ready.
Dio. This shall I vndertake, and tis a burthen
Which I am proud to beare. *Exit,*
Achilles *and* Patro *stand in their tent.*
Vli. *Achilles* stands ith entrance of his tent,
Please it our generall passe strangely by him:
As if he were forgot, and princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard vpon him,
I will come last, tis like heele question mee.
Why such vnpaulsiue eyes are bent? why turnd on him,
If so I haue derision medecinable,
To vse betweene your strangnes and his pride,
Which his owne will shall haue desire to drinke,
It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse,
To show it selfe but pride for supple knees,
Feed arrogance and are the proud mans fees.
Aga. Weele execute your purpose and put on,

A forme

A forme of strangnesse as we pas along,
So do each Lord, and either greet him not
Or els disdaynfully, which shall shake him more:
Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.
Achil. What comes the generall to speake with mee?
You know my minde Ile fight no more 'gainst Troy.
Aga. What saies *Achilles* would he ought with vs?
Nest. Would you my Lord ought with the generall.
Achil. No.
Nest. Nothing my Lord:
Aga. The better.
Achil. Good day, good day:
Men. How do you? how do you?
Achil. What do's the Cuckould scorne me?
Aiax. How now *Patroclus*?
Achil. Good morrow *Aiax*?
Aiax. Ha:
Achil. Good morrow.
Aiax. I and good next day too. *Exeunt.*
Ach. What meane these fellowes know they not *Achilles*?
Patro. They passe by strangely: they were vs'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*:
To come as humbly as they vs'd to creep, to holy aultars:
Achil. What am I poore of late?
Tis certaine, greatnesse once falne out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too, what the declin'd is,
He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others
As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the Summer,
And not a man for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and fauour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit
Which when they fall as being slipery standers,
The loue that lean'd on them as slipery too,
Doth one pluck downe another, and together, die in the fall,
But tis not so with mee,
Fortune and I are friends, I do enioy:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Troilus and Cressida* (STC 22332) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.43[6]) Octavo

At ample point all that I did poſſeſſe,
Saue theſe mens lookes, who do me thinkes finde out:
Some thing not worth in me ſuch rich beholding,
As they haue often giuen. Here is *Vliſſes*
Ile interrupt his reading, how now *Vliſſes*?
Vliſſ. Now great *Thetis* Sonne,
Achil. What are you reading?
Vliſſ. A ſtrange fellow here,
Writes me that man, how dearely euer parted:
How much in hauing or without or in
Cannot, make boſt to haue that which he hath,
Nor feeles not what he owes but by reflection:
As when his vertues ayming vpon others,
Heate them and they retort that heate againe:
To the firſt giuers.
Achil. This is not ſtrange *Vliſſes*,
The beauty that is borne here in the face:
The bearer knowes not, but commends it ſelfe,
To others eyes, nor doth the eye it ſelfe
That moſt pure ſpirit of ſence, behold it ſelfe
Not going from it ſelfe: but eye to eye oppoſed,
Sallutes each other, with each others forme,
For ſpeculation turnes not to it ſelfe,
Till it hath trauel'd and is married there?
Where it may ſee it ſelfe: this is not ſtrange at all.
Vliſſ. I do not ſtraine at the poſition,
It is familiar, but at the authors drift;
Who in his circumſtance expreſsly prooues,
That no man is the Lord of any thing:
Though in and of him there be much conſiſting;
Till he communicate his parts to others,
Nor doth hee of himſelfe know them for aught:
Till he behold them formed in the applauſe.
Where th'are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate
The voice againe or like a gate of ſteele:
Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders back
His figure and his heate. I was much rap't in this,
And apprehended here immediately,

Th'vnknowne *Aiax*, heauens what a man is there?
A very horſe, that has he knowes not what
Nature what things there are:
Moſt obiect in regard, and deere in vſe,
What things againe moſt deere in the eſteeme:
And poore in worth, now ſhall we ſee to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw vpon him
Aiax renown'd? O heauens what ſome men doe,
While ſome men leaue to doe.
How ſome men creepe in skittiſh fortunes hall,
Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes,
How one man eates into anothers pride,
While pride is faſting in his wantoneſſe.
To ſee theſe Grecian Lords, why euen already:
They clap the lubber *Aiax* on the ſhoulder
As if his foote were one braue *Hectors* breſt,
And great *Troy* ſhriking.
Achill. I doe beleeue it,
For they paſt by me as miſers do by beggars,
Neither gaue to me good word nor looke:
What are my deeds forgot?
Vliſſ. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts almes for obliuion:
A great ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes,
Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt,
Which are deuour'd as faſt as they are made,
Forgot as ſoone as done, perſeuerance deere my Lord:
Keepes honour bright, to haue done, is to hang,
Quite out of faſhion like a ruſty male,
In monumentall mockry? take the inſtant way,
For honour trauells in a ſtraight ſo narrow:
Where on but goes a breſt, keepe then the path
For emulation hath a thouſand Sonnes,
That one by one purſue, if you giue way,
Or turne a ſide from the direct forth right:
Like to an entred tide they all ruſh by,
And leaue you him, moſt, then what they do in preſent:
Though leſſe then yours in paſſe, muſt ore top yours.

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For time is like a faſhionable hoaſt,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting gueſt by th'hand,
And with his armes out-ſtretcht as he would flie,
Graſpes in the commer: the welcome euer ſmiles,
And farewell goes out ſighing. Let not vertue ſeeke,
Remuneration for the thing it was. For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, deſert in ſeruice,
Loue, friendſhip, charity, are ſubiects all,
To enuious and calumniati g time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one conſent praiſe new-borne gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things paſt,
And goe to duſt, that is a little guilt,
More laud then guilt ore-duſted.
The preſent eye praiſes the preſent obiect.
Then maruell not thou great and complet man,
That all the Greekes begin to worſhip *Aiax*;
Since things in motion ſooner catch the eye,
That what ſtirs not. The crie went once on thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou wouldſt not entombe thy ſelfe aliue,
And caſe thy reputation in thy tent.
Whoſe glorious deeds but in theſe fields of late,
Made emulous miſſions mongſt the gods them ſelues,
And draue great *Mars* to faction.
Achil. Of this my priuacie,
I haue ſtrong reaſons.
Vliſ. But gainſt your priuacie,
The reaſons are more potent and heroycall:
Tis knowne *Achilles* that you are in loue
With one of *Priams* daughters.
Achil. Ha? knowne.
Vliſ. Is that a wonder:
The prouidence thats in a watchfull ſtate,
Knowes almoſt euery thing,
Findes bottom in the vncomprehenſiue depth,
Keepes place with thought and almoſt like the gods,
Do thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles.

There is a myſterie (with whom relation
Durſt neuer meddle) in the ſoule of ſtate,
Which hath an operation more diuine,
Then breath or pen can giue expreſſure to:
All the commerſe that you haue had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours my Lord,
And better would it fitt *Achilles* much,
To throw downe *Hector* then *Polixena*.
But it muſt grieue young *Pirrhus* now at home,
When fame ſhall in our Ilands ſound her trumpe,
And all the Greekiſh girles ſhall tripping ſing,
Great *Hectors* ſiſter did *Achilles* winne,
But our great *Aiax* brauely beate downe him:
Farewell my Lord: I as your louer ſpeake,
The foole ſlides ore the Ice that you ſhou'd breake.
Patr. To this effect *Achilles* haue I moou'd you,
A woman impudent and mannifh growne,
Is not more loth'd then an effeminate man
In time of action: I ſtand condemnd for this
They thinke my little ſtomack to the warre,
And your great loue to me, reſtraines you thus,
Sweete rouſe your ſelfe, and the weake wanton *Cupid*,
Shall from your neck vnlooſe his amorous fould,
And like dew drop from the Lions mane,
Be ſhooke to ayre.
Ach. Shall *Aiax* fight with *Hector*.
Patro. I and perhaps receiue much honor by him.
Achil. I ſee my reputation is at ſtake,
My fame is ſhrowdly gor'd.
Patro. O then beware,
Thoſe wounds heale ill, that men do giue themſelues,
Omiſſion to doe what is neceſſary,
Seales a commiſſion to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague ſubtly taints
Euen then when they ſit idely in the ſunne.
Achil. Go call *Therſites* hether ſweet *Patroclus*,
Ile ſend the foole to *Aiax*, and deſire him
Tinuite the Troyan lords after the combate.

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To see vs heere vnarmd. I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am sick with-all,
To see great *Hector* in his weeds of peace,
To talke with him, and to behold his visage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour sau'd.

Enter Thersites.

Thers. A wonder. *Achil.* What?

Thers. *Aiax* goes vp and downe the field asking for himselfe. *Achil.* How so?

Thers. He must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroycall cudgeling, that he raues in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Thers. Why a stalkes vp and downe like a peacock, a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostisse, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regarde, as who should say there were witte in this head and twoo'd out: and so there is. But it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking, the mans vndone for euer, for if *Hector* breake not his neck ith' combate, hee'le breake himselfe in vaine glory. Hee knowes not mee. I sayd good morrow *Aiax*: And hee replyes thankes *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man that takes mee for the Generall? Hees growne a very land-fish languagelesse, a monster, a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather Ierkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador *Thersites*.

Thers. Who I: why heele answer no body: hee professes not answering, speaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes. I will put on his presence, let *Patroclus* make demands to me. You shall see the pageant of *Aiax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*, tell him I humbly desire the valiant *Aiax*, to inuite the valorous *Hector* to come vnarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six or seauen times honour'd Captaine Generall of the armie. *Agamemnon*, do this.

Patro. Iouebesse great *Aiax*. *Thers.* Hum.

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Thers. Ha?

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to inuite *Hector* to

Thers. Hum? (his tent.

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Thers. *Agamemnon*?

Patr. I my Lord. *Thers.* Ha?

Patr. What say you too't.

Thers. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Thers. If to morrow be a faire day, by a leuen of the clock it will goe one way or other; howsoeuer he shall pay for me ere hee ha's me. *Patr.* Your answer sir.

Thers. Fare yee well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Thers. No: but out of tune thus. What musick will be in him, when *Hector* ha's knockt out his braines, I know not. But I am sure none, vnlesse the fidler *Apollo* get his sinnews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt beare a letter to him straight.

Thers. Let mee beare another to his horse, for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled, like a fountaine stird,
And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.

Thers. Would the fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Asse at it; I had rather be a tick in a sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore Æneas at another Paris, Deiphobus, Antemor, Diomed the Grecian with torches.

Paris. See hō? who is that there?

Deiph. It is the Lord *Æneas*.

Æne. Is the Prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to lye long
As your prince *Paris*, nothing but heauenly businesse,
Should rob my bedmate of my company.

Dio. That's my minde too? good morrow Lord *Æneas*.

Paris. A valiant Greeke *Æneas* take his hand.

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Witneſſe the proceſſe of your ſpeech: wherein
You told how *Dyomed* a whole weeke by daies,
Did haunt you in the fie'd.
Æne. Health to you valiant ſir,
During all queſtion of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can thinke or courage execute.
Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme, and ſo long helth:
Lul'd when contention, and occaſion meete,
By *Ioue* ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuite, and pollicy.
Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a Lyon that will flie,
With his face back-ward, in humane gentleneſſe:
Welcome to Troy, now by *Anchiſes* life,
Welcome indeed: by *Venus* hand I ſwere:
No man aliue can loue in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.
Diom. We ſimpathize. *Ioue* let *Æneas* liue
(If to my ſword his fate be not the glory)
A thouſand compleate courſes of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him die:
With euery ioynt a wound and that to morrow----.
Æne. We know each other well?
Diom. We do and long to know each other worſe.
Par. This is the moſt deſpightfull gentle greeting,
The nobleſt hatefull loue that ere I heard of, what buſineſſe
Lord ſo earely?
Æne. I was ſent for to the King? but why I know not.
Par. His purpoſe meetes you? 'twas to bring this Greeke,
To *Calcho's* houſe, and there to render him:
For the enfreed *Anthenor* the faire *Creſſid*,
Lets haue your company, or if you pleaſe,
Haſt there before vs. I conſtantly beleeue,
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother *Troylus* lodges there to night,
Rouſe him and giue him note of our approch,
With the whole quality wherefore:

I feare we ſhall be much vnwelcome.
Æneas. That I aſſure you: *Troylus* had rather Troy were
borne to Greece, then *Creſſeid* borne from Troy.
Paris. There is no helpe.
The bitter diſpoſition of the time will haue it ſo:
On Lord, weele follow you.
Æneas. Good morrow all.
Paris. And tell me noble *Diomed*, faith tell me true,
Euen in ſoule of ſound good fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts, deſerues faire *Helen* beſt,
My ſelfe, or *Menelaus*.
Diom. Both alike.
Hee merits well to haue her that doth ſeeke her,
Not making any ſcruple of her ſoyle,
With ſuch a hell of paine, and world of charge.
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not pallating the taſte of her diſhonour
With ſuch a coſtly loſſe of wealth and friends,
He like a puling Cuckold would drinke vp,
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:
You like a letcher out of whoriſh loynes,
Are pleaſd to breed out your inheritors,
Both merits poyzd, each weighs nor leſſe nor more,
But he as he, the heauier for a whore.
Paris. You are too bitter to your country-woman.
Diom. Shees bitter to her country, heare me *Paris*,
For euery falſe drop in her bawdy veines,
A Grecians life hath ſunke: for euery ſcruple
Of her contaminated carrion waight,
A Troyan hath beene ſlaine. Since ſhe could ſpeake,
Shee hath not giuen ſo many good words breath,
As for her Greekes and Troyans ſuffred death.
Paris. Faire *Diomed* you do as chapmen do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that they deſire to buy,
But we in ſilence hold this vertue well,
Weele not commend, what wee intend to ſell. Heere lyes
our way. *Exeunt.* *Enter Troylus and Creſſeida.*
Troy. Deere, trouble not your ſelfe, the morne is colde.

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Cres. Then sweet my Lord ile call mine vncle downe,
Hee shall vnbolt the gates.
Troyl. Trouble him not.
To bed to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes,
And giue as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants empty of all thought.
Cres. Good morrow then.
Troyl. I prithee now to bed.
Cres. Are you a weary of me?
Troyl. O *Cressida*! but that the busie day,
Wak't by the Larke hath rouzd the ribald Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our ioyes no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cres. Night hath beene too briefe.
Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venemous wights she stayes
As tediously as hell; But flies the grasps of loue,
With wings more momentary swift then thought,
You will catch colde and curse me.
Cres. Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry,
O foolish *Cressid*, I might haue still held of,
And then you would haue tarried. Harke ther's one vp.
Pand. Whats all the doores open heere?
Troyl. It is your Vncle.
Cres. A pestilence on him: now will he be mocking:
I shall haue such a life.
Pand. How now, how now, how go maiden-heads,
Heere you maide, where's my cozin *Cressid*?
Cres. Go hang your selfe, you naughty mocking vncle,
You bring me to doo---and then you flout me to.
Pand. To do what, to do what? let her say what,
What haue I brought you to doe?
Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart, youle nere be good,
nor suffer others.
Pand. Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *chipochia*, hast
not slept to night? would hee not (a naughty man) let it
sleepe, a bug-beare take him.
Cres. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith' head,
Who's that at doore, good vncle go and see. *One knocks.*
My

My Lord, come you againe into my chamber,
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
Troyl. Ha, ha.
Cres. Come you are deceiued, I thinke of no such thing,
How earnestly they knock, pray you come in. *Knock.*
I would not for halfe *Troy* haue you seene here, *Exeunt.*
Pand. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate
downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?
Æne. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.
Pand. Who's there my Lord *Æneas*: by my troth I knew
you not: what newes with you so early?
Æne. Is not Prince *Troylus* heere?
Pand. Here, what should he do here?
Æne. Come he is here, my Lord, do not deny him,
It doth import him much to speake with me.
Pan. Is he here, say you? its more then I know, ile be sworne
For my owne part I came in late: what should hee doe
here?
Æne. Who, nay then! Come, come, youle do him wrong,
ere you are ware, youle be so true to him, to be false to him:
Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go.
Troyl. How now, whats the matter?
Æne. My Lord, I scarce haue leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Antenor*
Deliuer'd to him, and forth-with,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre,
We must giue vp to *Diomedes* hand
The Lady *Cressida*.
Troyl. Is it so concluded?
Æne. By *Priam* and the generall state of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.
Troyl. How my atchiuements mock me,
I will go meete them: and my Lord *Æneas*,
We met by chance, you did not finde me here.
Æn Good, good, my lord, the secrets of neighbor *Pandar*
Haue not more guift in taciturnitie. *Exeunt.*

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Pand. Ist possible: no sooner got but lost, the diuell take *Anthenor*, the young Prince will go madde, a plague vpon *Anthenor*, I would they had brok's neck.

Enter Cress. How now? what's the matter? who was heere?

Pand. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly, wher's my Lord? gone? tell me sweete Vncle, whats the matter.

Pan. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am aboue.

Cres. O the Gods, whats the matter?

Pand. Pray thee get thee in: would thou hadst nere been borne, I knew thou wouldest be his death. O poore Gentleman, a plague vpon *Anthenor*.

Cres. Good vncle, I beseech you on my knees, whats the matter?

Pand. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone: thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*. Thou must to thy father and bee gone from *Troylus*, twill be his death, twill bee his bane, hee cannot beare it.

Cres. O you immortall Gods, I will not go.

Pand. Thou must.

Cres. I will not Vncle. I haue forgot my father,
I know no touch of consanguinitie,
No kinne, no loue, no bloud, no soule so neere me
As the sweete *Troylus*. O you gods diuine,
Make *Cressids* name the very crowne of falsehood,
If euer she leaue *Troylus*. Time, force and death,
Do to this body what extreames you can:
But the strong base, and building of my loue,
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. Ile go in and weepe.

Pand. Do, do.

Cres. Teare my bright haire, & scratch my praised cheekes,
Crack my cleare voyce with sobs, and breake my heart,
With sounding *Troylus*: I will not go from Troy.

Enter Paris, Troyl, Æneas, Deiphob, Anth. Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt,
For her delluery to this valiant Greeke,
Comes fast vpon: good my brother *Troylus*,

Tell

Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,
And hast her to the purpose.

Troy. Walke into her house,
Ile bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliuer her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother *Troylus*
A priest there offring to it his owne heart.

Paris. I know what tis to loue,
And would, as I shall pitty I could helpe:
Please you walke in my Lords? *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan: Be moderate, be moderate.

Cress. Why tell you me of moderation?
The greife is fine, full, perfect that I taste,
And violenteth in a sence as strong
As that which causeth it, how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affections,
Or brew it to a weake and coulder pa'lat,
The like alayment could I giue my griefe:
My loue admittes no qualifiing drosse,
No more my griefe in such a precious losse.

Enter Troylus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, a sweete ducks.

Cres. Oh *Troylus*, *Troylus*.

Pan. What a paire of spectacles is here, let me embrace too, Oh heart, as the goodly saying is, Oh heart, heauy heart, why sighst thou without breaking: where hee answers againe, because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendshippe nor by speaking: there was neuer a truer rime. Let vs cast away nothing, for wee may liue to haue need of such a verse, We see it, we see it, how now lambs?

Troy. *Cressid* I loue thee in so straind a purity,
That the blest Gods as angry with my fancy:
More bright in zeale then the deuotion, which
Cold lippes blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Haue the Gods enuy?

Pan I, I, I, I, tis to plaine a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

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Troy. A hatefull truth.
Cres. What and from *Troylus* to?
Troy. From Troy, and *Troylus*.
Cress. Is't possible?
Troy. And suddenly, where iniury of chance
Puts back, leaue taking, iusles roughly by:
All time of pause: rudely beguiles our lippes
Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents
Our lock't embrasures, strangles our dere vowes,
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath:
We two that with so many thousand sighes,
Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues:
With the rude breuity, and discharge of one,
Iniurious time now with a robbers hast,
Cram's his ritch theeu'ry vp hee knowes not how.
As many farewells as be starres in heauen.
With distinct breath, and consignde kisses to them,
He fumbles vp into a loose adewe:
And skants vs with a single famisht kisse,
Distasted with the salt of broken teares.
Æneas within. My Lord is the Lady ready?
Troy. Harke, you are call'd, some say the *Genius*
Cries so to him that instantly must die,
Bid them haue pacience she shall come anon.
Pan. Where are my teares raine to lay this winde, or my
heart wilbe blowne vp by my throate.
Cress. I must then to the Grecians.
Troy. No remedy?
Cress. A wofull *Cressid* 'mongst the merry Greekes,
When shall we see againe.
Troy. Here me loue: be thou but true of heart.
Cres. I true? how now? what wicked deme is this?
Troy. Nay we must vse expostulation kindely,
For it is parting from vs.
I speake not be thou true as fearing thee.
For I will throw my gloue to death himselfe,
That there is no maculation in thy heart:
But bee thou true say I to fashion in,

My

My sequent protestation, bee thou true, and I will see thee.
Cres. Oh you shalbe exposd my Lord to dangers,
As infinite as imminent: but ile be true.
Troy. And ile grow friend with danger, were this sleeue.
Cres. And you this gloue, when shall I see you?
Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian centinells,
To giue thee nightly visitation, but yet be true.
Cres. Oh heauens be true againe?
Troy. Here why I speake it loue,
The Grecian youths are full of quality,
And swelling ore with arts and excercise:
How nouelty may moue, and parts with portion,
Alas a kinde of Godly iealousie,
(Which I beseech you cal a vertuous sinne,)
Makes me a feard.
Cres. Oh heauens you loue mee not!
Troy. Die I a villaine then,
In this I do not call your faith in question:
So mainely as my merit. I cannot sing
Nor heele the high lauolt, nor sweeten talke,
Nor play at subtill games, faire vertues all:
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant,
But I can tell that in each grace of these:
There lurkes a still, and dumb-discoursiue diuell
That tempts most cunningly, but be not tempted.
Cres. Do you thinke I will?
Troy. No, but something may be done that we will not;
And sometimes we are diuells to our selues:
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changefull potency.
Eneas within. Nay good my Lord?
Troy. Come kisse, and let vs part.
Paris within. Brother *Troylus*?
Troy. Good brother come you hither?
And bring *Eneas* and the Grecian with you.
Cres. My Lord will you be true?
Troy. Who I, alas it is my vice, my fault,
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,

I with

I with great truth catch mere ſimplicity,
Whilſt ſome with cunning guild their copper crownes,
With truth and plaineſſe I do were mine bare:
Feare not my truth, the morrall of my wit,
Is plaine and true? ther's all the reach of it,
Welcome ſir *Diomed*, here is the Lady,
Which for *Antenor* we deliuer you.
At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſſe thee what ſhe is
Entreate her faire, and by my ſoule faire Greeke,
If ere thou ſtand at mercy of my ſword:
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhalbe as ſafe,
As *Priam* is in Illion?

Diom. Faire Ladie *Creſſid*,
So pleaſe you ſaue the thankes this Prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire vſage, and to *Diomed*,
You ſhalbe miſtres, and command him wholy.

Troy. Grecian thou do'ſt not vſe me curteouſly,
To ſhame the ſeale of my petition to thee:
In praiſing her, I tell thee Lord of Greece,
She is as farre high ſoaring ore thy praiſes:
As thou vnworthy to be call'd her ſeruant,
I charge thee vſe her well, euen for my charge:
For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou doſt not,
Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard,
Ile cut thy throate.

Diom. Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troylus*,
Let me be priueledg'd by my place and meſſage:
To be a ſpeaker free? when I am hence,
Ile anſwer to my luſt, and know you Lord
Ile nothing do on charge, to her owne worth,
Shee ſhalbe priz'd: but that you ſay be't ſo,
I ſpeake it in my ſpirit and honour no.

Troy. Come to the port Ile tel thee *Diomed*,
This braue ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head,
Lady giue me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne ſelues bend we our needfull talke.

Paris.

Paris. Harke *Hectors* trumpet?

Æne. How haue we ſpent this morning?
The Prince muſt thinke me tardy and remiſſe,
That ſwore to ride before him to the field,

Par. Tis *Troylus* fault, come, come, to field with him. *Exeu.*

Enter Aiax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agam. Menelaus, Vliſſes, Neſter, Calcas, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment freſh and faire,
Anticipating time. With ſtarting courage,
Giue with thy trumpet a loude note to Troy
Thou dreadfull *Aiax* that the appauled aire,
May pearce the head of the great Combatant, and hale him hither.

Aiax. Thou, trumpet, ther's my purſe,
Now cracke thy lungs, and ſplit thy braſen pipe:
Blow villaine, till thy ſphered Bias cheeke,
Out-ſwell the collick of puft *Aquilon*,
Come ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout bloud:
Thou bloweſt for *Hector*.

Vliſſ. No trumpet anſwers.

Achil. Tis but early daies.

Aga. Is not yond *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter?

Vliſſ. Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He riſes on the toe: that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.

Aga. Is this the Lady *Creſſid*?

Diom. Euen ſhe.

Aga. Moſt deerely welcome to the Greekes ſweete Lady.

Neſt. Our generall doth ſalute you with a kiſſe.

Vliſſ. Yet is the kindneſſe but particular, twere better ſhee were kiſt in general. (*Neſtor.*

Neſt. And very courtly counſell. Ile beginne: ſo much for
Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady,
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.

Patro. But thats no argument for kiſſing now,
For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment,
And parted thus, you and your argument.

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Vliſſ. Oh deadly gall and theame of all our ſcornes,
For which we looſe our heads to guild his hornes.
Patro. The firſt was *Menelaus* kiſſe this minx,
Patrolus kiſſes you.
Mene. Oh this is trim.
Patr. Paris and I kiſſe euermore for him.
Mene. Ile haue my kiſſe ſir? Lady by your leaue.
Creſ. In kiſſing do you render or receiue.
Patr. Both take and giue.
Creſ. Ile make my match to liue,
The kiſſe you take is better then you giue: therefore no kiſſe.
Mene. Ile giue you boote, ile giue you three for one.
Creſ. You are an od man giue euen or giue none.
Mene. An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.
Creſ. No *Paris* is not, for you know tis true,
That you are odde and he is euen with you.
Mene. You fillip me a'th head.
Creſ. No ile be ſworne.
Vliſſ. It were no match, your naile againſt his horne,
May I ſweete Lady begge a kiſſe of you.
Creſ. You may. *Vliſſ.* I do deſire it.
Creſ. Why begge then.
Vliſſ. Why then for *Venus* ſake giue me a kiſſe,
When *Hellen* is a maide againe and his ——————
Creſ. I am your debtor, claime it when tis due.
Vliſſ. Neuers my day, and then a kiſſe of you.
Diom. Lady a word, ile bring you to your father.
Neſt. A woman of quick ſence.
Vliſſ. Fie, fie vpon her,
Ther's language in her eye, her cheeke her lip,
Nay her foote ſpeakes, her wanton ſpirits looke out
At euery ioynt and motiue of her body,
Oh theſe encounterers ſo glib of tongue,
That giue a coaſting welcome ere it comes.
And wide vnclapſe the tables of their thoughts,
To euery tickliſh reader, ſet them downe,
For ſluttiſh ſpoiles of opportunity:
And daughters of the game. *Flowriſh enter all of Troy.*

All.

All. The Troyans trumpet.
Agam. Yonder comes the troup.
Æne. Haile all the ſtate of Greece: what ſhalbe done,
To him that victory commands, or doe you purpoſe,
A victor ſhalbe knowne, will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other, or ſhall they be diuided,
By any voice or order of the field, *Hector* bad aske?
Aga. Which way would *Hector* haue it?
Æne. He cares not, he'le obay condicions.
Aga: Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deale miſprizing:
The knight oppoſ'd.
Æne. If not *Achilles* ſir, what is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles* nothing.
Æne: Therefore *Achilles*, but what ere know this,
In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and pride excell themſelues in *Hector*
The one almoſt as infinite as all,
The other blanke as nothing, way him well:
And that which lookes like pride is curteſie,
This *Aiax* is halfe made of *Hector's* bloud,
In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* ſtaies at home,
Half heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector* comes to ſeeke:
This blended knight halfe Troyan, and halfe Greeke.
Achil. A maiden battell then, Oh I perceiue you.
Aga. Here is ſir *Diomed?* go gentle knight,
Stand by our *Aiax*, As you and Lord *Eneas*
Conſent vpon the order of their fight,
So be it, either to the vttermoſt,
Or els a breath, the combatants being kin,
Halfe ſtints their ſtrife, before their ſtrokes begin.
Vliſſes: what Troyan is that ſame that lookes ſo heauy?
Vliſ. The yongeſt ſonne of *Priam*, a true knight,
Not yet mature, yet match'leſſe firme of word,
Speaking deeds, and deedleſſe in his tongue,
Not ſoone prouok't nor being prouok't ſoone calm'd,
His heart and hand both open and both free.

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For what he has he giues, what thinkes he shewes,
Yet giues hee not till iudgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impare thought with breath;
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous,
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender obiects, but he in heate of action,
Is, more vindicatiue then iealous loue.
They call him *Troylus*, and on him erect,
A second hope as farely built as *Hector*:
Thus saies *Æneas* one that knowes the youth,
Euen to his ynches: and with priuate soule
Did in great Illion thus translate him to me. *Alarum.*
Aga. They are in action.
Nest. Now *Aiax* hould thine owne.
Troy. *Hector* thou sleep'st awake thee.
Aga. His blowes are well disposed, there *Aiax*. *trumpets*
Diom. You must no more. *cease.*
Æne. Princes enough so please you.
Aiax. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.
Diom. As *Hector* pleases.
Hect. Why then will I no more,
Thou art great Lord my fathers sisters Sonne,
A couzen german to great *Priams* seede,
The obligation of our bloud forbids,
A gory emulation twixt vs twaine:
Were thy commixtion Grecke and Troyan so,
That thou couldst say this hand is Grecian all:
And this is Troyan, the sinnewes of this legge
All Greeke, and this all Troy: my mothers bloud,
Runnes on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister
Bounds in my fathers. By *Ioue* multipotent
Thou shouldst not beare from mee a Greekish member,
Wherein my sword had not impressure made.
But the iust Gods gainsay,
That any day thou borrowd'st from thy mother,
My sacred Aunt, should by my mortal sword,
Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Aiax*:
By him that thunders thou hast lusty armes,

Hector would haue them fall vpon him thus,
Cozen all honor to thee.
Aiax. I thanke thee *Hector*,
Thou art to gentle, and too free a man,
I came to kill thee cozen, and beare hence,
A great addition earned in thy death.
Hect. Not *Neoptolymus* so mirable,
On whose bright crest, fame with her lowdst (O yes)
Cries, this is he, could promise to himselfe,
A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector*.
Æne. There is expectance heere from both the sides,
What further you will do.
Hect. Weele answer it,
The issue is embracement, *Aiax* farewell.
Aiax. If I might in entreaties finde successe,
As seld I haue the chance, I would desire,
My famous cosin to our Grecian tents.
Diom. Tis *Agamemnons* wish, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to see vnarm'd the valiant *Hector*.
Hect. *Æneas* call my brother *Troylus* to me.
And signifie this louing enterview
To the expectors of our Troyan part,
Desire them home. Giue me thy hand my Cozen,
I will go eate with thee, and see your Knights.
Aiax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs heere.
Hect. The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:
But for *Achilles* my owne searching eyes,
Shall finde him by his large and portly size.
Agam. Worthy all armes as welcome as to one,
That would be rid of such an enemy.
From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.
Hect. I thanke thee most imperious *Agamemnon*.
Agam. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no lesse to you.
Mene. Let me confirme my princely brothers greeting:
You brace of warlike brothers: welcome hether.
Hect. Who must we answer?
Æne. The noble *Menelaus*.
Hect. O you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thankes,

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(Mock not thy affect, the vntraded earth)
Your *quandom* wife sweares still by *Venus* gloue,
Shees well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now sir, shee's a deadly theame.
Hect. O pardon, I offend.
Nest. I haue thou gallant Troyan seene thee oft,
Laboring for destiny, make cruell way,
Through rankes of Greekish youth, and I haue seene thee
As hot as *Perseus*, spurre thy Phrigian steed,
Despising many forfaits and subduments,
When thou hast hung th'aduanced sword ith'ayre,
Not letting it decline on the declined,
That I haue said to some my standers by,
Loe *Iupiter* is yonder dealing life.
And I haue seene thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes haue shrupd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrastling. This haue I seene,
But this thy countenance still lockt in steele,
I neuer saw till now: I knew thy grand-sire,
And once fought with him, he was a soldier good,
But by great *Mars* the Captaine of vs all,
Neuer like thee: O let an old man embrace thee,
And worthy warriour welcome to our tents.
Æne. Tis the old *Nestor*.
Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That hast so long walkt hand in hand with time,
Most reuerend *Nestor*, I am glad to claspe thee.
Nest. I would my armes could match thee in contention.
Hect. I would they could. (row.
Nest. Ha? by this white beard Ide fight with thee to mor-
Well, welcome, welcome, I haue seene the time.
Vlis. I wonder now how yonder Citty stands,
When we haue here her base and piller by vs?
Hect. I know your fauour lord *Vlisses* well,
Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
Since first I saw your selfe and *Diomed*,
In Ilion on your Greekish embassie.
Vlis. Sir I foretold you then what would ensue,

My prophecie is but halfe his iourney yet,
For yonder walls that pertly front your towne,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds,
Must kisse their owne feete.
Hect. I must not beleeue you.
There they stand yet, and modestly I thinke,
The fall of euery Phrigian stone will cost,
A drop of Grecian bloud: the end crownes all,
And that old common arbitrator Time, will one day end it.
Vlis. So to him we leaue it.
Most gentle and most valiant *Hector*, welcome:
After the Generall, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee lord *Vlisses* thou:
Now *Hector* I haue fed mine eyes on thee, (by ioint.
I haue with exact view peru'de thee *Hector*, & quoted ioynt
Hect. Is this *Achilles*? *Achil.* I am *Achilles*.
Hect. Stand faire I pray thee, let me looke on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay I haue done already.
Achil. Thou art too briefe, I will the second time,
As I would buie thee, view thee lim by lim,
Hect. O like a booke of sport thou'lt read me ore:
But there's more in me then thou vnderstandst,
Why doost thou so oppresse me with thine eye.
Achil. Tell me you heauens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him: whether there, or there, or there,
That I may giue the locall wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hectors great spirit flew: answer me heauens.
Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand againe,
Thinkst thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice coniecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead.
Achil. I tell thee yea.
Hect. Wert thou an Oracle to tell me so,
Ide not beleeue thee. Hence-forth gard thee well,

For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that ſtichied *Mars* his helme.
Ile kill thee euery where, yea ore and ore.
You wiſeſt Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His inſolence drawes folly from my lips,
But ile endeuour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I neuer ——————
Aiax. Do not chafe thee cozen.
And you *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone,
Till accident or purpoſe bring you too't,
You may haue euery day enough of *Hector*,
If you haue ſtomack. The generall ſtate I feare,
Can ſcarce entreate you to be odde with him.
Hect. I pray you let vs ſee you in the field,
We haue had pelting warres ſince you refuſd, the Grecians
Achil. Dooſt thou entreate me *Hector?* (cauſe.
To morow do I meet thee fell as death: to night all friends.
Hect. Thy hand vpon that match.
Agam. Firſt all you Peeres of Greece, go to my tent,
There in the full conuiue we: afterwards
As *Hectors* leiſure, and your bounties ſhall
Concurre together, ſeuerally entreate him
To taſte your bounties, let the trumpets blowe,
That this great ſouldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt.*
Troy. My Lord *Viliſſes*, tell me I beſeech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calcas* keepe.
Vliſ. At *Menelaus* tent moſt princely *Troylus*:
There *Diomed* doth feaſt with him to night,
Who neither lookes vpon the heauen nor earth,
But gives all gaze, and bent of amorous view,
On the faire *Creſſeid.*
Troyl. Shall I ſweete Lord be bound to you ſo much,
After we part from *Agamemnons* tent,
To bring me thether.
Vliſ. You ſhall command me ſir.
But gentle tell me of what honor was
This *Creſſida* in Troy? had ſhe no louer there
That wailes her abſence?

Troyl.

Tro. O ſir to ſuch as boſting ſhew their skarres,
A mocke is due; will you walke on my Lord,
Shee was beloued my Lord, ſhe is, and doth,
But ſtill ſweet loue is food for fortunes tooth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Ach. Ile heate his blood with greekiſh wine to night,
Which with my Cemitar ile cool to morrow,
Patroclus let vs feaſt him to the hight
Pat. Here comes *Therſites.* *Enter Therſites.*
Ach. How now thou curre of enuy.
Thou cruſty batch of nature whats the news?
The. Why thou picture of what thou ſeemeſt, and Idoll,
Of idiot worſhippers, heers a letter for thee.
Ach. From whence fragment.
The Why thou full diſh of foole from Troy,
Pat. Who keeps the tent now.
The. The Surgeons box or the pacients wound.
Pat. Well ſaid aduerſity, and what needs this tricks,
The. Prithee be ſilent box I profit not by thy talke,
Thou art ſaid to be *Achilles* male varlot,
Pat. Male varlot you rogue whats that.
The. Why his maſculine whore, now the rotten diſeaſes of the ſouth, the guts griping ruptures: loades a grauell in the back, lethergies, could palſies, rawe eies, durtrottē liuers, whiſſing lungs, bladders full of impoſtume. Sciaticaes lime-kills ith' palme, incurable bone-ach, and the riueled fee ſimple of the tetter, take and take againe ſuch prepoſterous diſcoueries.
Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou what meanes thou to curſe thus.
The. do I curſe thee.
Pat. Why no you ruinous but, you horſon indiſtinguiſhable cur, no.
The. No why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle immaterial skeine of ſleiue ſilke, thou greene ſacenet flap for a ſore eye, thou toſſell of a prodigalls purſe-thou ah how the poore world is peſtred with ſuch water flies, diminitiues of nature.

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Pat. Out gall. *Ther.* Finch egge.
Achil. My sweet *Patroclus* I am thwarted quite,
From my great purpose into morrowes battell,
Here is a letter from Queene *Hecuba*;
A token from her daughter my faire loue
Both taxing me,and gaging me to keepe:
An oth that I haue sworne: I will not breake it,
Fall Greekes, fayle fame, honour or go or stay,
My *maior* vow lies here;this ile obay,
Come,come,*Therſites* help to trim my tent?
This night in banquetting must al be spent,away *Patroclus.*
Ther. With to much bloud,and to little braine, these two may run mad,but if with to much braine and to little bloud they do ile be a curer of mad-men,her's *Agamemnon*,an honest fellow inough, and one that loues quailes, but hee has not so much braine as eare-wax, and the goodly transformation of *Iupiter* there, his be the Bull,the primitiue statue, and oblique memorial of cuck-olds,a thrifty shooing-horne in a chaine at his bare legge, to what forme but that hee is, should wit larded with malice, and malice faced with witte, turne him to: to an Asse,were nothing hee is both Asse and Oxe,to an Oxe were nothing, her's both Oxe and Asse,to be a day,a Moyle,a Cat,a Fichooke,a Tode,a Lezard, an Oule, a Puttock, or a Herring without a rowe. I would not care, but to bee *Menelaus* I would conspire against destiny, aske me what I would be,if I were not *Therſites*, for I care not to be the Louse of a Lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*—hey-day sprites and fires.

Enter Agam: Vliſſes,Neſt:and Diomed with lights.

Aga. We go wrong we goe wrong.
Aiax. No,yonder tis there where we see the lights.
Hect. I trouble you. *Aiax.* No not a whit:
Vliſ. Here comes himselfe to guide you.
Achil. Welcome braue *Hector*,welcome Princes all.
Aga. So now faire Prince of Troy,I bid God night,
Aiax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greekes generall.
Mene. Good night my Lord.

Hect.

Hect. Good night sweet Lord *Menelaus.*
Ther. Sweet draught,sweet quoth a,sweet sinke,sweet sure.
Achil. Good night and welcome both to those that go or tarry. *Aga.* Good night. *Exeunt Agam: Menelaus.*
Achil. Old *Nector* tarries,and you to *Diomed.*
Keepe *Hector* company an houre or two.
Dio. I cannot Lord,I haue important businesse,
The tide whereof is now, good night great *Hector.*
Hect. Giue me your hand.
Vliſ. Follow his torch,he goes to *Calcas* tent,ile keepe you company. *Troy.* Sweet sir you honor me?
Hect. And so good night.
Achil. Come,come,enter my tent. *Exeunt.*
Ther. That same *Diomeds* a false hearted roague,a most vniust knaue, I will no more trust him when hee leeres, then I will a serpent when hee hisses,hee will spend his mouth and promise like brabler the hound, but when he performes,Astronomers foretell it, it is prodigious, there will come some change, the Sonne borrowes of the Moone when *Diomed* keepes his word, I will rather leaue to see *Hector* then not to dog him,they say hee keepes a Troyan drab, and vses the traytor *Calcas* tent, Ile after---nothing but letchery all incontinent varlots. *Enter Diomed.*
Dio. What are you vp here ho? speake? *Chal.* Who calls?
Dio. *Diomed*,*Chalcas* I thinke wher's your daughter?
Cal. She comes to you.
Vliſ. Stand,where the torch may not discouer vs.
Troy. *Creſſid* comes forth to him. *Enter Creſſid.*
Dio. How now my charge.
Creſ. Now my sweet gardian,harke a word with you.
Troy. Yea so familiar?
Vliſ. Shee will sing any man at first sight.
Ther. And any man may sing her,if hee can take her Cliff, she's noted. *Dio.* Will you remember?
Cal. Remember yes: (your words.
Dio: Nay but do then and let your minde be coupled with
Troy. What shall she remember. *Vliſ.* List?
Creſ. Sweet hony Greeke tempt me no more to folly.

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Ther: Roguery. *Dio.* Nay then:
Creſe: Ile tell you what.
Dio: Fo, fo, come tell a pin you are forſworne.
Creſ: In faith I cannot, what would you haue me do?
Ther: A iugling tricke to be ſecretly open,
Dio: What did you ſweare you would beſtow on me?
Creſ: I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me do any thing but that ſweete Greeke.
Dio: Good night.
Troy: Hold patience.
Vliſ. How now Troyan. *Creſ.* Diomed.
Dio. No, no, good night Ile be your foole no more.
Troy: Thy better muſt.
Creſ: Harke a word in your eare.
Troy: O plague and madneſſe!
Vliſ: You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray
Leaſt your diſpleaſure ſhould inlarge it ſelfe
To wrathfull tearmes, this place is dangerous:
The time right deadly, I beſeech you goe.
Troy: Behold I pray you.
Vliſ: Now good my Lord go off.
You flow to great diſtruction, come my Lord.
Troy: I prethee ſtay.
Vliſ: You haue not patience, come.
Troy: I pray you ſtay; by hell, and all hells torments,
I will not ſpeake a word.
Dio: And ſo good night.
Creſ: Nay but you part in anger.
Troy: Doth that grieue thee, O withered truth.
Vliſ: How now my Lord?
Troy: By *Ioue* I will be patient.
Creſ: Gardian? why *Greeke?* *Dio:* Fo fo you palter.
Creſ: In faith I doe not, come hether once again.
Vliſ: You ſhake my Lord at ſomething, will you goe: you
wil break out.
Troy. She ſtroakes his cheeke. *Vliſ.* Come, come.
Troy. Nay ſtay, by *Ioue* I will not ſpeake a word.
There is betweene my will and all offences

A guard of patience, ſtay a little while.
Ther: How the diuell *Luxury* with his fat rumpe and potato finger, tickles together; frye lechery frye.
Dio: Will you then?
Creſ: In faith I will lo, neuer truſt me elſe.
Dio: Giue me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
Creſ: Ile fetch you one. *Exit.*
Vliſ: You haue ſworne patience:
Troy: Feare me not my Lord.
I will not be my ſelfe, nor haue cognition
Of what I feele, I am all patience: *Enter Creſſ.*
Ther: Now the pledge, now, now, now.
Creſ: Heere *Diomed* keepe this ſleeue.
Troy: O beauty where is thy faith!
Vliſ: My Lord.
Troy: You looke vpon that ſleeue behold it well,
He lou'd me (oh falſe wench) giu't me againe:
Dio: Whoſe was't?
Creſ: It is no matter now I ha't againe.
I will not meete with you to morrow night:
I prethee *Diomed* viſite me no more.
Ther: Now ſhee ſharpens, well ſaid *Whetſtone.*
Dio: I ſhall haue it.
Creſ: What this? *Dio:* I that.
Creſ: O all you gods; O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy maiſter now lyes thinking on his bed
Of thee and mee, and ſighes, and takes my gloue,
And giues memoriall dainty kiſſes to it, as I kiſſe thee.
Dio: Nay do not ſnatch it from me.
Creſ: He that takes that doth take my heart withall.
Dio: I had your heart before, this followes it.
Troy: I did ſweare patience.
You ſhall not haue it *Diomed*, faith you ſhall not,
Ile giue you ſomething elſe.
Dio: I will haue this, whoſe was it?
Creſ: It is no matter.
Dio. Come tell me whoſe it was?
Creſ. Twas on's that lou'd me better then you will,

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But now you haue it take it.
Dio: VVhoſe was it?
Creſ: And by all *Dianas* wayting women yond
And by her ſelfe I will not tell you whoſe.
Dio: To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
And grieue his ſpirit that dares not challenge it.
Troy: VVert thou the diuell, and wor'ſt it on thy horne,
It ſhould be challengd.
Creſ: VVell, well, tis done, tis paſt, and yet it is not.
I will not keepe my word.
Dio: VVhy then farewell, thou neuer ſhalt mocke *Diomed* againe.
Creſ: You ſhall not goe: one cannot ſpeake a word but it ſtraight ſtarts you.
Dio: I doe not like this fooling.
Ther: Nor I by *Pluto*; but that that likes not you, pleaſes me beſt.
Dio: VVhat ſhall I come? the houre--
Creſ: I come; O *Ioue*: do come, I ſhall be plagued.
Dio: Farewell till then.
Creſ: Good night, I prethee come:
Troylus farewell, one eye yet lookes on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth ſee,
Ah poore our ſex, this fault in vs I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind,
VVhat error leads muſt erre: O then conclude,
,, Mindes ſwayd by eyes are full of turpitude. *Exit.*
Ther: A proofe of ſtrength, ſhe could not publiſh more,
Vnleſſe ſhee ſaid my mind is now turn'd whore.
Vliſ: All's done my Lord. *Troy:* It is.
Vliſ: VVhy ſtay we then?
Troy: To make a recordation to my ſoule
Of euery ſillable that here was ſpoke:
But if I tell how theſe two did Court,
Shall I not lye in publiſhing a truth,
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinatly ſtrong,
That doth inuert the atteſt of eyes and eares,
As

As if thoſe organs were deceptions functions,
Created onely to calumniate. Was *Creſſeid* heere?
Vliſ. I cannot coniure Troyan.
Troyl. Shee was not ſure.
Vliſ. Moſt ſure ſhe was.
Troy. Why my negation hath no taſte of madneſſe.
Vliſ. Nor mine my Lord: *Creſſeid* was heere but now.
Troyl. Let it not be beleeu'd for woman-hood.
Thinke we had mothers, do not giue aduantage
To ſtubborne Critiques apt without a theme
For depravation, to ſquare the generall ſex
By *Creſſeids* rule. Rather thinke this not *Creſſeid.*
Vli. What hath ſhe done Prince that cã ſpoile our mothers.
Troyl. Nothing at all, vnleſſe that this were ſhe.
Ther. Will a ſwagger himſelfe out on's owne eyes.
Troyl. This ſhe, no this is *Diomeds Creſſeida,*
If beauty haue a ſoule this is not ſhee:
If ſoules guide vowes, if vowes be ſanctimonies,
If ſanctimony be the gods delight:
If there be rule in vnitie it ſelfe,
This was not ſhee: O madneſſe of diſcourſe,
That cauſe ſets vp with and againſt it ſelfe,
By-fould authority: where reaſon can reuolt
Without perdition, and loſſe aſſume all reaſon,
Without reuolt. This is and is not *Creſſeid,*
Within my ſoule there doth conduce a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparat,
Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:
And yet the ſpacious bredth of this diuiſion,
Admits no orifex for a point as ſubtle,
As *Ariachna's* broken woofe to enter,
Inſtance, O inſtance ſtrong as *Plutoes* gates,
Creſſeid is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen,
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as heauen it ſelfe,
The bonds of heauen are ſlipt, diſſolu'd and looſd,
And with another knot finde finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her loue.
The fragments, ſcraps, the bitts and greazie reliques.
Of

Of her ore-eaten faith, are giuen to *Diomed.*
Vlis. May worthy *Troylus* be halfe attached
With that which heere his passion doth expresse?
Troy. I Greeke, and that shall be divulged well
In Characters as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did young man fancy
With so eternall and so fixt a soule.
Harke Greeke, as much I do *Cressid* loue,
So much by waight, hate I her *Diomed*:
That sleeue is mine, that heele beare on his Helme:
VVere it a Casque compos'd by *Vulcans* skill
My sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout
VVhich Shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constringd in Masse by the almighty sunne
Shal dizzy with more clamour Neptunes eare, in his discent,
Then shall my prompted sword, falling on *Diomed.*
Ther: Heele tickle it for his concupie.
Troy: O *Cressid*, O false *Cressid*, false, false, false:
Let all vntruthes stand by thy stained name,
And theyle seeme glorious.
Vlis: O containe your selfe;
Your passion drawes eares hether. *Enter Eneas.*
Aene: I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy:
Aiax your guard stayes to conduct you home.
Troy: Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adiew,
Farewell reuoulted faire: and *Diomed*
Stand fast, and weare a Castle on thy head.
Vlis. Ile bring you to the gates
Troy. Accept distracted thankes.
Exeunt Troyl. Eneas and Vlisses.
Ther. VVould I could meete that roague *Diomed* I would croke like a Rauen, I would bode, I would bode: *Patroclus* will giue me any thing for the inteligence of this whore: the Parrot will not do more for an almond then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, still warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning diuell take them. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Hector and Andromache.
And. When was my Lord so much vngently temperd,
To stop his eares against admonishment:
Vnarme, vnarme, and do not fight to day.
Hect. You traine me to offend you, get you in,
By all the euerlasting gods Ile go.
And. My dreames will sure prooue ominous to the day.
Hect. No more I say.
Enter Cassandra.
Cas. Where is my brother *Hector?*
And. Here sister, arm'd and bloody in intent,
Consort with me in lowd and deere petition,
Pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreamt
Of bloudy turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but shapes and formes of slaughter.
Cass. O tis true.
Hect. Ho? bid my trumpet sound.
Cres. No notes of sallie for the heauens sweete brother.
Hect. Begon I say, the gods haue heard me sweare,
Cas. The gods are deafe to hotte and peeuish vowes,
They are polluted offrings more abhord,
Then spotted liuers in the sacrifice.
And. O be perswaded, do not count it holy,
It is the purpose that makes strong the vow,
But vowes to euery purpose must not hold:
Vnarme sweet *Hector.*
Hect. Hold you still I say,
Mine honor keepes the weather of my fate:
Life euery man holds deere but the deere man,
Holds honor farre more precious deere then life,
Enter Troylus.
How now yong man, meanest thou to fight to day.
And. Cassandra call my father to perswade. *Exit Cassan.*
Hect. No faith yong *Troylus*, doffe thy harnesse youth,
I am to day ith' vaine of chiualrie,
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre.
Vnarme thee go, and doubt thou not braue boy,

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Ile ſtand to day for thee and me and Troy.
Troyl. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a Lion then a man.
Hector. What vice is that? good *Troylus* chide me for it.
Troyl. When many times the captiue Grecian falls,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire ſword.
You bid them riſe and liue.
Hect. O tis faire play.
Troyl. Fooles play by heauen *Hector*.
Hect. How now? how now?
Troyl. For th'loue of all the gods
Lets leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mother,
And when we haue our armors buckled on,
The venomd vengeance ride vpon our ſwords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, raine them from ruth.
Hect. Fie ſauage, fie.
Troy. *Hector* then 'tis warres.
Hect. *Troylus* I would not haue you fight to day.
Troyl. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire,
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes ore-galled with recourſe of teares,
Nor you my brother, with your true ſword drawne,
Oppoſd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way.

Enter Priam and Caſſandra.

Caſſ. Lay hold vpon him, *Priam* hold him faſt,
He is thy crutch: now if thou looſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
Priam. Come *Hector*, come, go back,
Thy wife hath dreamt, thy mother hath had viſions,
Caſſandra doth foreſee, and I my ſelfe,
Am like a prophet ſuddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:

There-

Therefore come back.
Hec. *Æneas* is a field,
And I do ſtand, engagd to many Greekes,
Euen in the faith of valour to appeare,
This morning to them.
Priam But thou ſhalt not goe.
Hec. I muſt not breake my faith,
You know me dutifull, therefore deere ſir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect, but giue me leaue
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me royall *Priam*.
Caſſ. O *Priam* yeeld not to him.
And. Do not deere father.
Hec. *Andromache* I am offended with you,
Vpon the loue you beare me get you in. *Exit Androm.*
Troy. This fooliſh dreaming ſuperſtitious girle,
Makes all theſe bodements.
Caſ. O farewell deere *Hector*.
Looke how thou dy'eſt looke how thy eye turnes pale,
Looke how thy wounds do bleed at many veins,
Harke how Troy roares, how *Hecuba* cries out,
How poore *Andromache* ſhrils her dolours foorth,
Behold, deſtruction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witleſſe antiques one another meete,
And all cry *Hector*, *Hectors* dead, O *Hector*.
Troyl. Away, away.
Caſ. Farewell, yet ſoft: *Hector* I take my leaue,
Thou do'ſt thy ſelfe and all our Troy deceaue?
Hec. You are amaz'd my liege, at her exclaime,
Goe in and cheere the towne,
Weele forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praiſe, and tell you them at night.
Priam. Farewell, the gods with ſafetie ſtand about thee.
Alarum.
Troyl. They are at it harke, proud *Diomed* beleeue.
I come to looſe my arme, or winne my ſleeue.

Enter Pandar.

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Pand. Do you heere my Lord, do you heere.

Troyl. What now?

Pand. Heer's a letter come from yond poore girle.

Troy. Let me read,

Pand. A whorson tisick, a whorson rascally tisick, so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I shall leaue you one ath's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones, that vnlesse a man were curst I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes she there?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter frō the heart,
Th'effect doth operate another way.
Go winde to winde, there turne and change together:
My loue with words and errors still she feedes,
But edifies another with her deedes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therstes: excursions.

Therst. Now they are clapper-clawing one another: Ile go looke on, that dissembling abhominable varlet *Diomede*, has got that same scruuie dooting foolish knaues sleeue of Troy there in his helme. I would faine see them meete, that that same young Troyan asse that loues the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villaine with the sleeue, back to the dissembling luxurious drabbe of a sleeue-lesse arrant. Ath' tother side, the pollicie of those craftie swearing raskalls; that stale old Mouse-eaten drye cheese *Nestor*: and that same dogge-foxe *Ulisses*, is not proou'd worth a Black-berry. They set mee vp in pollicie, that mongrill curre *Aiax*, against that dogge of as bad a kinde *Achilles*. And now is the curre *Aiax*, prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme to day. Where-vpon the Grecians began to proclaime barbarisme, and pollicie growes into an ill opinion. Soft here comes sleeue & tother.

Troy. Flye not, for shouldst thou take the riuer Stix, I would swim after,

Diomed. Thou doost miscall retire,
I doe not flie, but aduantagious care,
With-drew me from the ods of multitude, haue at thee?

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore Troian,

Now

Now the sleeue, now the sleeue.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art Greeke, art thou for *Hectors* match.
Art thou of bloud and honour.

Ther. No, no, I am a rascall, a scuruy rayling knaue, a very filthy roague.

Hect. I do beleeue thee, liue.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleeue me, but a plague breake thy neck --- for fighting me: whats become of the wenching roagues? I thinke they haue swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle ---- yet in a sort lechery eates it selfe, ile seeke them. *Exit.*

Enter Diomed and Seruant.

Dio. Goe go, my seruant take thou *Troylus* horse,
Present the faire steed to my Lady *Cressid*,
Fellow commend my seruice to her beauty:
Tell her I haue chastis'd the amorous Troyan,
And am her knight by proofe. *Enter Agamem.*

Man. I goe my Lord.

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamas*,
Hath beate downe *Menon*: bastard *Margarelon*,
Hath *Doreus* prisoner.
And stands *Colossus* wise wauing his beame,
Vpon the pashed corses of the Kings:
Epistropus and *Cedus*, *Polixines* is slaine,
Amphimacus and *Thous* deadly hurt,
Patroclus tane or slaine, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruised, the dreadfull Sagittary,
Appalls our numbers, hast we *Diomed*,
To re-enforcement or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the snail-pac't *Aiax* arme for shame,
There is a thousand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his horse,
And there lacks worke, anon he's there a foote
And there they flie or die, like scaling sculls,
Before the belching Whale, then is he yonder:

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And there the strawy Greekes ripe for his edge
Fall downe before him like a mowers swath,
Here,there and euery where,he leaues and takes,
Dexterity so obaying appetite,
That what he will he do's, and do's so much:
That proofe is call'd impossibility. *Enter Vlisses.*
Vliss. Oh courage,courage Princes, great *Achilles*,
Is arming,weeping,cursing,vowing vengeance,
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzy bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*
That noseleſſe, handleſſe, hackt and chipt come to him.
Crying on *Hector*, *Aiax* hath loſt a friend,
And foames at mouth,and hee is armde and at it:
Roaring for *Troylus*, who hath done to day,
Madde and fantaſtique execution:
Engaging and redeeming of himſelfe
With ſuch a careleſſe force, and forceleſſe care,
As if that luſt in very ſpight of cunning,bad him win all.
Enter Aiax. Troylus,thou coward *Troylus*. *Exit.*
Dio. I there,there?
Neſt: So,ſo,we draw together. *Exit.*
Enter Achilles.
Achil. Where is this *Hector*?
Come,come thou boy-queller ſhew thy face,
Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry
Hector wher's, *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. *Exit.*
Enter Aiax. Troylus thou coward *Troylus* ſhew thy head.
Enter Diom. Troylus I ſay wher's *Troylus*?
Aiax. What wouldſt thou.
Diom. I would correct him.
Aiax. Were I the generall thou ſhouldſt haue my office,
Ere that correction? *Troylus* I ſay what *Troylus*.
Enter Troylus.
Troy. Oh traytor *Diomed*, turne thy falſe face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou oweſt me for my horſe.
Dio. Ha art thou there?
Aiax Ile fight with him alone ſtand *Diomed*.
Diom.

Diom. He is my prize,I will not looke vpon.
Troy. Come both you cogging Greekes haue at you both.
Hect. Yea *Troylus*,O well fought my yongeſt brother.
Enter Achil: Now do I ſee thee ha,haue at thee *Hector*.
Hect. Pauſe if thou wilt.
Achil. I do diſdaine thy curteſie proud Troyan,
Be happy that my armes are out of vſe:
My reſt and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt here of me againe:
Till when goe ſeeke thy fortune. *Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well.
I would haue beene much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee, how now my brother. *Enter Troyl:*
Troy. Aiax hath tane *Æneas* ſhall it be,
No by the flame of yonder glorious heauen
He ſhall not carry him ile be tane to,
Or bring him off,fate here me what I ſay:
I wreake not though I end my life to day. *Exit.*
Enter one in armour.
Hect: Stand, ſtand thou Greeke, thou art a goodly marke,
No? wilt thou not.I like thy armor well,
Ile fruſh it and vnlock the riuets all:
But ile be maiſter of it,wilt thou not beaſt abide,
Why then flie on,ile hunt thee for thy hide. *Exit.*
Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.
Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*,
Marke what I ſay,attend me where I wheele:
Strike not a ſtroke,but keepe your ſelues in breth,
And when I haue the bloudy *Hector* found:
Empale him with your weapons round about,
In felleſt manner execut your armes
Follow me ſirs and my proceedings eye,
It is decreed *Hector* the great muſt die. *Exit.*
Enter Therſi: Mene: Paris.
Ther. The cuck-old and the cuck-old-maker are at it,
now bull, now dogge lowe, *Paris* lowe, now my double
hen'd ſpartan, lowe *Paris*, lowe the bull has the game, ware
hornes ho? *Exit Paris and Menelus.*
Enter

Enter Baſtard

Baſt. Turne ſlaue and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Baſt. A Baſtard ſonne of *Priams.*

Therſ: I am a baſtard too, I loue baſtards. I am baſtard begot, baſtard inſtructed, baſtard in minde, baſtard in valour, in euery thing illigitimate, one beare wil not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one baſtard? take heed, the quarells moſt ominous to vs, if the ſonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement, farewell baſtard.

Baſt. The duell take thee coward. *Exit.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified core ſo faire without,
Thy goodly armor thus hath coſt thy life;
Now is my daies worke done ile take my breth:
Reſt ſword thou haſt thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil: Loke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to ſet,
How ougly night comes breathing at his heeles
Euen with the vaile and darkning of the Sunne,
To cloſe the day vp, *Hectors* life is done.

Hect. I am vnarm'd forgoe this vantage Grecke.

Achil. Strike fellowes ſtrike, this is the man I ſeeke,
So Illion fall thou next, come Troy ſinke downe,
Here lies thy heart, thy ſinnewes and thy bone.
On *Myrmydons*, and cry you all amaine,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlaine, *Retreat:*
Harke a retire vpon our Grecian prat.

One: The Troyans trumpet ſound the like my Lord.

Achil: The dragon wing of night oreſpreds the earth,
And ſtickler-like the armies ſeparates.
My halfe ſupt ſword that frankly would haue fedde,
Pleaſ'd with this dainty baite thus goes to bed:
Come tie his body to my horſes taile,
Along the field I will the Troyan traile. *Exeunt:*

Enter Agam: Aiax, Mene: Neſtor, Diom: and the reſt marching.

Aga. Hark, harke, what is this?

Neſt.

Neſt. Peace drums.

Sould: within. Achilles, Achilles, Hectors ſlaine *Achilles.*

Dio. The bruite is *Hectors* ſlaine and by *Achilles.*

Aiax. If it be ſo yet bragleſſe let it bee,
Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.

Aga. March patiently along: let one bee ſent,
To pray *Achilles* ſee vs at our tent:
If in his death the Gods haue vs befriended.
Great Troy is ours, and our ſharpe wars are ended. *Exeunt.*

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand ho? yet are we maſters of the field,

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Neuer goe home, here ſtarue we out the night,

Hector is ſlaine.

All. Hector! the gods forbid.

Troy. Hee's dead and at the murtherers horſes taile,
In beſtly ſort dragd through the ſhamefull field:
Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with ſpeed,
Sit gods vpon your thrones, and ſmile at Troy.
I ſay at once, let your breefe plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.

Æne. My Lord you doe diſcomfort all the hoſt.

Troy. You vnderſtand me not that tell me ſo,
I do not ſpeake of flight, of feare of death
But dare all immynence that gods and men
Addreſſe their daungers in. *Hector* is gone:
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo or *Hecuba?*
Let him that will a ſcrich-ould aye be call'd,
Goe into Troy and ſay their *Hectors* dead,
There is a word will *Priam* turne to ſtone,
Make wells and *Niobe's* of the maides and wiues:
Could ſtatues of the youth and in a word,
Scarre Troy out of it ſelfe, there is no more to ſay,
Stay yet you proud abhominable tents:
Thus proudly pitcht vpon our Phrigian plaines,
Let *Tytan* riſe as eately as he dare,
Ile through, and through you, and thou great ſiz'd coward,
No ſpace of earth ſhall ſunder our two hates:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Troilus and Cressida* (STC 22332) LONDON, 1609 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.43[6]) Octavo

Ile haunt thee like a wicked conſcience ſtill.
That mouldeth goblins ſwift as frienzes thoughts.
Strike a free march, to Troy with comfort goe
Hope of reuenge ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But here you, here you.
Troy. Hence broker, lacky, ignomyny, ſhame,
Purſue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.

Exeunt all but Pandarus.

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aking bones, O world, world --- thus is the poore agent deſpiſ'd, Oh traitors and bawds, how earneſtly are you ſet a worke, and how ill requited, why ſhould our endeuour bee ſo lou'd and the performance ſo loathed, what verſe for it? What inſtance for it? Let me ſee,

Full merrily the humble Bee doth ſing,
Till he hath loſt his hony and his ſting.
And being once ſubdude in armed taile,
Sweet hony, and ſweet notes together faile.
Good traiders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloathes,
As many as be here of *Pandars* hall.
Your eyes halfe out weepe out at *Pandars* fall.
Or if you cannot weepe yet giue ſome grones,
Though not for me yet for my aking bones:
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-ore trade,
Some two monthes hence my will ſhall here be made.
It ſhould be now but that my feare is this,
Some gauled gooſe of Winchester would hiſſe.
Till then ile ſweat and ſeeke about for eaſes,
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes.

FINIS.

In Pope's List he gives the title of this play (of which he had only one copy) exactly as it stands here, except that he has given no date; from which it has been supposed that there is another edition published by Thos. Walkley without a date, and not long after Shakspeare's death. Perhaps the date was ~~inadvertently omitted by Pope~~ cut off from his copy.; In 70 years no undated copy of this play has been discovered, which makes me doubt whether it ever existed. The Quarto copies which had belonged to Pope, afterwards fell into the hands of Warburton, who put them into Mallet's Sale in 1766; but I know not to whom they were sold. If they could be recovered, this point might be ascertained.

That Popes copy had no date appears from his inferring ~~the~~ from Walkleys preface that the play was published soon after Shakspeare's death: which he need not have done ~~had it~~ if his copy had had the date; but

× I have no doubt that the date was wanting merely by being cut off, which frequently happens in old plays. The gentleman who possesses the two 4to vol.s above mentioned could ascertain this point.

THE Tragœdy of Othello, The Moore of Venice.

As it hath beene diuerse times acted at the Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by *his Maiesties Seruants.*

Written by VVilliam Shakespeare.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

LONDON,
Printed by N. O. for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Bursse.
1622.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.43[7]) Octavo

The Stationer to the Reader.

TO set forth a booke without an Epistle, were like to the old English prouerbe, A blew coat without a badge, *& the Author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke vpon mee: To commend it, I will not, for that which is good, I hope euery man will commend, without intreaty: and I am the bolder, because the Authors name is sufficient to vent his worke. Thus leauing euery one to the liberty of iudgement: I haue ventered to print this Play, and leaue it to the generall censure.*

Yours,

Thomas VValkley.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.43[7]) Octavo

The Tragedy of Othello *the Moore of* Venice.

Enter *Iago* and *Roderigo*.

Roderigo.

TVſh, neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That you *Iago*, who has had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine, ſhould'ſt know of this.
Iago. S'blood, but you will not heare me,
If euer I did dreame of ſuch a matter, abhorre me.
Rod. Thou told'ſt me, thou did'ſt hold him in thy hate.
Iag. Deſpiſe me if I doe not: three great ones of the Citty
In perſonall ſuite to make me his Leiutenant,
Oft capt to him, and by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worſe a place.
But he, as louing his owne pride and purpoſes,
Euades them, with a bumbaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with Epithite: of warre:
And in concluſion,
Non-ſuits my mediators: for certes, ſayes he,
I haue already choſen my officer, and what was he?
Forſooth, a great Arithmetition,
One *Michael Caſsio*, a Florentine,
A fellow almoſt damnd in a faire wife,
That neuer ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the deuiſion of a Battell knowes,

More then a Spinster, vnlesse the bookish Theorique,
Wherein the toged Consuls can propose
As masterly as he: meere prattle without practise,
Is all his souldier-shippe: but he sir had the election,
And I, of whom his eyes had seene the proofe,
At *Rhodes*, at *Cipres*, and on other grounds,
Christian and Heathen, must be led, and calm'd,
By Debitor and Creditor, this Counter-caster:
He in good time, must his Leiutenant be,
And I, God blesse the marke, his Worships Ancient.
Rod. By heauen I rather would haue bin his hangman.
Ia. But there's no remedy,
Tis the curse of seruice,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the olde gradation, where each second
Stood heire to the first:
Now sir be iudge your selfe,
Whether I, in any iust tearme am assign'd
to loue the Moore.
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Ia. O sir, content you,
I follow him to serue my turne vpon him,
We cannot be all masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truely followed, you shall marke.
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue,
That doting on his owne obsequious bondage,
Weares out his time much like his masters Asse,
For nought but prouender, and when hee's old cashiered,
Whip mee such honest knaues:
Others there are, who trimd in formes,
And visages of duty, keepe yet their hearts,
Attending on themselues, and throwing
But shewes of seruice on their Lords,
Doe well thriue by 'em,
And when they haue lin'd their coates,
Doe themselues homage,
Those fellowes haue some soule,

And such a one doe I professe my selfe, --- for sir,
It is as sure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my selfe.
Heauen is my iudge, not I,
For loue and duty, but seeming so,
For my peculiar end.
For when my outward action does demonstrate
The native act, and figure of my heart,
In complement externe, tis not long after,
But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue,
For Doues to pecke at,
I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thicklips owe,
If he can carry't thus?
Ia. Call vp her father,
Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclaime him in the streete, incense her Kinsmen,
And tho he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flyes: tho that his ioy be ioy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation out,
As it may loose some colour.
Rod Here is her fathers house, Ile call aloud.
Ia. Doe with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous Cities.
Rod. What ho, *Brabantio*, Seignior *Brabantio*, ho,
Ia. Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*,
Theeues, theeues, theeues:
Looke to your house, you Daughter, and your bags,
Theeues, theeues.

Brabantio *at a window.*

Brab. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Seignior, is all your family within?
Ia. Are all doore lockts?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.43[7]) Octavo

Brab. Why, wherefore aske you this?
Iag. Zounds sir you are robd, for shame put on your gowne,
Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule;
Euen now, very now, an old black Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe; arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Citizens with the Bell,
Or else the Diuell will make a Grandsire of you, arise I say.
Brab. What, haue you lost your wits?
Rod. Most reuerend Seignior, doe you know my voyce?
Bra. Not I, what are you?
Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.
Bra. The worse welcome,
I haue charg'd thee, not to haunt about my dores,
In honest plainenesse, thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Vpon malicious brauery, dost thou come
To start my quiet?
Rod. Sir, sir, sir.
Bra. But thou must needes be sure
My spirit and my place haue in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience good sir.
Bra. What, tell'st thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*,
My house is not a graunge.
Rod. Most graue *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soule I come to you.
Iag. Zouns Sir, you are one of those, that will not serue God, if the Deuill bid you. Because we come to doe you seruice, you thinke we are Ruffians, youle haue your daughter couered with a Barbary horse; youle haue your Nephewes ney to you; youle haue Coursers for Cousens, and Iennits for *Iermans*.
Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?
Iag. I am one sir, that come to tell you, your daughter, and the Moore, are now making the Beast with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a villaine.
Iag. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer, I know thee *Roderigo*.
Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing: But I beseech you,
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Iustice of the state,
For this delusion.
Bra. Strike on the tinder, Ho:
Giue me a taper, call vp all my people:
This accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppresses me already:
Light I say, light.
Iag. Farewell, for I must leaue you,
It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my pate,
To be produc'd, as if I stay I shall
Against the Moore, for I doe know the state,
Now euer this may gaule him with some checke,
Cannot with safety cast him, for hee's imbark'd,
With such loud reason, to the Cipres warres,
Which euen now stands in act, that for their soules,
Another of his fathome, they haue not
To leade their businesse, in which regard,
Tho I doe hate him, as I doe hells paines,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag, and signe of loue,
Which is indeed but signe, that you shall surely
Finde him: lead to the Sagittar, the raised search,
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Exit.

Enter Barbantio *in his night gowne, and seruants with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an euill, gone she is,
And what's to come, of my despised time,
Is nought but bitternesse now *Roderigo*,
Where didst thou see her; O vnhappy girle,
With the Moore saist thou? who would be a father?
How didst thou know twas she? O thou deceiuest me
Past thought: what said she to you? get more tapers,

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Raiſe all my kindred, are they married thinke you?
Rod. Truely I thinke they are.
Bra. O heauen, how got ſhe out? O treaſon of the blood,
Fathers from hence, truſt not your Daughters mindes,
By what you ſee them act, is there not charmes,
By which the property of youth and manhood
May be abus'd? haue you not read *Roderigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing.
Rod. I haue ſir.
Bra. Call vp my brother: O that you had had her,
Some one way, ſome another; doe yon know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?
Rod. I thinke I can diſcouer him, if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and goe along with me.
Bra. Pray leade me on, at euery houſe Ile call,
I may command at moſt: get weapons ho,
And raiſe ſome ſpeciall Officers of night:
On good *Roderigo*, Ile deſerue your paynes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, *and attendants with Torches.*

Ia. Tho in the trade of warre, I haue ſlaine men,
Yet doe I hold it very ſtuft of Conſcience,
To doe no contriu'd murther; I lacke iniquity
Sometimes to doe me ſeruice: nine or ten times,
I had thought to haue ierk'd him here,
Vnder the ribbes.
Oth. Tis better as it is.
Iag. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcuruy, and prouoking tearmes
Againſt your Honor, that with the little godlineſſe I haue,
I did full hard forbeare him: but I pray ſir,
Are you faſt married? For be ſure of this,
That the Magnifico is much beloued,
And hath in his effect, a voyce potentiall,
As double as the Dukes, he will diuorce you,
Or put vpon you what reſtraint, and greeuance,
That law with all his might to inforce it on,

Weele

Weele giue him cable,
Oth. Let him doe his ſpite,
My ſeruices which I haue done the Seigniorie,
Shall out tongue his complaints, tis yet to know,
That boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall prouulgate, I fetch my life and being,
From men of royall height, and my demerrits,
May ſpeake vnbonnited to as proud a fortune
As this that I haue reach'd; for know *Iago*,
But that I loue the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not, my vnhouſed free condition,
Put into circumſcription and confine
For the ſeas worth, *Enter* Caſſio *with lights, Officers,*
But looke what lights come yonder. *and torches.*
Ia. Theſe are the raiſed Father and his friends,
You were beſt goe in.
Oth. Not I, I muſt be found,
My parts, my Title, and my perfect ſoule,
Shall manifeſt me rightly: it is they.
Ia. By *Ianus* I thinke no.
Oth. The ſeruants of the Duke, and my Leiutenant,
The goodneſſe of the night vpon you: friends,
What is the newes.
Caſ. The Duke does greete you Generall,
And he requires your haſt, poſt haſt appearance,
Euen on the inſtant.
Oth. What's the matter thinke you:
Caſ. Something from *Cipres*, as I may diuine,
It is a buſineſſe of ſome heate, the Galleyes
Haue ſent a dozen frequent meſſengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Conſuls rais'd, and met,
Are at the Dukes already; you haue bin hotly cald for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate ſent aboue three ſeuerall queſts.
To ſearch you out.
Oth. Tis weil I am found by you,

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Ile ſpend a word here in the houſe, and goe with you.
Caſ. Auncient, what makes he here?
Ia. Faith he to night, hath boorded a land Carrick:
If it proue lawfull prize, hee's made for euer.
Caſ. I doe not vnderſtand.
Ia. Hee's married.
Caſ. To who?

Enters Brabantio, Roderigo, *and others with lights and weapons.*

Ia. Marry to. ---- Come Captaine, will you goe?
Oth. Ha, with who?
Caſ. Here comes another troupe to ſeeke for you.
Ia. It is *Brabantio*, Generall be aduiſde,
He comes to bad intent.
Oth. Holla, ſtand there.
Rod. Seignior, it is the Moore.
Bra. Downe with him theiſe.
Ia. You *Roderigo*, Come ſir, I am for you.
Oth. Keepe vp your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt em,
Good Seignior you ſhall more command with yeares
Then with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foule theefe, where haſt thou ſtowed my daughter?
Dambd as thou art, thou haſt inchanted her,
For ile referre me to all thing of ſenſe,
Whether a maide ſo tender, faire, and happy,
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhund
The wealthy curled darlings of our Nation,
Would euer haue (to incurre a generall mocke)
Runne from her gardage to the ſooty boſome
Of ſuch a thing as thou? to feare, not to delight,
Such an abuſer of the world, a practiſer
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant?
Lay hold vpon him, if he doe reſiſt,
Subdue him at his perill.
Oth. Hold your hands:
Both you of my inclining and the reſt,

Were it my Qu. to fight, I ſhould haue knowne it,
Without a prompter, where will you that I goe,
And anſwer this your charge?
Bra. To priſon till fit time
Of Law, and courſe of direct Seſſion,
Call thee to anſwer.
Oth. What if I doe obey,
How may the Duke be therewith ſatisfied,
Whoſe Meſſengers are heere about my ſide,
Vpon ſome preſent buſineſſe of the State,
To beare me to him.
Officer. Tis true moſt worthy Seignior,
The Duke's in Councell, and your noble ſelfe,
I am ſure is ſent for.
Bra. How? the Duke in Councell?
In this time of the night? bring him away,
Mine's not an idle cauſe, the Duke himſelfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as twere their owne.
For if ſuch actions, may haue paſſage free,
Bondſlaues, and Pagans, ſhall our Stateſmen be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke and Senators, ſet at a Table with lights and Attendants.

Duke. There is no Compoſition in theſe newes,
That giues them credit.
1 *Sena.* Indeede they are diſproportioned,
My letters ſay, a hundred and ſeuen Gallies.
Du. And mine a hundred and forty.
2 *Sena.* And mine two hundred:
But though they iumpe not on a iuſt account,
As in theſe caſes, where they aym'd reports,
Tis oft with difference, yet doe they all confirme
A *Turkiſh* fleete, and bearing vp to *Cipreſſe*.
Du. Nay, it is poſſible enough to iudgement:
I doe not ſo ſecure me to the error,
But the mayne Articles I doe approue

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In fearefull ſenſe. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
One within. What ho, what ho, what ho?
Sailor. A meſſenger from the Galley.
Du. Now, the buſineſſe?
Sailor. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here, to the ſtate.
Du. How ſay you by this change?
1 *Sena.* This cannot be by no aſſay of reaſon---
Tis a Pageant,
To keepe vs in falſe gaze: when we conſider
The importancy of *Cypreſſe* to the *Turke*:
And let our ſelues againe, but vnderſtand,
That as it more concernes the *Turke* then *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile queſtion beare it.
Du. And in all confidence, hee's not for *Rhodes*.
Officer. Here is more newes. *Enter a 2. Meſſenger.*
Meſ. The *Ottamites*, reuerend and gracious,
Steering with due courſe, toward the Ile of *Rhodes*,
Haue there injoynted with an after fleete
Of 30. ſaile, and now they doe reſterine
Their backward courſe, bearing with franke appearance
Their purpoſes towards *Cypreſſe*: Seignior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant ſeruitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeue him.
Du. Tis certaine then for *Cypreſſe*,
Marcus Luccicos is not here in Towne.
1 *Sena.* Hee's now in *Florence*.
Du. Write from vs, wiſh him poſt, poſt haſt diſpatch:

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Iago, Caſſio,
Deſdemona, *and Officers.*

1 *Sena.* Here comes *Brabantio* and the valiant *Moore*.
Du. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraite imploy you,
Againſt the generall enemy *Ottaman*;
I did not ſee you, welcome gentle Seignior,
We lacke your counſell, and your helpe to night,

Bra.

Bra. So did I yours, good your Grace pardon me,
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of buſineſſe
Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the generall care
Take any hold of me, for my particular griefes,
Is of ſo floodgate and orebearing nature,
That it engluts and ſwallowes other ſorrowes,
And it is ſtill it ſelfe.
Du. Why, what's the matter?
Bra. My daughter, O my daughter.
All. Dead?
Bra. I to me:
She is abus'd, ſtolne from me and corrupted,
By ſpels and medicines, bought of mountebancks,
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to erre,
Saunce witchcraft could not.
Du. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguild your daughter of her ſelfe,
And you of her, the bloody booke of Law,
You ſhall your ſelfe, read in the bitter letter,
After its owne ſenſe, tho our proper ſonne
Stood in your action.
Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace;
Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it ſeemes
Your ſpeciall mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.
All. We are very ſorry for't.
Du. What in your owne part can you ſay to this?
Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.
Oth. Moſt potent, graue, and reuerend Seignors,
My very noble and approoued good maiſters:
That I haue tane away this old mans daughter,
It is moſt true: true, I haue married her,
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſt with the ſet phraſe of peace,
For ſince theſe armes of mine had ſeuen yeares pith,
Till now ſome nine Moones waſted, they haue vs'd

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Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to feate of broyle, and battaile,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my selfe; yet by your gracious patience,
I will a round vnvarnish'd tale deliuer,
Of my whole course of loue, what drugs, what charmes,
What coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For such proceedings am I charg'd withall:)
I wonne his daughter.

Bra. A maiden neuer bold of spirit,
So still and quiet, that her motion
Blush't at her selfe: and she in spite of nature,
Of yeares, of Country, credit, euery thing,
To fall in loue with what she fear'd to looke on?
It is a iudgement maimd, and most imperfect,
That will confesse perfection, so would erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen,
To finde out practises of cunning hell,
Why this should be, I therefore vouch againe,
That with some mixtures powerfull ore the blood,
Or with some dram coniur'd to this effect,
He wrought vpon her.

Du. To youth this is no proofe,
Without more certaine and more ouert test,
These are thin habits, and poore likelihoods,
Of moderne seemings, you preferre against him.

1 *Sena.* But *Othello* speake,
Did you by indirect and forced courses,
Subdue and poison this young maides affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question,
As soule to soule affoordeth?

Oth. I doe beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagittar,
And let her speake of me before her father;
If you doe finde me foule in her report,
Not onely take away, but let your sentence

Euen

Euen fall vpon my life.

Du. Fetch *Desdemona* hither. *Exit two or three.*

Oth. Ancient conduct them, you best know the place:
And till she come, as faithfull as to heauen,
So iustly to your graue eares I'le present,
How I did thriue in this faire Ladyes loue,
And she in mine.

Du. Say it *Othello.*

Oth. Her Father loued me, oft inuited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From yeare to yeare, the battailes, seiges, fortunes
That I haue past:
I ran it through, euen from my boyish dayes,
Toth' very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of mooving accident of flood and field;
Of heire-breadth scapes ith imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe:
And sold to slauery, and my redemption thence,
And with it all my trauells Historie;
Wherein of Antrees vast, and Deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hils, whose heads touch heauen,
It was my hent to speake, such was the processe:
And of the *Cannibals*, that each other eate;
The *Anthropophagie*, and men whose heads
Doe grow beneath their shoulders: this to heare,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline;
But still the house affaires would draw her thence,
And euer as she could with hast dispatch,
Shee'd come againe, and with a greedy eare
Deuoure vp my discourse; which I obseruing,
Tooke once a plyant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcell she had something heard,
But not intentiuely, I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,

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When I did speake of some distressed stroake
That my youth suffered: my story being done;
She gaue me for my paines a world of sighes;
She swore I faith twas strange, twas passing strange;
Twas pittifull, twas wondrous pittifull;
She wisht she had not heard it, yet she wisht
That Heauen had made her such a man: she thanked me,
And bad me, if I had a friend that loued her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Vpon this heate I spake:
She lou'd me for the dangers I had past.
And I lou'd her that she did pitty them.
This onely is the witchcraft I haue vs'd:
Here comes the Lady,
Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, *and the rest.*

Du. I thinke this tale would win my daughter too, ----
Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best,
Men doe their broken weapons rather vse,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her speake.
If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,
Destruction lite on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle mistresse:
Doe you perceiue in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I doe perceiue here a deuided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both doe learne me
How to respect you, you are Lord of all my duty,
I am hitherto your daughter. But heere's my husband:
And so much duty as my mother shewed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge, that I may professe,
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God bu'y, I ha done:
Please it your Grace, on to the State affaires;
I had rather to adopt a child then get it;
Come hither Moore:
I here doe giue thee that, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee: for your sake Iewell,
I am glad at soule. I haue no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on em, I haue done my Lord.

Du. Let me speake like your selfe, and lay a sentence
Which as a greese or stop may helpe these louers
Into your fauour.
When remedies are past, the griefes are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourne a mischeife that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw more mischiefe on;
What cannot be preseru'd when fortune takes,
Patience her iniury a mockery makes.
The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the thiefe,
He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelesse griefe.

Bra. So let the *Turke*, of *Cypres* vs beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile;
He beares the sentence well that nothing beares,
But the free comfort, which from thence he heares:
But he beares both the sentence and the sorrow,
That to pay griefe, must of poore patience borrow.
These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equiuocall:
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the eare:
Beseech you now, to the affaires of the state.

Du. The *Turke* with most mighty preparation makes for *Cipres*: *Othello*, the fortitude of the place, is best knowne to you, and tho we haue there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a soueraigne mistresse of effects, throwes a more safer voyce on you; you must therefore bee content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes, with this more stubborne and boisterous expedition.

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Oth. The tyrant custome most great Senators,
Hath made the flinty and steele Couch of warre,
My thrice driuen bed of downe: I doe agnize
A naturall and prompt alacrity,
I finde in hardnesse, and would vndertake
This present warres against the *Ottamites*,
Most humbly therefore, bending to your State,
I craue fit disposition for my wife,
Due reuerence of place and exhibition,
Which such a comodation? and besort
As leuels with her breeding.
Du. If you please, bee't at her fathers.
Bra. Ile not haue it so.
Oth. Nor I.
Desd. Nor I, I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye: most gracious Duke,
To my vnfolding lend a gracious eare,
And let me finde a charter in your voyce,
And if my simplenesse. ---
Du. What would you ---speake.
Des. That I did loue the Moore, to liue with him,
My downe right violence, and scorne of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the world: my hearts subdued,
Euen to the vtmost pleasure of my Lord:
I saw *Othelloes* visage in his minde,
And to his Honors, and his valiant parts
Did I my soule and fortunes consecrate:
So that deere Lords, if I be left behinde,
A Mothe of peace, and he goe to the warre,
The rites for which I loue him, are bereft me,
And I a heauy interim shall support,
By his deare absence, let me goe with him.
Oth. Your voyces Lords: beseech you let her will,
Haue a free way, I therefore beg it not
To please the pallat of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heate, the young affects

In my defunct, and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous of her mind,
And heauen defend your good soules that you thinke
I will your serious and good businesse scant,
For she is with me; --- no, when light-wingd toyes,
And feather'd Cupid foyles with wanton dulnesse,
My speculatiue and actiue instruments,
That my disports, corrupt and taint my businesse,
Let huswiues make a skellet of my Helme,
And all indigne and base aduersities,
Make head against my reputation.
Du. Be it, as you shall priuately determine,
Either for stay or going, the affaires cry hast,
And speede must answer, you must hence to night,
Desd. To night my Lord?
Du. This night.
Oth. With all my heart.
Du. At ten i'the morning here weel meete againe.
Othello, leaue some officer behind,
And he shall our Commission bring to you,
With such things else of quality or respect,
As doth concerne you.
Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust,
To his conueyance I assigne my wife,
With what else needefull your good Grace shall thinke,
To be sent after me.
Du. Let it be so:
Good night to euery one, and noble Seignior,
If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
Your son in law is farre more faire then blacke.
1 *Sena.* Adue braue Moore, vse *Desdemona* well.
Bra. Looke to her Moore, haue a quicke eye to see,
She has deceiu'd her father, may doe thee. *Exeunt.*
Oth. My life vpon her faith: honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leaue to thee,
I prethee let thy wife attend on her,

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And bring her after in the best aduantage;
Come *Desdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of loue, of worldly matters, and direction,
To spend with thee, we must obey the time.
Rod. Iago. *Exit Moore and* Desdemona.
Iag. What saiest thou noble heart?
Rod. What will I doe thinkest thou?
Iag. Why goe to bed and sleepe.
Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selfe.
Iag. Well, if thou doest, I shall neuer loue thee after it,
Why, thou silly Gentleman.
Rod. It is sillinesse to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we haue a prescription, to dye when death is our Physition.
Iag. I ha look'd vpon the world for foure times seuen yeares, and since I could distinguish betweene a benefit, and an iniury, I neuer found a man that knew how to loue himselfe: ere I would say I would drowne my selfe, for the loue of a Ginny Hen, I would change my humanity with a Baboone.
Rod. What should I do? I confesse it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.
Iag. Vertue? a fig, tis in our selues, that wee are thus, or thus, our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are Gardiners, so that if we will plant Nettles, or sow Lettice, set Isop, and weed vp Time; supply it with one gender of hearbes, or distract it with many; either to haue it sterrill with Idlenesse, or manur'd with Industry, why the power, and corrigible Authority of this, lies in our wills. If the ballance of our liues had not one scale of reason, to poise another of sensuality; the blood and baseneſſe of our natures, would conduct vs to most prepostorous conclusions. But wee haue reason to coole our raging motions, our carnall stings, our vnbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call loue to be a sect, or syen.
Rod. It cannot be.
Iag. It is meerly a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will: Come, be a man; drowne thy selfe? drowne Cats and blinde Puppies: I professe me thy friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deseruing, with cables of perdurable toughnesse; I could neuer better steede thee then now. Put money in thy purse; follow these warres,

defeate

defeate thy fauour with an vsurp'd beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that *Desdemona* should long continue her loue vnto the Moore, --- put money in thy purse, -- nor he to her; it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration: put but money in thy purse. --- These Moores are changeable in their wills: --- fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now, is as lushious as Locusts, shall be to him shortly as acerbe as the Colloquintida. When shee is sated with his body, shee will finde the error of her choyce; shee must haue change, shee must. Therefore put money in thy purse: if thou wilt needes damme thy selfe, doe it a more delicate way then drowning; make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian*, and a super subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enioy her; therefore make money, -- a pox a drowning, tis cleane out of the way: seeke thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy ioy, then to bee drowned, and goe without her.
Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes?
Iag. Thou art sure of me --- goe, make money --- I haue told thee often, and I tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore, my cause is harted, thine has no lesse reason, let vs be communicatiue in our reuenge against him: If thou canst cuckold him, thou doest thy selfe a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many euents in the womb of Time, which will be deliuered. Trauerce, go, prouide thy money, we will haue more of this to morrow, Adiue.
Rod. Where shall we meete i'th morning.
Iag. At my lodging.
Rod. I'le be with thee betimes.
Iag. Go to, farewell: --- doe you heare *Rodrigo*?
Rod. what say you?
Iag. No more of drowning, doe you heare?
Rod. I am chang'd. *Exit Rodrigo.*
Iag. Goe to, farewell, put money enough in your purse:
Thus doe I euer make my foole my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit: I hate the Moore,

 And

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And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheetes
Ha's done my office; I know not, if't be true ---
Yet I, for meere suspition in that kind,
Will doe, as if for surety: he holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him.
Cassio's a proper man, let me see now,
To get this place, and to make vp my will,
A double knauery --- how, how, --- let me see,
After some time, to abuse *Othellos* eare,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He has a person and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected, fram'd to make women false:
The Moore a free and open nature too,
That thinkes men honest, that but seemes to be so:
And will as tenderly be led bi'h nose --- as Asses are:
I ha't, it is ingender'd: Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light.

Exit.

Actus 2.

Scœna 1.

Enter Montanio, *Gouernor of* Cypres, *with two other Gentlemen.*

Montanio.

VVHat from the Cape can you discerne at Sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,
I cannot twixt the hauen and the mayne
Descry a saile.

Mon. Me thinkes the wind does speake aloud at land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:
If it ha ruffian so vpon the sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when the huge mountaine melt,

Can

Can hold the mortles, --- What shall we heare of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the *Turkish* Fleete:
For doe but stand vpon the banning shore,
The chiding billow seemes to pelt the cloudes,
The winde shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mayne,
Seemes to cast water, on the burning Beare,
And quench the guards of th'euer fired pole,
I neuer did, like molestation view,
On the inchased flood.

Mon. If that the *Turkish* Fleete
Be not inshelter'd, and embayed, they are drown'd,
It is impossible they beare it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* Newes Lords, your warres are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the *Turke*,
That their designement halts: Another shippe of *Venice* hath seene
A greeuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of the Fleete.

Mon. How, is this true?

3 *Gent.* The shippe is heere put in:
A Veronessa, *Michael Cassio*,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore *Othello*,
Is come ashore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission here for *Cypres*,

Mon. I am glad on't, tis a worthy Gouernour.

3 *Gent.* But this same *Cassio*, tho he speake of comfort,
Touching the *Turkish* losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And prayes the Moore be safe, for they were parted,
With foule and violent Tempest.

Mon. Pray Heauen he be:
For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Souldier:
Lets to the sea side, ho,
As well to see the vessell that's come in,

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As to throw out our eyes for braue *Othello*.

3 *Gent.* Come, lets doe so,
For euery minute is expectancy
Of more arriuance, *Enter* Cassio.

Cas. Thankes to the valiant of this worthy Isle,
That so approue the Moore, and let the heauens
Giue him defence against their Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipt?

Cas. His Barke is stoutly timberd, and his Pilate
Of very expert and approu'd allowance,
Therefore my hope's not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. A saile, a saile, a saile.

Cas. What noyse?

Mess. The Towne is empty, on the brow o'th sea,
stand ranckes of people, and they cry a sayle.

Cas. My hopes doe shape him for the guernement.

2 *Gen.* They doe discharge the shot of courtesie,
Our friend at least. *A shot.*

Cas. I pray you sir goe forth,
And giue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd.

2 *Gent.* I shall. *Exit.*

Mon. But good Leiutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchieu'd a maide,
That parragons description, and wild fame:
One that excells the blasoning pens,
And in the essentiall vesture of creation,
Does beare all excellency: --- now, who has put in?

Enter 2. *Gentleman.*

2 *Gent.* Tis one *Iago*, ancient to the Generall,
He has had most fauourable and happy speede,
Tempests themselues, by seas, and houling windes,
The guttered rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensperped; to clog the guiltlesse Keele,
As hauing sence of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting goe safely by

The diuine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spoke of, our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A sennights speede --- great *Ioue Othello* guard,
And swell his saile with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall shippe,
And swiftly come to *Desdemona's* armes.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Emillia, *and* Roderigo.

Giue renewd fire,
To our extincted spirits.
And bring all *Cypresse* comfort, --- O behold
The riches of the ship is come ashore.
Ye men of *Cypres*, let her haue your knees:
Haile to thee Lady: and the grace of heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand,
Enwheele thee round.

Desd. I thanke you valiant *Cassio*:
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriued, nor know I ought,
But that hee's well, and will be shortly here.

Desd. O but I feare: --- how lost you company?

[*within.*] *A saile, a saile.*

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: but harke, A saile.

2 *Gent.* They giue their greeting to the Cittadell,
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. So speakes this voyce:
Good Ancient, you are welcome, welcome Mistresse,
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners, tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold shew of courtesie.

Iag. For would she giue you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue, she has bestowed on me,
You'd haue enough.

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Des. Alas! shee has no speech.
Iag. I know too much:
I finde it, I; for when I ha list to sleepe,
Mary, before your Ladiship I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Em. You ha little cause to say so.
Iag. Come on, Come on, you are Pictures out adores:
Bells in your Parlors: Wildcats in your Kitchins:
Saints in your injuries: Diuells being offended:
Players in your housewifery; and housewiues in your beds.
O fie vpon thee slanderer.
Iag. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turke*,
You rise to play, and goe to bed to worke.
Em. You shall not write my praise.
Iag. No, let me not.
Desd. What wouldst thou write of me,
If thou shouldst praise me?
Iag. O gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.
Desd Come on, assay -- there's one gone to the Harbor?
Iag. I Madam.
Desd. I am not merry, but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise:
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?
Iag. I am about it, but indeed my inuention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
It plucks out braine and all: but my Muse labors,
And thus she is deliuer'd:
If she be faire and wise, faireneſſe and wit;
The one's for vse, the other vsing it.
Desd. Well praisde: how if she be blacke and witty?
Iag. If she be blacke, and therefore haue a wit,
Shee'le finde a white, that shall her blackneſſe hit.
Desd. Worse and worse.
Em. How if faire and foolish?
Iag. She neuer yet was foolish, that was faire,

For euen her folly helpt her, to a haire.
Des. These are old paradoxes, to make fooles laugh i'the Alehouse,
What miserable praise hast thou for her,
That's foule and foolish?
Iag. There's none so foule, and foolish thereunto,
But does foule prankes, which faire and wise ones doe.
Desd. O heauy ignorance, that praises the worst best: but what praise couldst thou bestow on a deseruing woman indeed? one, that in the authority of her merrits, did iustly put on the vouch of very malice it selfe?
Iag. She that was ieuer faire, and neuer proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was neuer lowd,
Neuer lackt gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may:
She that being angred, her reuenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flye;
She that in wisedome, neuer was so fraile,
To change the Codshead for the Salmons taile.
She that could thinke, and ne're disclose her minde,
She was a wight, if euer such wight were.
Des. To doe what?
Iag. To suckle fooles, and chronicle small Beere.
Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion:
Doe not learne of him *Emillia*, tho he be thy husband;
How say you *Cassio*, is he not a most prophane and liberall Counsellour?
Cas. He speakes home Madam; you may relliſh him
More in the Souldier then in the Scholler.
Iag. He takes her by the palme; I well sed, whisper: as little a webbe as this will ensnare as great a Flee as *Cassio*. I smile vpon her, doe: I will catch you in your owne courtesies: you say true, tis so indeed. If such trickes as these strip you out of your Leiutenantry, it had beene better you had not rist your three fingers so off, which now againe, you are most apt to play the sir in: good, well kist, an excellent courtesie; tis so indeed: yet againe, your fingers at your lips? Would they were Clisterpipes for your sake. --- The Moore, I know his Trumpet. *Trumpets within.*

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Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Caſ. Tis truely ſo.
Deſ. Lets meete him, and receiue him.
Caſ. Loe, where he comes.
Oth. O my faire Warriour.
Deſ. My deare *Othello.*
Oth. It giues me wonder great as my content,
To ſee you here before me: O my ſoules ioy,
If after euery tempeſt, come ſuch calmeneſſe,
May the winds blow, till they haue wakened death,
And let the labouring Barke clime hills of ſeas,
Olympus high, and duck againe as low,
As hell's from Heauen: If it were now to dye,
T'were now to be moſt happy, for I feare
My ſoule hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort, like to this
Succeeds in vnknowne Fate,
Deſ. The Heauens forbid,
But that our loues and comforts ſhould increaſe,
Euen as our dayes doe growe.
Oth. Amen to that ſweete power,
I cannot ſpeake enough of this content,
It ſtops me heere, it is too much of ioy:
And this, and this, the greateſt diſcord be, *they kiſſe.*
That ere our hearts ſhall make.
Iag. O, you are well tun'd now,
But I'le ſet downe the pegs, that make this muſique,
As honeſt as I am.
Oth. Come, let vs to the Caſtle:
Newes friends, our warres are done, the *Turks* are drownd:
How doe our old acquaintance of the Iſle;
Honny, you ſhall be well deſir'd in *Cypres*;
I haue found great loue amongſt them: O my ſweete,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I dote,
In mine one comforts: I preethee good *Iago*,
Goe to the Bay, and diſimbarke my Coffers;
Bring thou the Maſter to the Cittadell;

He

He is a good one, and his worthineſſe,
Does challenge much reſpect: come *Deſdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cypres*. *Exit.*

Iag. Doe thou meete me preſently at the Habour; come hither, If thou beeſt valiant, as they ſay, baſe men being in loue, haue then a Nobility in their natures, more then is natiue to them --- liſt me, the Leiutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard: firſt I will tell thee, this *Deſdemona* is directly in loue with him.

Rod. With him? why tis not poſſible.

Iag. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy ſoule be inſtructed: marke me, with what violence ſhe firſt lou'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſticall lies; and will ſhe loue him ſtill for prating? let not the diſcreet heart thinke ſo. Her eye muſt be fed, and what delight ſhall ſhe haue to look on the Diuell? When the blood is made dull with the act of ſport, there ſhould be againe to inflame it, and giue ſaciety a freſh appetite. Loue lines in fauour, ſympathy in yeares, manners and beauties, all which the Moore is defectiue in: now for want of theſe requir'd conueniences, her delicate tenderneſſe will finde it ſelfe abus'd, begione to heaue the gorge, diſrelliſh and abhorre the Moore, very nature will inſtruct her to it, and compell her to ſome ſecond choyce: now ſir, this granted, as it is a moſt pregnant and vnforced poſition, who ſtands ſo eminently in the degree of this fortune, as *Caſsio* does? a knaue very voluble, no farder conſcionable, then in putting on the meere forme of ciuill and handſeeming, for the better compaſſing of his ſalt and hidden affections: A ſubtle ſlippery knaue, a finder out of occaſions; that has an eye, can ſtampe and counterfeit the true aduantages neuer preſent themſelues. Beſides, the knaue is handſome, yong, and hath all thoſe requiſites in him that folly and greene mindes look after; a peſtilent compleate knaue, and the woman has found him already.

Rod. I cannot beleeue that in her, ſhee's full of moſt bleſt condition.

Iag. Bleſt figs end: the wine ſhee drinkes is made of grapes: if ſhe had beene bleſt, ſhe would neuer haue lou'd the Moore. Didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palme of his hand?

Rod. Yes, but that was but courteſie.

Iag. Lechery, by this hand: an Index and prologue to the hiſtory,

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ſtory of luſt and foule thoughts: they met ſo neere with their lips, that their breathes embrac'd together. When theſe mutualities ſo marſhall the way, hand at hand, comes the maine exerciſe, the incorporate concluſion. But ſir, be you rul'd by mee, I haue brought you from *Venice*: watch you to night, for your command I'le lay't vpon you, *Caſsio* knowes you not, I'le not be farre from you, do you finde ſome occaſion to anger *Caſsio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other cauſe you pleaſe; which the time ſhall more fauourably miniſter.

Rod. Well,

Iag. Sir he is raſh, and very ſuddain in choler, and haply with his Trunchen may ſtrike at you; prouoke him that he may, for euen out of that, will I cauſe theſe of *Cypres* to mutiny, whoſe quallification ſhall come into no true truſt again't, but by the diſplanting of *Caſsio*: So ſhall you haue a ſhorter iourney to your deſires by the meanes I ſhal then haue to prefer them, & the impediment, moſt profitably remou'd, without which there were no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will doe this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iag. I warrant thee, meete me by and by at the Cittadell; I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. --- Farewell.

Rod. Adue. *Exit.*

Iag. That *Caſsio* loues her, I doe well beleeue it; That ſhe loues him, tis apt and of great credit; The Moore howbe'r, that I indure him not, Is of a conſtant, noble, louing nature; And I dare thinke, hee'le proue to *Deſdemona*, A moſt deere husband: now I doe loue her too, Not out of abſolute luſt, tho peraduenture. I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin, But partly lead to diet my reuenge, For that I doe ſuſpect the luſtfull Moore, Hath leap'd into my ſeate, the thought whereof Doth like a poiſonous mineral gnaw my inwards; And nothing can, nor ſhall content my ſoule, Till I am euen with him, wife, for wife: Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moore, At leaſt, into a Iealouſie ſo ſtrong,

That

That Iudgement cannot cure; which thing to doe, If this poore traſh of *Venice*, whom I cruſh, For his quicke hunting, ſtand the putting on, I'le haue our *Michael Caſsio* on the hip, Abuſe him to the Moore, in the ranke garbe, (For I feare *Caſsio*, with my nightcap too) Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me, For making him egregiouſly an Aſſe, And practiſing vpon his peace and quiet, Euen to madneſſe: tis here, but yet confus'd, Knaueries plaine face is neuer ſeene, till vs'd.

Exit.

Enter a Gentleman reading a Proclamation.

It is *Othello's* pleaſure, our noble and valiant Generall, that vpon certaine tidings now arriued, importing the meere perdition of the *Turkiſh* Fleete; that euery man put himſelfe into triumph: Some to dance, ſome make bonefires; each man to what ſport and Reuels his minde leades him; for beſides theſe beneficiall newes, it is the celebration of his Nuptiails: So much was his pleaſure ſhould bee proclaimed. All Offices are open, and there is full liberty, from this preſent houre of fiue, till the bell hath told eleuen. Heauen bleſſe the Iſle of *Cypres*, and our noble Generall *Othello*.

Enter Othello, Caſſio, *and* Deſdemona.

Oth. Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night, Lets teach our ſelues the honourable ſtoppe, Not to out ſport diſcretion.

Caſ. Iago hath directed what to doe: But notwithſtanding with my perſonall eye Will I looke to it.

Oth. Iago is moſt honeſt, *Michael* good night, to morrow with your earlieſt, Let me haue ſpeech with you, come my deare loue, The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue,

E 3 That

The profits yet to come twixt me and you,
Good night. *Exit* Othello *and* Desdemona.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome *Iago*, we must to the watch.

Iag. Not this houre Leiutenant, tis not yet ten aclock: our Generall cast vs thus early for the loue of his *Desdemena*. who let vs not therefore blame, hee hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for *Ioue*.

Cas. She is a most exquisite Lady.

Iag. And I'le warrant her full of game.

Cas. Indeede she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iag. What an eye she has?
Me thinkes it sounds a parly of prouocation.

Cas. An inuiting eye, and yet me thinkes right moddest.

Iag. And when she speakes, tis an alarme to loue.

Cas. It is indeede perfection.

Iag. Well, happinesse to their sheetes --- come Leiutenant, I haue a stope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of *Cypres* Gallants, that would faine haue a measure to the health of the blacke *Othello*.

Cas. Not to night, good *Iago*; I haue very poore and vnhappy braines for drinking: I could well wish courtesie would inuent some other custome of entertainement.

Iag. O they are our friends, --- but one cup: I'le drink for you.

Cas. I ha drunke but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified to, and behold what innouation it makes here: I am vnfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakenesse with any more.

Iag. What man, tis a night of Reuells, the Gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iag. Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'le do't, but it dislikes me. *Exit.*

Iag. If I can fasten but one cup vpon him,
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
Hee'll be as full of quarrell and offence,
As my young mistris dog: --- Now my sicke foole *Roderigo*,
Whom loue has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,

To *Desdemona*, hath to night caroust
Potations pottle deepe, and hee's to watch
Three lads of *Cypres*, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honour, in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this warlike Isle,
Haue I to night flustred with flowing cups,
And the watch too: now mongst this flocke of drunkards,
I am to put our *Cassio* in some action,
That may offend the Isle; *Enter* Montanio, Cassio,
But here they come: *and others.*
If consequence doe but approoue my dreame,
My boate sailes freely, both with winde and streame.

Cas. Fore God they haue giuen me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith a little one, not past a pint,
As I am a souldier. *Iag.* Some wine ho:

And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke,
And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke:
A Souldier's a man, a life's but a span,
Why then let a souldier drinke. --- Some wine boyes,

Cas. Fore God an excellent song.

Iag. I learn'd it in *England*, where indeed they are most potent in potting: your *Dane*, your *Germaine*, and your swag-bellied *Hollander*; drinke ho, are nothing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *English* man so expert in his drinking?

Iag. Why he drinkes you with facillity, your *Dane* dead drunke: he sweats not to ouerthrow your *Almaine*; he giues your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fild.

Cas. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Leiutenant, and I will doe you iustice.

Iag. O sweete *England*, --- King *Stephen* was a worthy peere,
His breeches cost him but a crowne,
He held 'em sixpence all too deere,
With that he cald the Taylor lowne,
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thou art but of low degree,
Tis pride that puls the Country downe,
Then take thine owd cloke about thee. --- Some wine ho.

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Caſ. Fore God this is a more exquiſite ſong then the other.

Iag. Will you hear't agen?

Caſ. No, for I hold him vnworthy of his place, that does thoſe things: well, God's aboue all, and there bee ſoules that muſt bee ſaued.

Iag. It is true good Leiutenant.

Caſ. For mine own part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quality, I hope to be ſaued.

Iag. And ſo doe I Leiutenant.

Caſ. I, but by your leaue, not before me; the Leiutenant is to be ſaued before the Ancient. Let's ha no more of this, let's to our affaires: God forgiue vs our ſins. Gentlemen, let's looke to our buſineſſe; Doe not thinke Gentlemen I am drunke, this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunke now, I can ſtand well enough, and ſpeake well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Caſ. Very well then: you muſt not thinke, that I am drunke. *Ex.*

Mon. To the plotforme maiſters. Come, let's ſet the watch.

Iag. You ſee this fellow that is gone before,
He is a Souldier fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And giue direction: and doe but ſee his vice,
Tis to his vertue, a iuſt equinox,
The one as long as th'other: tis pitty of him,
I feare the truſt *Othello* put him in,
On ſome odde time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this Iſland.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. Tis euermore the Prologue to his ſleepe:
Hee'le watch the horologe a double ſet,
If drinke rocke not his cradle.

Mon. Twere well the Generall were put in minde of it,
Perhaps he ſees it not, or his good nature,
Praiſes the vertues that appeares in *Caſsio*,
And looke not on his euills: is not this true?

Iag. How now *Roderigo*, *Enter* Roderigo.
I pray you after the Leiutenant, goe. *Exit Rod.*

Mon. And tis great pitty that the noble Moore
should

Should hazard ſuch a place, as his owne ſecond,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honeſt action to ſay ſo to the Moore.

Iag. Nor I, for this faire Iſland:
I doe loue *Caſsio* well, and would doe much, *Helpe, helpe, within.*
To cure him of this euill: but harke, what noyſe.

Enter Caſſio, *driuing in* Roderigo.

Caſ. Zouns, you rogue, you raſcall.

Mon. what's the matter Leiutenant?

Caſ. A knaue, teach mee my duty: but I'le beate the knaue into a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beate me?

Caſ. Doeſt thou prate rogue?

Mon. Good Leiutenant; pray ſir hold your hand.

Caſ. Let me goe ſir, or ile knocke you ore the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you are drunke.

Caſ. Drunke? *they fight.*

Iag. Away I ſay, goe out and cry a mutiny. *A bell rung:*
Nay good Leiutenant: godſwill Gentlemen,
Helpe ho, Leiutenant: Sir *Montanio*, ſir,
Helpe maiſters, here's a goodly watch indeed,
Who's that that rings the bell? Diablo --- ho,
The Towne will riſe, godſwill Leiutenant, hold,
You will be ſham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, *and Gentlemen with weapons.*

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. Zouns, I bleed ſtill, I am hurt, to the death.

Oth. Hold, for your liues.

Iag. Hold, hold Leiutenant, ſir *Montanio*, Gentlemen,
Haue you forgot all place of ſence, and duty:
Hold, the Generall ſpeakes to you; hold, hold, for ſhame.

Oth. Why how now ho, from whence ariſes this?
Are we turn'd *Turkes*, and to our ſelues doe that,
Which Heauen has forbid the *Ottamites*:

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For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawle;
He that stirres next, to carue forth his owne rage,
Holds his soule light, he dies vpon his motion;
Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the Isle
From her propriety: what's the matter masters?
Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieuing,
Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.
Iag. I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,
In quarter, and in termes, like bride and groome,
Deuesting them to bed, and then but now,
As if some planet had vnwitted men,
Swords out, and tilting one at others breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this peeuish odds;
And would in action glorious, I had lost
These legges, that brought me to a part of it.
Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.
Oth. Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont be ciuill,
The grauity and stilnesse of your youth,
The world hath noted, and your name is great,
In men of wisest censure: what's the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler? giue me answer to't?
Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago* can informe you,
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
By me, that's sed or done amisse this night,
Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend our selues it be a sinne,
When violence assayles vs.
Oth. Now by heauen
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion hauing my best iudgement coold,
Assayes to leade the way. Zouns, if I stirre,

Or

Or doe but lift this arme, the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke: giue me to know
How this foule rout began, who set it on,
And he that is approou'd in this offence,
Tho he had twin'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me; what, in a Towne of warre,
Yet wild, the peoples hearts brim full of feare,
To manage priuate and domesticke quarrels,
In night, and on the Court and guard of safety?
Tis monstrous. *Iago*, who began?
Mon. If partiality affin'd, or league in office,
Thou doest deliuer, more or lesse then truth,
Thou art no souldier.
Iag. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather ha this tongue out from my mouth,
Then it should doe offence to *Michael Cassio*:
Yet I perswade my selfe to speake the truth,
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is Generall:
Montanio and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd sword,
To execute vpon him: Sir this Gentleman
Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreates his pause;
My selfe the crying fellow did pursue,
Least by his clamour, as it so fell out,
The Towne might fall in fright: he swift of foote,
Out ran my purpose: and I returnd the rather,
For that I heard the clinke and fall of swords:
And *Cassio* high in oaths, which till to night,
I ne're might see before: when I came backe,
For this was briefe, I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, euen as agen they were,
When you your selfe did part them.
More of this matter can I not report,
But men are men, the best sometimes forget;
Tho *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,

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Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleeue receiu'd
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not passe.
Oth. I know *Iago*,
Thy honesty and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine. *Enter* Desdemona,
Looke if my Gentle loue be not raisde vp: *with others.*
I'le make thee an example.
Desd. What is the matter?
Oth. All's well now sweeting:
Come away to bed: sir, for your hurts,
My selfe will be your surgeon; leade him off;
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And silence those, whom this vile brawle distracted.
Come *Desdemona*: tis the Souldiers life,
To haue their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife,
Iag. What are you hurt Leiutenant?
Exit Moore, Desdemona, *and attendants.*
Cas. I, past all surgery.
Iag. Mary God forbid.
Cas. Reputation, reputation, I ha lost my reputation:
I ha lost the immortall part sir of my selfe,
And what remaines is beastiall, my reputation,
Iago, my reputation.
Iag. As I am an honest man, I thought you had receiu'd some bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in Reputation: reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit, and lost without deseruing; You haue lost no reputation at all, vnlesse you repute your selfe such a lofer; what man, there are wayes to recouer the Generall agen: you are but now cast in his moode, a punishment more in policy, then in malice, euen so, as one would beate his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious Lyon: sue to him againe, and hees yours.
Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue so good a Commander, with so light, so drunken, and indiscreete an Officer: O thou inuisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to bee knowne by,

by, let vs call thee Diuell.
Iag. What was he, that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?
Cas. I know not.
Iag. Is't possible?
Cas. I remember a masse of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrell, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouthes, to steale away their braines; that we should with ioy, Reuell, pleasure, and applause, transforme our selues into beasts.
Iag. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recouered?
Cas. It hath pleasde the Diuell drunkennesse, to giue place to the Diuell wrath; one vnperfectnesse, shewes me another, to make me frankely despise my selfe.
Iag. Come, you are too seuere a morraler; as the time, the place, the condition of this Country stands, I could heartily wish, this had not so befalne; but since it is as it is, mend it, for your own good.
Cas. I will aske him for my place againe, hee shall tell me I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop em all: to be now a sensible man, by and by a foole, and presently a beast. Euery vnordinate cup is vnblest, and the ingredience is a diuell.
Iag. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well vs'd; exclaime no more against it; and good Leiutenant, I thinke you thinke I loue you.
Cas. I haue well approou'd it sir, --- I drunke?
Iag. You, or any man liuing may bee drunke at some time: I'le tell you what you shall do, -- our Generals wife is now the Generall; I may say so in this respect, for that he has deuoted and giuen vp himselfe to the contemplation, marke and deuotement of her parts and graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her, importune her, shee'll helpe to put you in your place againe: she is so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that shee holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to doe more then shee is requested. This braule betweene you and her husband, intreate her to splinter, and my fortunes against any lay, worth naming, this cracke of your loue

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ſhall grow ſtronger then twas before.

Caſ. You aduiſe me well.

Iag. I proteſt in the ſincerity of loue and honeſt kindneſſe.

Caſ. I thinke it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I beſeech the vertuous *Deſdemona*, to vndertake for me; I am deſperate of my fortunes, if they checke me here.

Iag. You are in the right:
Good night Leiutenant, I muſt to the watch.

Caſ. Good night honeſt *Iago*. *Exit.*

Iag. And what's he then, that ſayes I play the villaine,
When this aduice is free I giue, and honeſt,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the courſe,
To win the Moore agen? For tis moſt eaſie
The inclining *Deſdemona* to ſubdue,
In any honeſt ſuite, ſhe's fram'd as fruitfull,
As the free Elements: and then for her
To win the Moore, wer't to renounce his baptiſme,
All ſeales and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,
His ſoule is ſo infetter'd to her loue,
That ſhe may make, vnmake, doe what ſhe liſt,
Euen as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weake function: how am I then a villaine?
To counſell *Caſsio* to this parrallell courſe.
Directly to his good: diuinity of hell,
When diuells will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They doe ſuggeſt at firſt with heauenly ſhewes,
As I doe now: for while this honeſt foole
Plyes *Deſdemona* to repaire his fortunes,
And ſhe for him, pleades ſtrongly to the Moore:
I'le poure this peſtilence into his eare,
That ſhe repeales him for her bodyes luſt;
And by how much ſhe ſtriues to doe him good,
She ſhall vndoe her credit with the Moore,
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodneſſe make the net
That ſhall enmeſh em all: *Enter* Roderigo.
How now *Roderigo*?

Rod.

Rod. I do follow here in the chaſe, not like a hound that hunts, but one that filles vp the cry: my money is almoſt ſpent, I ha bin to night exceedingly well cudgeld: I thinke the iſſue will be, I ſhall haue ſo much experience for my paines, as that comes to, and no money at all, and with that wit returne to *Venice*.

Iag. How poore are they, that ha not patience?
What wound did euer heale, but by degrees?
Thou knoweſt we worke by wit, and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Do'ſt not goe well? *Caſsio* has beaten thee,
And thou, by that ſmall hurt, haſt caſheird *Caſsio*,
Tho other things grow faire againſt the ſun,
But fruites that bloſome firſt, will firſt be ripe,
Content thy ſelfe awhile; bi'the maſſe tis morning;
Pleaſure, and action, make the houres ſeeme ſhort:
Retire thee, goe where thou art billited,
Away I ſay, thou ſhalt know more hereafter:
Nay get thee gon. Some things are to be done,
My wife muſt moue for *Caſsio* to her miſtris,
I'le ſet her on.
My ſelfe awhile, to draw the Moore apart,
And bring him iumpe, when he may *Caſsio* finde,
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way,
Dull not deuiſe by coldneſſe and delay.

Exeunt.

Enter Caſſio, *with Muſitians and the Clowne.*

Caſ. MAſters, play here, I will content your paines,
Something that's briefe, and bid good morrow Generall.

Clo. Why maſters, ha your inſtruments bin at Naples, that they ſpeake i'the noſe thus?

Boy. How ſir, how?

Clo. Are theſe I pray, cald wind Inſtruments?

Boy. I marry are they ſir:

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tayle.

Boy. Whereby hangs a tayle ſir?

Clo. Marry ſir, by many a winde Inſtrument that I know: But maiſters,

masters heere's money for you, and the Generall so likes your musique, that hee desires you of all loues, to make no more noyse with it.

Boy. Well sir, we will not.

Clo. If you haue any musique that may not bee heard, to't againe, but as they saay, to heare musique, the Generall does not greatly care.

Boy. We ha none such sir.

Clo. Then put your pipes in your bag, for I'le away; goe, vanish away.

Cas. Doest thou heare my honest friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest friend, I heare you.

Cas. Preethee keepe vp thy quillets, there's a poore peece of gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generals wife be stirring, tell her there's one *Cassio*, entreates her a little fauour of speech --- wilt thou doe this?

Clo. She is stirring sir, if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme to notifie vnto her. *Enter* Iago.

Cas. Doe good my friend: In happy time *Iago*.

Iag. You ha not bin a bed then.

Cas. Why no, the day had broke before we parted:
I ha made bold *Iago*, to send in to your wife, -- my suite to her,
Is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*,
Procure me some accesse.

Iag. I'le send her to you presently,
And I'le deuise a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse,
May be more free. *Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thanke you for it: I neuer knew
A Florentine more kinde and honest:

Enter Emilia.

Em. Good morrow good Leiutenant, I am sorry
For your displeasure, but all will soone be well,
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And she speakes for you stoutly: the Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cypres*,
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisedome,

He

He might not but refuse you: but he protests he loues you,
And needes no other suitor but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in againe.

Cas. Yet I beseech you,
If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,
Giue me aduantage of some briefe discourse
With *Desdemona* alone.

Em. Pray you come in,
I will bestow you where you shall haue time,
To speake your bosome freely.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and other Gentlemen.*

Oth. These letters giue *Iago*, to the Pilate,
And by him, doe my duties to the State;
That done, I will be walking on the workes,
Repaire there to me.

Iag. Well my good Lord, I'le do't.

Oth. This fortification Gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We waite vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio *and* Emillia.

Des. Be thou assur'd good *Cassio*, I will doe
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Em. Good Madam do, I know it grieues my husband,
As if the case were his.

Des. O that's an honest fellow: - do not doubt *Cassio*,
But I will haue my Lord and you againe,
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bountious Madame,
What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
Hee's neuer any thing but your true seruant.

Des. O sir, I thanke you, you doe loue my Lord:
You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangest, stand no farther off,
Then in a politique distance.

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Caſ. I but Lady,
The pollicy may either laſt ſo long,
Or feede vpon ſuch nice, and watriſh diet,
Or breed it ſelfe, ſo out of circumſtance,
That I being abſent, and my place ſupplied,
My Generall will forget my loue and ſeruice:
Deſd. Doe not doubt that, before *Emilia* here,
I giue thee warrant of thy place; aſſure thee
If I doe vow a friendſhip, I'le performe it
To the laſt Article; my Lord ſhall neuer reſt,
I'le watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeeme a ſchoole, his boord a ſhrift,
I'le intermingle euery thing he does,
With *Caſsio's* ſuite; therefore be merry *Caſsio*,
For thy ſoiliciter ſhall rather die,
Then giue thee cauſe: away.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Gentlemen*,

Em. Madam, here comes my Lord:
Caſ. Madam, I'le take my leaue.
Deſd. Why ſtay and heare me ſpeake.
Caſ. Madam not now, I am very ill at eaſe,
Vnfit for mine owne purpoſe.
Deſd. Well, doe your diſcretion. *Exit* Caſſio.
Iag. Ha, I like not that.
Oth. What doeſt thou ſay?
Iag. Nothing my Lord; or if, I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Caſsio* parted from my wife?
Iag. *Caſsio* my Lord? --no ſure, I cannot thinke it,
That he would ſneake away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you comming.
Oth. I doe beleeue twas he.
Deſd. How now my Lord,
I haue beene talking with a ſuiter here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who i'ſt you meane?
Deſd. Why your Leiutenant *Caſsio*, good my Lord,

If I haue any grace or power to moue you,
His preſent reconſiliation take:
For if he be not one that truely loues you,
That erres in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honeſt face,
I preethee call him backe.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Deſd. Yes faith, ſo humbled,
That he has left part of his griefes with me,
I ſuffer with him; good loue call him backe.
Oth. Not now ſweete *Deſdemona* ſome other time.
Deſd. But ſhal't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner ſweete for you.
Deſd. Shal't be to night at ſupper?
Oth. No, not to night.
Deſd. To morrow dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home,
I meete the Captaines, at the Cittadell.
Deſd. Why then to morrow night, or Tueſday morne,
On Tueſday morne, or night, or Wenſday morne,
I preethee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes: Ifaith hee's penitent,
And yet his treſpaſſe, in our common reaſon,
(Saue that they ſay, the warres muſt make examples,
Out of her beſt) is not almoſt a fault,
To incurre a priuate checke: when ſhall he come?
Tell me *Othello*: I wonder in my ſoule,
What you could aske me, that I ſhould deny?
Or ſtand ſo muttering on? What *Michael Caſsio*?
That came a wooing with you, and ſo many a time
When I haue ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath tane your part, to haue ſo much to doe
To bring him in? Birlady I could doe much.
Oth. Preethee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.
Deſd. Why this is not a boone,
Tis as I ſhould intreate you weare your gloues:

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Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,
Or sue to you, to doe a peculiar profit
To your owne person: nay, when I haue a suite,
Wherein I meane to touch your loue indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficulty,
And fearefull to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing,
Whereon I doe beseech thee grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my selfe.
Desd. Shall I deny you? no, farewell my Lord.
Oth. Farewell my *Desdemona*, Ile come to thee straight.
Desd. *Emillia*, come, be it as your fancies teach you,
What ere you be I am obedient. *Exit* Desd. *and* Em.
Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my soule,
But I doe loue thee, and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.
Iag. My noble Lord.
Oth. What doest thou say *Iago*?
Iag. Did *Michael Cassio* when you wooed my Lady,
Know of your loue?
Oth. He did from first to last: — Why doest thou aske?
Iag. But for a satisfaction of my thoughts.
No further harme.
Oth. Why of thy thought *Iago*?
Iag. I did not thinke he had beene acquainted with her.
Oth. O yes, and went betweene vs very often.
Iag. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? Indeed, discern'st thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?
Iag. Honest my Lord? *Oth.* Honest? I honest.
Iag. My Lord, for ought I know.
Oth. What doest thou thinke?
Iag. Thinke my Lord?
Oth. Thinke my Lord? By heauen he ecchoes me.
As if there were some monster in his thought:
Too hideous to be shewne: thou didst meane something;
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st not that,

When

When *Cassio* left my wife: what didst not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counsell,
In my whole course of wooing, thou cridst indeed?
And didst contract, and pusse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut vp in thy braine,
Some horrible counsell: if thou doest loue me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iag. My Lord, you know I loue you.
Oth. I thinke thou doest,
And for I know, thou art full of loue and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words, before thou giue em breath,
Therefore these stops of thine affright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyall knaue,
Are trickes of custome; but in a man that's iust,
They are close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.
Iag. For *Michael Cassio*,
I dare presume, I thinke that he is honest,
Oth. I thinke so to.
Iag. Men should be that they seeme,
Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.
Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme.
Iag. Why then I thinke *Cassio's* an honest man.
Oth. Nay yet there's more in this,
I prethee speake to me to thy thinkings:
As thou doest ruminate, and giue the worst of thought,
The worst of word.
Iag. Good my Lord pardon me;
Though I am bound to euery act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaues are free to,
Vtter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false:
As where's that pallace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some vncleanely apprehensions,
Keepe leetes and law-dayes, and in Session sit
With meditations lawfull?
Oth. Thou doest conspire against thy friend *Iago*,

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If thou but thinkeſt him wrongd, and makeſt his eare
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.
Iag. I doe beſeech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gheſſe,
As I confeſſe it is my natures plague,
To ſpy into abuſes, and oft my iealouſie
Shapes faults that are not, I intreate you then,
From one that ſo imperfectly coniects,
You'd take no notice, nor build your ſelfe a trouble,
Out of my ſcattering, and vnſure obſeruance;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, or wiſedome,
To let you know my thoughts,
Oth. Zouns.
Iag. Good name in man and woman's deere my Lord;
Is the immediate Iewell of our ſoules:
Who ſteales my purſe, ſteals traſh, tis ſomething, nothing,
Twas mine, tis his, and has bin ſlaue to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not inriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.
Oth. By heauen I'le know thy thought.
Iag. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor ſhall not, whilſt tis in my cuſtody:
O beware iealouſie.
It is the greene eyd monſter, which doth mocke
That meate it feedes on. That Cuckold liues in bliſſe,
Who certaine of his fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts, ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loues.
Oth. O miſery.
Iag. Poore and content, is rich, and rich enough,
But riches, fineleſſe, is as poore as winter,
To him that euer feares he ſhall be poore:
Good God, the ſoules of all my tribe defend
From iealouſie,
Oth. Why, why is this?

Thinkſt thou I'de make a life of iealouſie?
To follow ſtill the changes of the Moone
With freſh ſuſpitions? No, to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolud: exchange me for a Goate,
When I ſhall turne the buſineſſe of my ſoule
To ſuch exufflicate, and blowne ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference: tis not to make me iealous,
To ſay my wife is faire, feedes well, loues company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, playes, and dances well;
Where vertue is, theſe are more vertuous:
Nor from mine owne weake merrits will I draw
The ſmalleſt feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For ſhe had eies, and choſe me: no *Iago*,
I'le ſee before I doubt, when I doubt, proue,
And on the proofe, there is no more but this:
Away at once with loue or iealouſie.
Iag. I am glad of it, for now I ſhall haue reaſon,
To ſhew the loue and duty that I beare you,
With franker ſpirit: therefore as I am bound
Receiue it from me: I ſpeake not yet of proofe,
Looke to your wife, obſerue her well with *Caſsio*;
Weare your eie thus, not iealous, nor ſecure,
I would not haue your free and noble nature,
Out of ſelfe-bounty be abus'd, looke to't:
I know our Country diſpoſition well,
In *Venice* they doe let God ſee the prankes
They dare ſhew their husbands: their beſt conſcience,
Is not to leaue vndone, but keepe vnknowne.
Oth. Doeſt thou ſay ſo.
Iag. She did deceiue her father marrying you;
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them moſt. *Oth.* And ſo ſhe did.
Iag. Why go too then,
She that ſo young, could giue out ſuch a ſeeming,
To ſeale her fathers eyes vp, cloſe as Oake,
He thought twas witchcraft: but I am much too blame,
I humbly doe beſeech you of your pardon,

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For too much louing you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.
Iag. I see this hath a little dasht your spirits.
Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.
Iag. Ifaith I feare it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke,
Comes from my loue: But I doe see you are moou'd,
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech,
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to suspition.
Oth. I will not.
Iag. Should you doe so my Lord,
My speech should fall into such vile successe,
As my thoughts aime not at: *Cassio's* my trusty friend:
My Lord, I see you are moou'd.
Oth. No, not much moou'd,
I doe not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.
Iag. Long liue she so, and long liue you to thinke so.
Oth. And yet how nature erring from it selfe.
Iag. I, there's the point: as to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her owne Clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things, nature tends;
Fie we may smell in such a will, most ranke
Foule disproportion: thoughts vnnaturall.
But pardon me: I doe not in position,
Distinctly speake of her, tho I may feare
Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her countrey formes,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, if more
Thou doest perceiue, let me know more, set on
Thy wife to obserue: leaue me *Iago.*
Iag. My Lord I take my leaue.
Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtlesse
Sees and knowes more, much more then he vnfoulds.
My Lord, I would I might intreate your honour,

To scan this thing no further, leaue it to time,
Tho it be fit, that *Cassio* haue his place,
For sure he fills it vp with great ability:
Yet if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceiue him and his meanes;
Note if your Lady straine her entertainement,
With any strong or vehement importunity,
Much will be seene in that, in the meane'time,
Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
As worthy cause I haue, to feare I am;
And hold her free, I doe beseech your honour.
Oth. Feare not my gouernement.
Iag. I once more take my leaue. *Exit*
Oth. This fellowe's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all qualities, with a learned spirit
Of humaine dealing: if I doe prooue her haggard,
Tho that her Iesses were my deare heart strings,
I'de whistle her off, and let her downe the wind,
To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am blacke,
And haue not those soft parts of conuersation,
That Chamlerers haue, or for I am declind
Into the valt of yeares; yet that's not much,
Shee's gone, I am abus'd, and my releife
Must be to lothe her: O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites: I had rather be a Toade,
And liue vpon the vapor in a dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in a thing I loue,
For others vses: yet tis the plague of great ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the base,
Tis destenie, vnshunnable, like death:
Euen then this forked plague is fated to vs,
When we doe quicken: *Desdemona* comes,
If she be false, O then heauen mocks it selfe,
I'le not beleeue it.
Enter Desdemona *and* Emillia.
Desd. How now my deare *Othello*?

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Your dinner, and the generous Ilander
By you inuited, doe attend your presence,
Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?
Oth. I haue a paine vpon my forehead, here.
Des. Faith that's with watching, t'will away againe;
Let me but bind your head, within this houre
It will be well againe.
Oth. Your napkin is too little:
Let it alone, come I'le goe in with you.
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
Em. I am glad I haue found this napkin, *Ex.* Oth. *and*
This was her first remembrance from the Moore, Desd.
My wayward husband, hath a hundred times
Wooed me to steale it, but she so loues the token,
For he coniur'd her, she should euer keepe it,
That she reserues it euer more about her,
To kisse, and talke to; I'le ha the worke taine out,
And giu't *Iago*: what hee'll doe with it,
Heauen knowes, not I, *Enter* Iago.
I nothing know, but for his fantasie.
Iag. How now, what doe you here alone?
Em. Doe not you chide, I haue a thing for you.
Iag. A thing for me, it is a common thing.
Em. Ha?
Iag. To haue a foolish thing.
Em. O, is that all? what will you giue me now,
For that same handkercher?
Iag. What handkercher?
Em. What handkercher?
Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steale.
Iag. Ha'st stolē it from her?
Em. No faith, she let it drop by negligence,
And to the aduantage, I being here, took't vp:
Looke here it is.
Iag. A good wench, giue it me.

Em.

Em. What will you doe with it, that you haue bin
So earnest to haue me filch it?
Iag. Why, what's that to you?
Em. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giue mee't againe, poore Lady, shee'll run mad,
When she shall lacke it.
Iag. Be not you knowne on't, I haue vse for it: -- go leaue me;
I will in *Cassio's* Lodging lose this napkin, *Exit* Em.
And let him finde it: trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealous, confirmations strong
As proofes of holy writ, this may doe something,
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distast.
But with a little art, vpon the blood, *Ent.* Othello.
Burne like the mindes of sulphure: I did say so:
looke where he comes, not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drousie sirrops of the world,
Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe,
Which thou owedst yesterday.
Oth. Ha, ha, false to me, to me?
Iag. Why how now Generall? no more of that.
Oth. Auant, be gone, thou hast set me on the racke,
I sweare, tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know a little.
Iag. How now my Lord?
Oth. What sense had I of her stolne houres of lust:
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I slept the next night well, was free, and merry;
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips,
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know'r, and hee's not rob'd at all.
Iag. I am sorry to heare this.
Oth. I had bin happy if the generall Campe,
Pyoners, and all, had tasted her sweete body,
So I had nothing knowne: O now for euer
Farewell the tranquile mind, farewell content:
Farewell the plumed troope, and the big warres:

 That

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That makes ambition vertue: O farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
The spirit-stirring Drumme, the eare-peircing Fife;
The royall Banner, and all quality,
Pride, pompe, and circumstance of glorious warre.
And O ye mortall Engines, whose wide throates,
The immortall *Ioues* great clamor counterfeit;
Farewell, *Othello's* Occupation's gone.
Iag. Ist possible my Lord?
Oth. Villaine, be sure you proue my Loue a whore,
Be sure of it, giue me the oculer proofe,
Or by the worth of mans eternall soule,
Thou hadst bin better haue beene borne a dog,
Then answer my wak'd wrath.
Iag. Ist come to this?
Oth. Make me to see't, or at the least so proue it,
That the probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,
To hang a doubt on: or woe vpon thy life.
Iag. My noble Lord.
Oth. If thou doest slander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more, abandon all remorce.
On horrors head, horrors accumilate:
Do deeds, to make heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation ad greater then that.
Iag. O grace, O heauen defend me,
Are you a man, haue you a soule or sence?
God buy you, take thine office, -- O wretched foole,
That liuest to make mine honesty a vice,
O monstrous world, take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe,
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence,
I'le loue no friend, since loue breedes such offence.
Oth. Nay stay, thou shouldst be honest.
Iag. I should be wise, for honestie's a foole,
And loses that it workes for:
I see sir, you are eaten vp with passion,
I doe repent me that I put it to you,

You

You would be satisfied.
Oth. Would, nay, I will.
Iag. And may, but how, how satisfied my Lord?
Would you, the superuisor grossely gape on,
Behold her topt?
Oth. Death and damnation -- oh.
Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
To bring em to that prospect, dam em then,
If euer mortall eyes did see them boulster
More then their owne; what then, how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkies,
As salt as Wolues, in pride; and fooles as grosse,
As ignorance made drunke: But yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you may ha't.
Oth. Giue me a liuing reason, that shee's disloyall.
Iag. I doe not like the office,
But sith I am enter'd into this cause so farre,
Prickt to't by foolish honesty and loue,
I will goe on: I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleep.
There are a kinde of men so loose of soule,
That in their sleepes will mutter their affaires,
One of this kinde is *Cassio*:
In sleepe I heard him say, Sweete *Desdemona*,
Let vs be merry, let vs hide our loues;
And then sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out, sweete creature, and then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lips, then layed his leg
Ouer my thigh, and sigh'd, and kissed, and then
Cried, curse fate, that gaue thee to the Moore.
Oth. O Monstrous, monstrous.
Iag. Nay, this was but his dreame.

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Oth. But this deuoted a fore-gone conclusion,
Iag. Tis a shrewd doubt, tho it be but a dreame,
And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That doe demonstrate thinly.
Oth. I'le teare her all to peeces.
Iag. Nay, but be wise, yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet, tell me but this,
Haue you not sometimes seene a handkercher,
Spotted with strawberries in your wiues hand.
Oth. I gaue her such a one, twas my first gift.
Iag. I know not that, but such a handkercher,
I am sure it was your wiues, did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that.
Iag. If it be that, or any, it was hers,
It speakes against her, with the other proofes.
Oth. O that the slaue had forty thousand liues,
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge:
Now doe I see tis time, looke here *Iago*,
All my fond loue, thus doe I blow to heauen,--tis gone.
Arise blacke vengeance, from thy hollow Cell,
Yeeld vp O loue thy crowne, and hatted Throne,
To tirranous hate, swell bosome with thy fraught,
For tis of Aspecks tongues.
Iag. Pray be content. *he kneeles.*
Oth. O blood, *Iago*, blood.
Iag. Patience I say, your mind perhaps may change.
Oth. Neuer:
In the due reuerence of a sacred vow,
I here ingage my words.
Iag. Doe not rise yet:
Witnesse you euer-burning lights aboue,
You Elements that clip vs round about, *Iago kneeles.*
Witnesse that here, *Iago* doth giue vp
The excellency of his wit, hand, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* seruice: let him command,
And to obey, shall be remorce,

VVhat bloody worke so euer.
Oth. I greete thy loue:
Not with vaine thankes, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the instant put thee to't,
VVithin these three dayes, let me heare thee say,
That *Cassio's* not aliue,
Iag. My friend is dead:
Tis done as you request, but let her liue.
Oth. Dam her lewd minks: O dam her,
Come, goe with me apart, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death,
For the faire diuell: now art thou my Lieutenant.
Iag. I am your owne for euer.

Exeunt.

Enter Desdemonia Emilla *and the Clowne.*

Des. Do you know sirra, where the Lieutenant *Cassio* lies?
Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.
Des. VVhy man?
He is a Souldier, and for one to say a Souldier lies, is stabbing.
Des. Go to, where lodges he?
Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to deuise a lodging, and say he lies there, were to lie in my throate.
Desd. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?
Clo. I will catechize the world for him, that is, make questions And by them answer.
Desd. Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell him I haue moued my Lord in his behalfe, and hope all will be well.
Clo. To doe this is within the compasse of a man, and therefore I'le attempt the doing of it. *Exit.*
Desd. VVhere should I loose that handkercher *Emilia*?
Em. I know not Madam.
Des. Beleeue me, I had rather loose my purse
Full of Crusadoes: and but my noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no such baseneſſe,
As iealous creatures are, it were enough,
To put him to ill thinking.
Em. Is he not iealous;

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Desd. Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him. *Enter* Othello.
Em. Looke where he comes.
Des. I will not leaue him now,
Let *Cassio* be cald to him: how is it with you my Lord?
Oth. Well my good Lady: O hardnesse to dissemble:
How doe you *Desdomona?*
Des. Well, my good Lord.
Oth. Giue me your hand, this hand is moist my Lady.
Des. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulnesse and liberall heart,
Not hot and moist, this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty: fasting and praying,
Much castigation, exercise deuout;
For heere's a young and sweating diuell here,
That commonly rebels: tis a good hand,
A franke one.
Des. You may indeed say so,
For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.
Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,
But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts.
Des. I cannot speake of this, come, come, your promise.
Oth. What promise chucke?
Des. I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.
Oth. I haue a salt and sullen rhume offends me,
Lend me thy handkercher,
Des. Here my Lord.
Oth. That which I gaue you.
Des. I haue it not about me.
Oth. Not.
Des. No faith my Lord.
Oth. That's a fault: that handkercher
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,
She was a charmer, and could almost reade
The thoughts of people; she told her while she kept it,
T'would make her amiable, and subdue my father
Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,

Or

Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it: my fathers eye
Should hold her lothely, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: she dying, gaue it me,
And bid me when my fate would haue me wiue,
To giue it her; I did so, and take heede on't,
Make it a darling, like your pretious eye,
To loose, or giue't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.
Desd. I'st possible?
Oth. Tis true, there's magicke in the web of it,
A Sybell that had numbred in the world,
The Sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetique fury, sowed the worke;
The wormes were hallowed that did breed the silke,
And it was died in Mummy, with the skilfull
Conserues of maidens hearts.
Des. Ifaith i'st true?
Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke to't well.
Des. Then would to God, that I had neuer seene it.
Oth. Ha, wherefore?
Des. Why doe you speake so startingly and rashly.
Oth. I'st lost? i'st gone? speake, is it out o'the way?
Des. Heauen blesse vs.
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not lost, but what and if it were?
Oth. Ha.
Des. I say it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch't, let me see it,
Des. Why so I can sir, but I will not now,
This is a tricke, to put me from my suite,
I pray let *Cassio*, be receiu'd againe.
Oth. Fetch me that handkercher, my mind misgiues.
Des. Come, come, you'll neuer meete a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkercher.
Des. I pray talke me of *Cassio.*
Oth. The handkercher.

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Des. A man that all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your loue,
Shar'd dangers with you.
Oth. The handkercher.
Des. Ifaith you are too blame.
Oth. Zouns. *Exit.*
Em. Is not this man iealous?
Des. I ne're saw this before:
Sure there's some wonder in this handkercher,
I am most vnhappy in the losse.
Enter Iago *and* Cassio.
Em. Tis not a yeere or two shewes vs a man,
They are all but stomacks, and we all but foode;
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch vs; looke you, *Cassio* and my husband.
Iag. There is no other way, tis she must doe it,
And loe the happinesse, goe, and importune her.
Des. How now good *Cassio*, what's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suite: I doe beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exist, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Intirely honour, I would not be delayed:
If my offence be of such mortall kind,
That neither seruice past, nor present sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merrit, in futurity
Can ransome me, into his loue againe.
But to know so, must be my benefit,
So shall I cloth me in a forc'd content,
And shoote my selfe vp in some other course,
To fortunes almes.
Des. Alas thrice gentle *Cassio*,
My aduocation is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord, nor should I know him,
Were he in fauour, as in humor alred.
So helpe me, euery spirit sanctified,
As I haue spoken for you, all my best,

And

And stood within the blanke of his displeasure,
For my free speech: you must a while be patient,
What I can doe I will, and more I will
Then for my selfe I dare, let that suffice you.
Iag. Is my Lord angry?
Em He went hence but now,
And certainely in strange vnquietnesse.
Iag. Can he be angry? I haue seene the Cannon,
When it hath blowne his rankes into the ayre;
And (like the Diuell) from his very arme,
Puft his owne brother, and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will goe meete him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.
Desd. I preethee do so: something sure of State,
Either from *Venice*, or some vnhatcht practice,
Made demonstrable here in *Cypres* to him,
Hath pudled his cleere spirit, and in such cases
Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho great ones are the object,
Tis euen so: for let our finger ake,
And it endues our other heathfull members,
Euen to that sence of paine; nay, we must thinke,
Men are not gods,
Nor of them looke for such obseruances
As fits the Bridall: beshrew me much *Emilia*,
I was (vnhandsome, warrior as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindenesse with my soule;
But now I finde, I had suborned the witnesse,
And hee's indited falsly.
Em. Pray heauen it be State matters, as you thinke,
And no conception, nor no iealous toy
Concerning you.
Desd. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.
Em. But iealous soules will not be answered so,
They are not euer iealous for the cause,
But iealous for they are iealous: tis a monster,
Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

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Desd. Heauen keepe that monster from *Othello's* mind.
Em. Lady, Amen.
Des. I will goe seeke him, *Cassio*, walke here about,
If I doe finde him fit, I'le moue your suite, *Exeunt* Desd.
And seeke to effect it to my vttermost. *and* Emillia.
Cas. I humbly thanke your Ladiship.
Bian. Saue you friend *Cassio*. *Enter* Bianca.
Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you my most faire *Bianca*?
Ifaith sweete loue I was comming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your Lodging *Cassio*;
What, keepe a weeke away? seuen daies and nights,
Eightscore eight houres, and louers absent houres,
More tedious then the diall, eightscore times,
No weary reckoning.
Cas. Pardon me *Bianca*,
I haue this while with laden thoughts bin prest,
But I shall in a more conuenient time,
Strike off this score of absence: sweete *Bianca*,
Take me this worke out.
Bian. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend,
To the felt absence, now I feele a cause,
Ist come to this?
Cas. Go to woman,
Throw your vile ghesses in the diuells teeth,
From whence you haue them, you are iealous now,
That this is from some mistrisse, some remembrance,
No by my faith *Bianca*,
Bian. Why who's is it?
Cas. I know not sweete, I found it in my chamber,
I like the worke well, ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'de haue it coppied,
Take it, and do't, and leaue me for this time.
Bian. Leaue you, wherefore?
Cas. I doe attend here on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition, nor my wish,

To haue him see me woman'd.
Bian. But that you doe not loue me:
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soone at night.
Cas. Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here, but I'le see you soone.
Bian. Tis very good, I must be circumstanc'd.
Exeunt.

Actus. 4.

Enter Iago *and* Othello.

Iag. Will you thinke so?
Oth. Thinke so *Iago*.
Iag. What, to kisse in priuate?
Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kisse.
Iag. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme.
Oth. Naked abed *Iago*, and not meane harme?
It is hypocrisie against the diuell:
They that meane vertuously, and yet doe so,
The diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt heauen:
Iag. So they doe nothing, tis a veniall slip;
But if I giue my wife a handkercher.
Oth. What then?
Iag. Why then tis hers my Lord, and being hers,
She may, I thinke, bestow't on any man.
Oth. She is protectres of her honour to,
May she giue that?
Iag. Her honour is an essence that's not seene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not:
But for the handkercher.
Oth. By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it:
Thou saidst (O it comes o're my memory,
As doth the Rauen o're the infected house,

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Boding to all.) He had my hankercher.
Iag. I,what of that?
Oth. That's not ſo good now.
Iag. What if I had ſaid I had ſeene him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay (as knaues be ſuch abroad)
Who hauing by their owne importunate ſuite,
Or by the voluntaty dotage of ſome miſtris,
Conuinced,or ſupplied them,cannot chuſe,
But they muſt blab.
Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?
Iag. He hath my Lord,but be you well aſſur'd,
No more then hee'l vnſweare.
Oth. What hath he ſayd?
Iag. Faith that he did -- I know not what he did.
Oth. But what? *Iag.* Lye.
Oth. With her?
Iag. With her,on her,what you will.
Oth. Lie with her,lie on her? We ſay lie on her,when they bely her; lye with her, Zouns, that's fulſome,handkerchers,Confeſſion, hankerchers. *He fals downe.*
Iag. Worke on my medicine, worke: thus credulous fooles are caught,and many worthy and chaſte dames, euen thus all guiltleſſe, meete reproach; What ho my Lord,my Lord I ſay,*Othello*, -- how now *Caſsio*. *Enter* Caſſio.
Caſ. What's the matter?
Iag. My Lord is falne into an Epilepſy,
This is his ſecond fit,he had one yeſterday.
Caſ. Rub him about the Temples.
Iag. No,forbeare,
The Lethergie,muſt haue his quiet courſe,
If not he foames at mouth,and by and by
Breakes out to ſauage madneſſe: looke he ſtirres:
Doe you withdraw your ſelfe a little while,
He will recouer ſtraight,when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeake with you:
How is it Generall,haue you not hurt your head?
Oth. Doeſt thou mocke me?

Iag.

Iag. I mocke you? no by Heauen,
Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.
Oth. A horned man's a monſter,and a beaſt:
Iag. There's many a beaſt then in a populous City,
And many a ciuill monſter.
Oth. Did he confeſſe?
Iag. Good ſir be a man,
Thinke euery bearded fellow,that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you,there's millions now aliue,
That nightly lyes in thoſe vnproper beds,
Which they dare ſweare peculiar: your caſe is better:
O tis the ſpite of hell,the fiends arch mocke,
To lip a wanton in a ſecure Coach,
And to ſuppoſe her chaſte: No,let me know,
And knowing what I am,I know what ſhe ſhall be.
Oth. O thou art wiſe,tis certaine.
Iag. Stand you awhile apart,
Confine your ſelfe but in a patient liſt:
Whilſt you were here ere while, mad with your griefe,
A paſſion moſt vnſuiting ſuch a man,
Caſsio came hither,I ſhifted him away,
And layed good ſcuſe,vpon your extacy,
Bid him anon retire,and here ſpeake with me,
The which he promiſde: but incaue your ſelfe,
And marke the Ieeres,the Iibes,and notable ſcornes,
That dwell in euery region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where,how,how oft,how long agoe,and when,
He has,and is againe to cope your wife:
I ſay,but marke his geſture,mary patience,
Or I ſhall ſay,you are all in all,in ſpleene,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Doeſt thou heare *Iago*,
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience;
But doeſt thou heare,moſt bloody.
Iag. That's not amiſſe:
But yet keepe time in all; will you withdraw?

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Now will I queſtion *Caſsio* of *Bianca*;
A huſwife that by ſelling her deſires,
Buys her ſelfe bread and cloathes: it is a Creature,
That dotes on *Caſsio*: as tis the ſtrumpets plague
To beguile many, and be beguild by one, *Ent.* Caſſio.
He, when he hearès of her, cannot refraine
From the exceſſe of laughter: here he comes:
As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall goe mad,
And his vnbookiſh iealouſie muſt conſter
Poore *Caſsio's* ſmiles, geſtures, and light behauiour,
Quite in the wrong: How doe you now Leiutenant?

Caſ. The worſer, that you giue me the addition,
Whoſe want euen kills me.

Iag. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't.
Now if this ſuite lay in *Bianca's* power,
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed.

Caſ. Alas poore Catiue.

Oth. Looke how he laughes already.

Iag. I neuer knew a woman loue man ſo.

Caſ. Alas poore rogue, I thinke ifaith ſhe loues me.

Oth. Now he denyes it faintly, and laughes it out.

Iag. Doe you heare *Caſsio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it on,
Goe to, well ſaid.

Iag. She giues it out that you ſhall marry her,
Doe you intend it?

Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Doe you triumph Roman, doe you triumph?

Caſ. I marry her? I prethee beare ſome charity to my wit,
Doe not thinke it ſo vnwholeſome: ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo, laugh that wins.

Iag. Faith the cry goes, you ſhall marry her.

Caſ. Prethee ſay true.

Iag. I am a very villaine elſe,

Oth. Ha you ſtor'd me well.

Caſ. This is the monkies own giuing out; ſhe is perſwaded I wil
marry her, out of her owne loue and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth.

Oth. Iago beckons me, now he begins the ſtory.

Caſ. She was heere euen now, ſhee haunts me in euery place, I
was tother day, talking on the ſea banke, with certaine *Venetians*, and
thither comes this bauble, by this hand ſhe fals thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying, O deare *Caſsio*, as it were: his geſture imports it.

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me; ſo hales, and puls
me, ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how ſhe pluckt him to my Chamber,
I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw't to.

Caſ. Well, I muſt leaue her company. *Enter* Bianca.

Iag. Before me, looke where ſhe comes,
Tis ſuch another ficho; marry a perfum'd one, what doe you meane
by this haunting of me.

Bian. Let the diuel and his dam haunt you, what did you meane
by that ſame handkercher, you gaue mee euen now? I was a fine
foole to take it; I muſt take out the whole worke, a likely peece of
worke, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and not know who
left it there: this is ſome minxes token, and I muſt take out the
worke; there, giue it the hobby horſe, whereſoeuer you had it, I'le
take out no worke on't.

Caſ. How now my ſweete *Bianca*, how now, how now?

Oth. By heauen that ſhould be my handkercher.

Bian. An you'll come to ſupper to night, you may, an you will
not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit.*

Iag. After her, after her.

Caſ. Faith I muſt, ſhee'll raile i'the ſtreete elſe.

Iag. Will you ſup there?

Caſ. Faith I intend ſo.

Iag. Well, I may chance to ſee you, for I would very faine ſpeake
with you.

Caſ. Prethee come, will you?

Iag. Goe to, ſay no more. *Exit* Caſſio.

Oth. How ſhall I murder him *Iago*?

Iag. Did you perceiue, how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O *Iago*,

Iag. And did you ſee the handkercher?

Oth. Was that mine?

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Oth. I would haue him nine yeares a killing; a fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman.

Iag. Nay you must forget.

Oth. And let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to night, for she shall not liue: no, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand: O the world has not a sweeter creature, she might lie by an Emperours side, and command him taskes.

Iag. Nay that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I doe but say what she is: So delicate with her needle, an admirable musition, O shee will sing the sauageneſſe out of a Beare; of so hye and plentious wit and inuention.

Iag. Shee's the worse for all this.

Oth. A thousand thousand times: and then of so gentle a condition.

Iag. I, too gentle.

Oth. I that's certaine, but yet the pitty of it *Iago*, the pitty.

Ia. If you be so fond ouer her iniquity, giue her patent to offend, for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes --- cuckold me!

Iag. O tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Iag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison *Iago*, this night I'le not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty vnprouide my minde agen, this night *Iago*.

Iag. Doe it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, euen the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good, the iustice of it pleases very good.

Iag. And for *Cassio*, let me bee his vndertaker: you shall heare more by midnight. *A Trumpet.*

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Excellent good:
What Trumpet is that same?

Iag. Something from *Venice* sure, tis *Lodouico*,
Come from the Duke, and see your wife is with him.

Lod.

Lod. God saue the worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart sir.

Lod. The Duke and Senators of *Venice* greete you.

Oth. I kisse the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes good cousen *Lodouico*?

Iag. I am very glad to see you Seignior: — welcome to *Cypres*.

Lod. I thanke you, how does Lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iag. Liues sir.

Des. Cousen, there's falne betweene him and my Lord,
An vnkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord.

Oth. This faile you not to doe, as you will. ---

Lod. He did not call, hee's busie in the paper:
Is there diuision betweene thy Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most vnhappy one, I would doe much
To attone them, for the loue I beare to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and Brimstone.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wise?

Desd. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mou'd him;
For as I thinke, they doe command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his gouernement.

Desd. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How sweete *Othello*?

Oth. Diuell.

Des. I haue not deseru'd this:

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in *Venice*,
Tho I should sweare I saw't: tis very much,
Make her amends, she weepes.

Oth. O Diuell, Diuell,
If that the earth could teeme with women's teares
Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocadile:

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Out of my ſight.
Def. I will not ſtay to offend you.
Lod. Truely an obedient Lady:
I doe beſeech your Lordſhip, call her backe.
Oth. Miſtriſſe.
Def My Lord.
Oth. What would you with her ſir?
Lod. Who, I my Lord?
Oth. I, you did wiſh that I would make her turne:
Sir ſhe can turne, and turne, and yet go on,
And turne againe, and ſhe can weepe ſir, weepe;
And ſhee's obedient, as you ſay, obedient;
Very obedient, proceed you in your teares,
Concerning this ſir: O well painted paſſion:
I am commanded here:-- get you away,
I'le ſend for you anon:-- Sir, I obey the mandat,
And will returne to *Venice*:---hence, auant,
Caſsio ſhall haue my place; and ſir to night
I doe intreate that we may ſup together,
You are welcome ſir to *Cypres*,-- goates and monkies. *Exit.*
Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all ſufficient? This the noble nature,
Whom paſſion could not ſhake? Whoſe ſolid vertue,
The ſhot of accident, nor dart of chance
Could neither graze, nor peirce?
Iag. He is much changed.
Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of braine?
Iag. He's that he is, I may not breathe my cenſure,
What he might be, if as he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.
Lod. What, ſtrike his wife.
Iag. Faith that was not ſo well; yet would I knew
That ſtroake would proue the worſt.
Lod. Is it his vſe?
Or did the letters worke vpon his blood,
And new create this fault?
Iag. Alas, alas.

It is not honeſty in me to ſpeake,
What I haue ſeene and knowne, you ſhall obſerue him,
And his owne courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſaue my ſpeech: doe but goe after,
And marke how he continues.
Lod. I am ſorry that I am deceiu'd in him.
Exeunt.
Enter Othello *and* Emillia.
Oth. You haue ſeene nothing then.
Em. Nor euer heard, nor euer did ſuſpect.
Oth. Yes, and you haue ſeene *Caſsio* and ſhe together.
Em. But then I ſaw no harme, and then I heard
Each ſillable that breath made vp betweene 'em.
Oth. What, did they neuer whiſper?
Em. Neuer, my Lord.
Oth. Nor ſend you out o'the way?
Em. Neuer.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her maſk, her gloues, nor nothing?
Em. Neuer, my Lord.
Oth. That's ſtrange.
Em. I durſt my Lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay downe my ſoule at ſtake: if you thinke other,
Remoue your thought, it doth abuſe your boſome,
If any wretch ha put this in your head,
Let heauens requite it with the Serpents curſe,
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte, and true,
There's no man happy, the pureſt of her Sex
Is foule as ſlander. *Exit* Emillia.
Oth. Bid her come hither, goe,
She ſayes enough, yet ſhe's a ſimple bawde,
That cannot ſay as much: this is a ſubtle whore,
A cloſet, locke and key, of villainous ſecrets,
And yet ſhee'll kneele and pray, I ha ſeene her do't.
Enter Deſdemona *and* Emillia.
Def. My Lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray chucke come hither.
Def. What is your pleaſure?

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Oth. Let me see your eyes--looke in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function mistriſſe,
Leaue procreants alone, and ſhut the dore,
Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come,
Your miſtery, your miſtery: nay diſpatch. *Exit* Em.
Des. Vpon my knees, what does your ſpeech import?
I vnderſtand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife my Lord, your true and loyall wife.
Oth. Come, ſweare it, dam thy ſelfe,
Leaſt being like one of heauen, the diuells themſelues
Should feare to ceaſe thee, therefore be double damb'd,
Sweare thou art honeſt.
Des. Heauen doth truely know it.
Oth. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art falſe as hell.
Des. To whom, my Lord, with whom? how am I falſe?
Oth. O *Deſdemona*, away, away, away.
Des. Alas the heauy day, why do you weepe?
Am I the occaſion of thoſe teares my Lord?
If haply you my father doe ſuſpect,
An Inſtrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me; if you haue left him,
Why I haue left him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heauen
To try me with affliction, had he ram'd
All kindes of ſores, and ſhames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in pouerty, to the very lips,
Giuen to captiuity, me and my hopes,
I ſhould haue found in ſome part of my ſoule
A drop of patience; but alas, to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of ſcorne,
To point his ſlow vnmouing fingers at--oh, oh,
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well.
But there: where I haue garner'd vp my heart,
Where either I muſt liue, or beare no life,

The

The fountaine, from the which my currant runnes,
Or elſe dryes vp, to be diſcarded thence,
Or keepe it as a Ceſterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in: turne thy complexion there,
Patience thy young and roſe-lip'd Cherubin,
I here looke grim as Hell.
Des. I hope my noble Lord eſteemes me honeſt.
Oth. O I, as ſummers flies, are in the ſhambles,
That quicken euen with blowing:
O thou blacke weede, why art ſo louely faire?
Thou ſmell'ſt ſo ſweete, that the ſence akes at thee,
Would thou hadſt ne're bin borne.
Des. Alas, what ignorant ſinne haue I committed?
Oth. Was this faire paper, this moſt goodly booke,
Made to write whore on?--- What, committed?
Heauen ſtops the noſe at it, and the Moone winkes,
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meetes,
Is huſht within the hallow mine of earth,
And will not hear't:--what committed,--impudent ſtrumpet.
Des. By heauen you doe me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet?
Des. No, as I am a Chriſtian:
If to preſerue this veſſell for my Lord,
From any hated foule vnlawfull touch,
Be not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Des. No, as I ſhall be ſaued. *Enter* Emillia.
Oth. Iſt poſſible?
Des. O heauen forgiue me.
Oth. I cry you mercy,
I tooke you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*: you miſtriſſe,
That haue the office oppoſite to S. *Peter*,
And keepes the gates in hell, I, you, you, you;
We ha done our courſe; there's money for your paines,
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counſell. *Exit*,
Em. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceiue?

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How doe you Madam, how doe you my good Lady?

Des. Faith halfe asleepe.

Em. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?

Des. With who?

Em. Why with my Lord Madam.

Des. I ha none, doe not talke to me *Emillia*,
I cannot weepe, nor answer haue I none,
But what should goe by water: preethee to night
Lay on my bed our wedding sheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

Exit.

Em. Here is a change indeed.

Des. 'Tis meete I should be vsde so, very well;
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
The smallest opinion, on my greatest abuse.

Enter Iago. *and* Emillia.

Iag. What is your pleasure Madam,
How ist with you?

Des. I cannot tell: those that doe teach young babes
Doe it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes,
He might ha chid me so, for in good faith,
I am a child at chiding.

Iag. What is the matter Lady?

Em. Alas *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such despite, and heauy termes vpon her,
As true hearts cannot beare.

Des. Am I that name *Iago*?

Iag. What name faire Lady?

Des. Such as she sayes my Lord did say I was?

Em. He call'd her whore: A begger in his drinke,
Could not haue layed such tearmes vpon his Callet.

Iag. Why did he so?

Des. I doe not know, I am sure I am none such.

Iag. Doe not weepe, doe not weepe: alas the day.

Em. Has she forsooke so many noble matches,
Her Father, and her Countrey, all her friends,
To be cald whore? would it not make one weepe?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iag. Beshrew him for it; how comes this tricke vpon him?

Desd.

Des. Nay, heauen doth know.

Em. I will be hang'd, if some eternall villaine,
Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cousening slaue, to get some office,
Haue not deuisde this slander, I'le be hang'd else.

Iag. Fie, there is no such man, it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heauen pardon him.

Em. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones:
Why should he call her whore? who keepes her company?
What place, what time, what form, what likelihood?
The Moore's abus'd by some outragious knaue:
Some base notorious knaue, some scurny fellow,
O heauen, that such companions thoudst vnfold,
And put in euery honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascall naked through the world,
Euen from the East to the West.

Iag. Speake within dores.

Em. O fie vpon him; some such squire he was,
That turnd your wit, the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.

Iag. You are a foole, goe to.

Des. O Good *Iago*,
What shall I doe to win my Lord againe?
Good friend goe to him, for by this light of heauen,
I know not how I lost him.

Iag. I pray you be content, tis but his humour,
The businesse of the State does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If t'were no other.

Iag. 'Tis but so, I warrant you,
Harke how these Instruments summon you to supper,
And the great Messengers of *Venice* stay,
Goe in, and weepe not, all things shall be well. *Exit women.*
How now *Roderigo*? *Enter* Roderigo.

Rod. I doe not finde that thou dealst iustly with me.

Iag. What in the contrary?

Rod. Euery day, thou doffst me, with some deuise *Iago*;

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Rod. Well, is it within reason and compasse?

Iag. Sir, there is especiall command come from *Venice*,
To depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona*
Returne againe to *Venice*.

Iag. O no, he goes into *Mauritania*, and takes away with him
The faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his abode be linger'd
Here by some accident, wherein none can be so
determinate, as the remouing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How doe you meane remouing of him?

Iag. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place,
Knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to doe.

Iag. I, and if you dare doe your selfe a profit, and right, hee sups to night with a harlot, and thither will I goe to him; --- he knowes not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be neere to second your attempt, and hee shall fall betweene vs: come, stand not amaz'd at it, but goe along with mee, I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time, and the night growes to waste: about it.

Enter *Othello, Desdemona, Ledouico, Emilia,*
and Attendants.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iag. And you shall be satisfied. *Ex.* Iag. *and* Rod.

Lod. I do beseech you sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth. O pardon me, it shall doe me good to walke.

Lod. Madame, good night, I humbly thanke your Ladiship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke sir: --- O *Desdemona.*

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed, o'the instant I will be return'd, forthwith, dispatch your Attendant there, --- looke it be done. *Exeunt.*

Des. I will my Lord.

Em. How goes it now? he lookes gentler then he did.

And rather, as it seemes to me, thou keepest from me,
All conueniency, then supplyest me, with the least
Aduantage of hope: I will indeed no longer indure it,
Nor am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already
I haue foolishly sufferd.

Iag. Will you heare me *Roderigo*?

Rod. Faith I haue heard too much, for your words,
And performance are no kin together.

Iag. You charge me most vniustly.

Rod. I haue wasted my selfe out of meanes: the Iewels you haue had from me, to deliuer to *Desdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a Votarist: you haue told me she has receiu'd em, and return'd mee expectation, and comforts, of suddaine respect, and acquittance, but I finde none.

Iag. Well, goe to, very good.

Rod. Very well, goe to, I cannot goe to man, it is not very well, by this hand, I say tis very scuruy, and begin to finde my selfe fopt in it.

Iag. Very well.

Rod. I say it is not very well: I will make my selfe knowne to *Desdemona*, if she will returne me my Iewels, I will giue ouer my suite, and repent my vnlawfull sollicitation, if not, assure your selfe I'le seeke satisfaction of you.

Iag. You haue said now.

Rod. I, and I haue said nothing, but what I protest entendment of doing.

Iag. Why now I see there's mettle in thee, and euen from this time doe build on thee, a better opinion then euer before, giue me thy hand *Roderigo*: Thou hast taken against me a most iust conception, but yet I protest, I haue dealt most directly in thy affaires.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iag. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd, and your suspition is not without wit and iudgement: But *Roderigo*, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to beleeue now, then euer, I meane purpose, courage, and valour, this night shew it, if thou the next night following enioyest not *Desdemona*, take mee from this world with treachery, and deuise engines for my life.

Rod.

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Def. He saies he will returne incontinent:
He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bad me to dismisse you.
Em. Dismisse me?
Def. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adiue,
We must not now displease him.
Em. I would you had neuer seene him.
Def. So would not I, my loue doth so approue him,
That euen his stubbornenesse, his checks and frownes.
Prethee vnpin me; haue grace and fauour in them.
Em. I haue laid these sheetes you bade me, on the bed.
Def. All's one good faith: how foolish are our minds?
If I doe die before thee, prethee shrowd me
In one of those same sheetes.
Em. Come, come, you talke.
Def. My mother had a maid cald *Barbary*,
She was in loue, and he she lou'd, prou'd mad,
And did forsake her, she has a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it expresst her fortune,
And she died singing it, that Song to night,
Will not goe from my mind -- harke, who's that knocks?
Em. It is the wind:
Def. Now get thee gone, good night:
Mine eyes doe itch, does that bode weeping?
Em. Tis neither here nor there.
Def. Wouldst thou doe such a deed, for all the world?
Em. Why would not you.
Def. No, by this heauenly light.
Em. Nor I neither, by this heauenly light,
I might doe it as well in the darke.
Def. Would thou doe such a thing for all the world?
Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,
For a small vice.
Def. Good troth I thinke thou wouldst not.
Em. By my troth I thinke I should, and vndo't when I had done it, mary I would not doe such a thing for a ioynt ring; or for measures.

sures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, or Petticotes, nor Caps, nor any such exhibition; but for the whole world? vds pitty, who would not make her husband a Cuckole, to make him a Monarch? I should venture purgatory for it.
Def. Beshrew me, if I would doe such a wrong,
For the whole world.
Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the world; and hauing the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.
Def. I doe not thinke there is any such woman.
Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.
Def. Good night, good night: God me such vsage send,
Not to picke bad from bad, but by bad mend.

Exeunt.

Actus. 5.

Enter Iago *and* Roderigo,
Iag. Here stand behind this Bulke, straite will he come,
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home,
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, I'le be at thy elboe;
It makes vs or it marres vs, thinke of that,
And fixe most firme thy resolution.
Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.
Iag. Here at thy hand, be bold, and take thy sword.
Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the dead;
And yet he has giuen me satisfying reasons,
Tis but a man gone: forth my sword, he dies.
Iag. I haue rubd this young gnat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry now: whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each doe kill the other,
Euery way makes my game; liue *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large,
For Gold and Iewells, that I bobd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona*:
It must not be, if *Cassio* doe remaine,

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He has a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and beſides, the Moore
May vnfould me to him; there ſtand I in perrill:
No, he muſt die, be't ſo, I heare him comming. *Ent.* Caſ.
Rod. I know his gate, tis he, villaine thou dieſt.
Caſ. That thruſt had bin my enemy indeed,
But that my coate is better then thou think'ſt,
I will make proofe of thine.
Rod. O I am ſlaine.
Caſ. I am maind for euer, light ho, murder, murder.
Enter Othello.
Oth. The voice of *Caſsio*, *Iago* keepes his word.
Rod. O villaine that I am.
Oth. Harke tis euen ſo.
Caſ. O helpe ho, light, a Surgeon.
Oth. Tis he, O braue *Iago*, honeſt and Iuſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſence of thy friends wrong,
Thou teacheſt me; --minion, your deare lies dead,
And your fate hies apace; ſtrumpet I come;
Forth of my heart, thoſe charmes thine eyes are blotted,
Thy bed luſt-ſtaind, ſhall with luſts blood be ſpotted. *Ex.*
Enter Lodouico *and* Gratiano.
Caſ. What ho, no watch, no paſſage, murder, murder
Grat. Tis ſome miſchance, the cry is very direfull.
Caſ. O helpe. *Lod.* Harke.
Rod. O wretched villaine.
Lod. Two or three grones, it is a heauy night,
Theſe may be counterfeits, let's think't vnſafe
To come into the cry without more helpe.
Rod. No body come, then ſhall I bleed to death.
Enter Iago *with a light.*
Lod. Harke.
Grat. Here's one comes in his ſhirt, with lights and weapons,
Iag. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this, that cries on murder.
Lod. I doe not know.
Iag. Did not you heare a cry?
Caſ. Here, here, for heauens ſake helpe me.

Iag.

Iag. What's the matter.
Grat. This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The ſame indeed, a very valiant fellow.
Iag. What are you here, that cry ſo greeuouſly?
Caſ. *Iago*, O I am ſpoil'd, vndone by villaines,
Giue me ſome helpe.
Iag. O my Leiutenant: what villaines haue done this?
Caſ. I thinke the one of them is heere about,
And cannot make away.
Iag. O treacherous villaines:
What are you there? come in and giue ſome helpe.
Rod. O helpe me here.
Caſ. That's one of em.
Iag. O murderous ſlaue, O villaine.
Rod. O damb'd *Iago*, O inhumaine dog, -- o, o, o.
Ia. Kill him i'the dark? where be thoſe bloody theeues?
How ſilent is this Towne? Ho, murder, murder:
What may you be, are you of good or euill?
Lod. As you ſhall proue vs, praiſe vs.
Iag. Seignior *Ladouico*.
Lod. He ſir.
Iag. I cry you mercy: here's *Caſsio* hurt by villaines.
Grat. *Caſsio*.
Iag. How is it brother?
Caſ. My leg is cut in two.
Iag. Mary heauen forbid:
Light Gentlemen, I'le bind it with my ſhirt.
Enter Bianca.
Bian. What is the matter ho, who iſt that cried?
Iag. Who iſt that cried.
Bian. O my deare *Caſsio*, O my ſweete *Caſsio*, *Caſsio*, *Caſsio*.
Iag. O notable ſtrumpet: *Caſsio* may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that thus haue mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I am ſorry to find you thus, I haue bin to ſeeke you.
Bian. Alas he faints, O *Caſsio*, *Caſsio*, *Caſsio*.
Iag. Gentlemen all, I doe ſuſpect this traſh

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To beare a part in this: patience a while good *Cassio*:
Lend me a light; know we this face, or no?
Alas my friend, and my deare countrey man:
Roderigo? no, yes sure: O heauen *Roderigo*.
Gra. What of *Venice*?
Iag. Euen he sir, did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Iag. Seignior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iag. How doe you *Cassio*? O a chaire, a chaire.
Gra. Roderigo.
Iag. He, tis he: O that's well said, a chaire:
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
I'le fetch the Generalls Surgeon: for you mistrisse,
Saue you your labour, he that lies slaine here *Cassio*,
Was my deare friend, what malice was betwixt you?
Cas. None in the world, nor doe I know the man.
Iag. What, looke you pale? O beare him out o'th aire.
Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale mistrisse?
Doe you perceiue the ieastures of her eye,
Nay, an you stirre, we shall haue more anon:
Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,
Doe you see Gentlemen? Nay guiltinesse
Will speake, though tongues were out of vse. *Enter* Em.
Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?
Iag. Cassio has here bin set on in the darke,
By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are scap't,
Hee's almost slaine, and *Roderigo* dead.
Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Cassio*.
Iag. This is the fruite of whoring, pray *Emilia*,
Goe know of *Cassio*, where he supt to night:
What, doe you shake at that?
Bian. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.
Iag. O did he so, I charge you goe with me.
Em. Fie, fie vpon thee strumpet.

Bian.

Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you, that thus abuse me.
Em. As I: fough, fie vpon thee.
Iag. Kind Gentlemen, let's goe see poore *Cassio* dresst,
Come mistresse, you must tell's another tale.
Emilia, runne you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt:
Will you goe on, I pray, this is the night,
That either markes me, or foredoes me quite.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello *with a light.*

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soule,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste starres:
It is the cause, yet I'le not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then snow,
And smooth, as monumentall Alablaster;
Yet she must die, else shee'll betray more men,
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can againe, thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,
Thou cunning patterne of excelling nature,
I know not where is that promethian heate,
That can thy light returne: when I haue pluckt the rose,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It must needes wither; I'le smell it on the tree,
A balmy breath, that doth almost perswade
Iustice her selfe to breake her sword once more,
Be thus, when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after: once more, and this the last, *He*
So sweete was ne're so fatall: I must weepe, *kisses her.*
But they are cruell teares; this sorrowes heauenly,
It strikes where it does loue: she wakes.
Des. Who's there, *Othello*?
Oth. I, *Desdemona*.
Des. Will you come to bed my Lord?
Oth. Haue you prayed to night, *Desdemona*?

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Def. I my Lord?
Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any crime,
Vnreconcil'd as yet to heauen and grace,
Sollicite for it straite.
Def. Alas my Lord, what may you meane by that?
Oth. Well doe it, and be briefe, I will walke by,
I would not kill thy vnprepared spirit,
No, heauen fore-fend, I would not kill thy soule.
Def. Talke you of killing?
Oth. I, I doe.
Def. Then heauen haue mercy on me.
Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum.
Def. And yet I feare you, for you are fatall then,
When your eyes roule so: why I should feare, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not, but yet I feele I feare.
Oth. Thinke on thy sinnes.
Def. They are loues I beare to you.
Oth. And for that thou dieft.
Def. That death's vnnaturall, that kills for louing,
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame,
These are portents: but yet I hope
They doe not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still.
Def. I will, so, what's the matter?
Oth. That handkercher which I so lou'd, and gaue thee,
Thou gaueft to *Cassio*.
Def. No, by my life and soule,
Send for the man and aske him.
Oth. Sweete soule take heed, take heed of periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. I, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne,
For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot

Cannot remoue, nor choke the strong conceit,
That I doe groane withall: thou art to die.
Def. Then Lord haue mercy on me.
Oth. I say Amen.
Def. And haue you mercy too:
I neuer did offend you in my life, -- neuer lou'd *Cassio*,
But with such generall warranty of heauen,
As I might loue: I neuer gaue him token.
Oth. By heauen I saw my handkercher in his hand,
O periured woman, thou doeft stone thy heart,
And makeft me call, what I intend to doe,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice,
I saw the handkercher.
Def. He found it then,
I neuer gaue it him, send for him hither,
And let him confesse a truth.
Oth. He has confeft.
Def. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath ---- vds death.
Def. How, vnlawfully?
Oth. I.
Def. He will not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stop'd,
Honeft *Iago* hath tane order for't.
Def. My feare interprets then, -- what is he dead?
Oth. Had all his haires bin liues,
My great reuenge had stomacke for 'em all.
Def. Alas he is betraid, and I vndone.
Oth. O strumpet, -- weepeft thou for him to my face?
Def. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Downe strumpet.
Def. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.
Oth. Nay, an you striue.
Def. But halfe an houre, but while I say one prayer.
Oth. Tis too late. *he stifles her.*
Def. O Lord, Lord, Lord. Emillia *calls within.*
Em. My Lord, my Lord, what ho, my Lord, my Lord.

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Oth. What voyce is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine, --- so, so.
Em. What ho, my Lord, my Lord.
Oth. Who's there?
Em. O good my Lord, I'de speake a word with you.
Oth. Yes, tis *Emillia*, by and by: shee's dead:
'Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassios* death;
The noyse was heere; ha, no more moouing,
Still as the graue: shall she come in? were't good?
I thinke she stirres againe; no, what's the best?
If she come in, shee'll sure speake to my wife.
My wife, my wife, my wife; I ha no wife;
O insupportable: O heauy houre.
Me thinks it should be now a huge Eclips
Of Sunne and Moone, and that the affrighted Globe,
Should yawne at alteration.
Em. I doe beseech you I may speake with you, good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee: O come in *Emillia*.
Soft, by and by; let me the Curtaines draw, *Ent.* Emil.
Where art thou? whats the matter with thee now?
Em. O my good Lord, yonder's foule murders done.
Oth. What, now?
Em. But now my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neere the earth, then she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Em. *Cassio* my Lord has kil'd a yong *Venetian*,
Cal'd *Roderigo*.
Oth. *Roderigo* kild, and *Cassio* kild?
Em. No, *Cassio* is not kild.
Oth. Not *Cassio* kild, then murders out of tune,
And sweete reuenge growes harsh.
Des. O falsly, falsly murdered.
Em. O Lord, what cry is that?
Oth. That? what?
Em. Out and alas, it is my Ladyes voyce,

Helpe,

Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O Lady speake againe,
Sweete *Desdemona*, O sweete Mistresse speake.
Des. A guiltlesse death I die.
Em. O who has done this deed?
Des. No body, I my selfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord, O farewell. *she dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murdered?
Em. Alas, who knowes?
Oth. You heard her say, her selfe, it was not I.
Em. She sayd so, I must needes report a truth.
Oth. She's like a lyer, gone to burning Hell,
'Twas I that kild her.
Em. O, the more Angell she,
And you the blacker diuell.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Em. Thou doest bely her, and thou art a diuell.
Oth. She was false as water.
Em. Thou as rash as fire,
To say that she was false: O she was heauenly true.
Oth. *Cassio* did top her, aske thy husband else,
O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed, vpon iust grounds,
To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.
Em. My husband?
Oth. Thy husband.
Em. That she was false to wedlocke?
Oth. I, with *Cassio*: nay, had she bin true,
If heauen would make me such another world,
Of one intire and perfect Crisolite,
I'de not haue sold her for it.
Em. My husband?
Oth. I, twas he that told me first,
An honest man he is, and hates the slime,
That sticks on filthy deedes.
Em. My husband?
Oth. What needes this iteration? woman, I say thy husband.
Em. If he say so, may his pernitious soule

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Rot halfe a graine a day: he lies to'th heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy bargaine.
Oth. Ha?
Em. Doe thy worst,
This deed of thine is no more worthy heauen,
Then thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Em. Thou hast not halfe the power to doe me harme,
As I haue to be hurt: O gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as dirtt; thou hast done a deed ---
I care not for thy sword, I'le make thee know,
Tho I lost twenty liues: helpe, helpe, O helpe;
The Moore has kild my Mistresse, murder, murder.
Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, *and others.*
Mon. What is the matter? how now Generall?
Em. O, are you come *Iago*? you haue done well,
That men must lay their murder on your neck.
All. What is the matter?
Em. Disproue this villaine, if thou bee'st a man;
He sayes thou toldst him that his wife was false,
I know thou didst not, thou art not such a villaine:
Speake, for my heart is full.
Iag. I told him what I thought, and told no more,
Then what he found himselfe was apt and true.
Em. But did you euer tell him she was false?
Iag. I did.
Em. You told a lie, an odious damned lie;
Vpon my soule, a lie, a wicked lie:
She false with *Cassio*; did you say with *Cassio*?
Iag. With *Cassio* mistresse; go to, charme your tongue.
Em. I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to speake.
Iag. What are you mad, I charge you get you home.
Em. Good Gentlemen let me haue leaue to speake,
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're goe home.
Oth Oh, oh, oh. *Oth. falls on the bed.*
Em. Nay, lay thee downe, and rore,

For

For thou'hast kild the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.
Oth. O she was foule:
I scarce did know you Vncle, there lies your Niece,
Whose breath indeed, these hands haue newly stopt,
I know this act shewes terrible and grim.
Gra. Poore *Desdemona*, I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortall to him, and pure griefe,
Shore his old thread atwane: did he liue now,
This sight would make him doe a desperate turne,
Yea curse his better Angell from his side,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pittifull, but yet *Iago* knowes,
That she with *Cassio*, hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; *Cassio* confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous workes,
With the recognisance and pledge of loue,
Which I first gaue her; I saw it in his hand,
It was a handkercher; an Antique token
My father gaue my mother.
Em. O God, O heauenly God.
Iag. Zours, hold your peace.
Em. 'Twill out, 'twill: I hold my peace sir, no,
I'le be in speaking, liberall as the ayre,
Let heauen, and men, and diuells, let em all,
All, all cry shame against me, yet I'le speake.
Iag. Be wise, and get you home.
Em. I will not.
Gra. Fie, your sword vpon a woman?
Em. O thou dull Moore, that handkercher thou speakst on,
I found by fortune, and did giue my husband:
For often with a solemne earnestnesse,
More then indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
He beg'd of me to steale it.
Iag. Villainous whore.
Em. She gaue it *Cassio*: no alas I found it,
And I did giu't my husband.

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Iag. Filth thou lieſt.

Em. By heauen I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen,
O murderous Coxcombe! what ſhould ſuch a ſoole
Doe with ſo good a woman?

The Moore runnes at Iago. Iago *kils his wife.*

Oth. Are there no ſtones in heauen,
But what ſerues for the thunder? precious villaine.

Gra. The woman falls, ſure he has kild his wife.

Em. I, I, O lay me by my miſtreſſe ſide. *Exit* Iago.

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.

Mon. Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,
Which I haue here recouered from the Moore:
Come, guard the dore without, let him not paſſe,
But kill him rather, I'le after that ſame villaine,
For tis a damned ſlaue. *Exit* Mont. *and* Gratiano.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But euery puny whipſter gets my ſword,
But why ſhould honour out liue honeſty?
Let it goe all.

Em. Moore, ſhe was chaſt, ſhe lou'd thee cruell Moore,
So come my ſoule to bliſſe, as I ſpeake true;
So ſpeaking as I thinke, I die, I die. *She dies.*

Oth. I haue another weapon in this chamber,
It is a ſword of Spaine, the Iſebrookes temper;
O here it is; Vncle I muſt come forth. Gra. *within.*

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee deere,
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.

Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and ſpeake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I haue a weapon,
A better neuer did it ſelfe ſuſtaine
Vpon a Souldiers thigh: I haue ſeene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good ſword,
I haue made my way through more impediments,
Then twenty times you ſtop: but O vaine boaſt,
Who can controule his Fate? tis not ſo now,

Pale

Pale as thy ſmocke, when we ſhall meete at count,
This looke of thine, will hurle my ſoule from heauen,
And fiends will ſnatch at it: cold, cold, my girle,
Euen like thy chaſtity; O curſed ſlaue:
Whippe me you Diuells,
From the poſſeſſion of this heauenly ſight,
Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in ſulphure,
Waſh me in ſteepe downe gulphes of liquit fire:
O *Deſdemona*, *Deſdemona*, dead, O, o, o.

Enter Lodouico, Montano, Iago, *and Officers*, Caſſio *in a Chaire.*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt infortunate man.

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*, here I am.

Lod. Where is this Viper, bring the villaine forth.

Oth. I looke downe towards his feet, but that's a fable
If thou beeſt a diuell, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wring his ſword from him.

Iag. I bleed ſir, but not kil'd.

Oth. I am not ſorry neither, I'de haue thee loue,
For in my ſenſe tis happineſſe to die.

Lod. O thou *Othello*, that wert once ſo good,
Falne in the practiſe of a damned ſlaue,
What ſhould be ſaid to thee?

Oth. Why any thing,
An honourable murderer if you will:
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his villainy:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio's* death?

Oth. I.-

Caſ. Deare Generall, I did neuer giue you cauſe.

Oth. I doe beleeue it, and I aske you pardon,
Will you pray, demand that demy diuell,
Why he hath thus inſnar'd my ſoule and body?

Iag. Demand me nothing; what you know you know,
From this time forth I neuer will ſpeake word.

Lod. What not to pray?

Grat. Torments will op'e your lips.

N *Oth.*

Oth. Well, thou doest best.
Lod. Sir, you shall vnderstand what hath befalne,
Which, as I thinke you know not: here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slaine *Roderigo*;
And here another; the one of them imports
The death of *Cassio*; to be vndertooke --- by *Roderigo*.
Oth. O villaine.
Cas. Most heathenish, and most grosse.
Lod. Now heres another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too, and this it seemes,
Roderigo meant to haue sent this damned villaine,
But that belike, *Iago*, in the nicke
Came in, and satisfied him.
Oth. O the pernitious catieffe!
How came you *Cassio* by a handkercher,
That was my wifes?
Cas. I found it in my chamber,
And he himselfe confest it euen now,
That there he dropt it, for a speciall purpose;
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O foole, foole, foole.
Cas. There is besides in *Roderigoes* letter
How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him,
Braue me vpon the watch, whereon it came,
That I was cast; and euen but now he spake,
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this roome, and goe with vs,
Your power and your command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cypres*: for this slaue,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: you shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be knowne
To the *Venetian* State; come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you, a word or two,
I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't;

No

No more of that: I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these vnlucky deedes relate,
Speake of them as they are; nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice, then must you speake,
Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:
Of one not easily iealous, but being wrought,
Perplext in the extreame; of one whose hand,
Like the base *Indian*, threw a pearle away,
Richer then all his Tribe: of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit vnused to the melting moode,
Drops teares as fast as the *Arabian* trees,
Their medicinall gum; set you downe this,
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a *Malignant* and a *Turk and Turke*,
Beate a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State;
I tooke bi'th throate the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus. *He stabs himselfe.*
Lod. O bloody period.
Gra. All that's spoke is mard.
Oth. I kist thee ere I kild thee, no way but this,
Killing my selfe, to die vpon a kisse. *He dies.*
Cas. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.
Lod. O Spartane dog,
More fell then anguish, hunger, or the Sea,
Looke on the tragicke lodging of this bed:
This is thy worke, the obiect poisons sight,
Let it be hid: *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
And ceaze vpon the fortunes of the Moore:
For they succeed to you, to you Lord Gouernour,
Remaines the censure of this hellish villaine,
The time, the place, the torture: O inforce it,
My selfe will straite aboord, and to the State,
This heauy act with heauy heart relate.
Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

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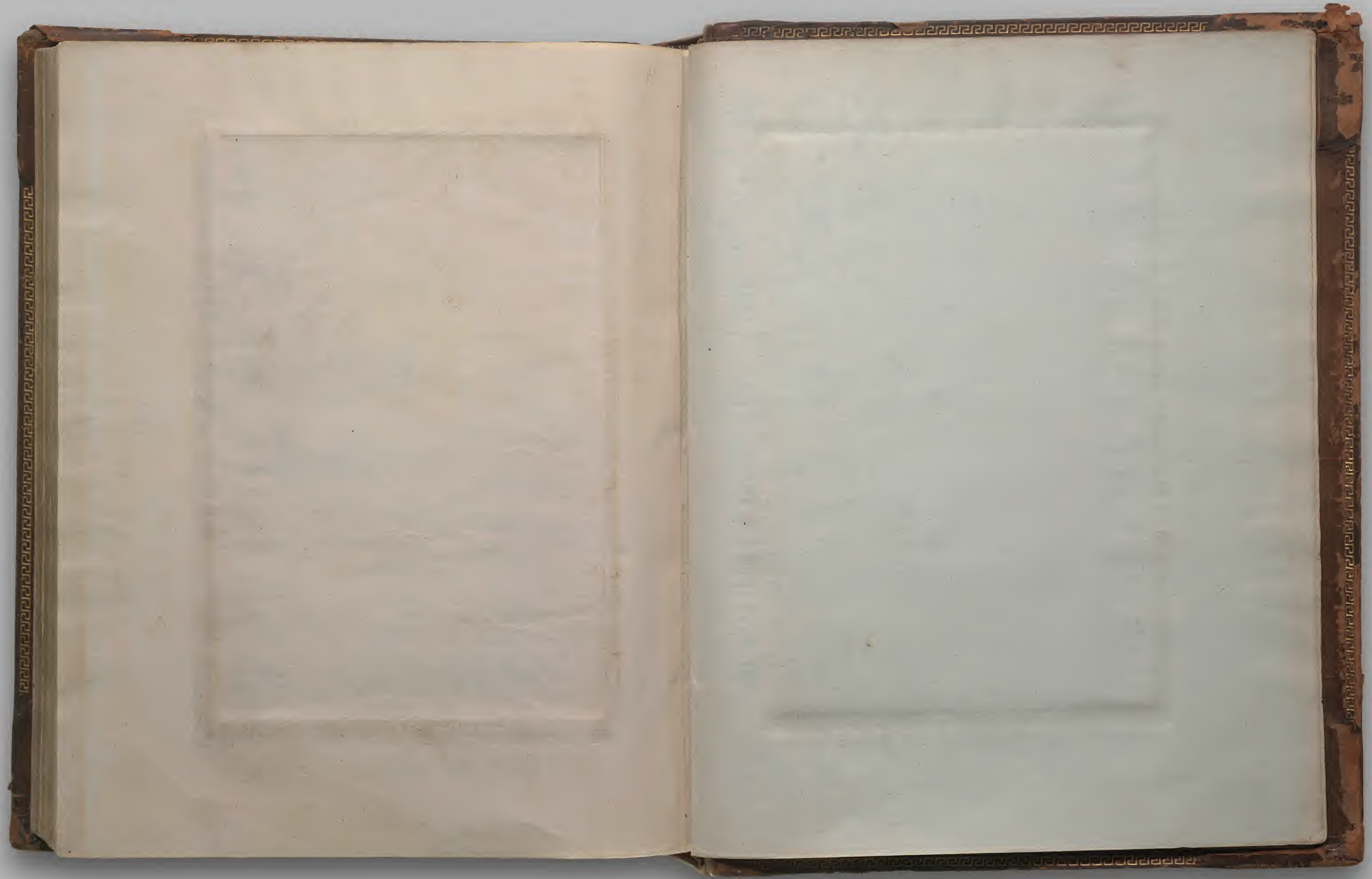

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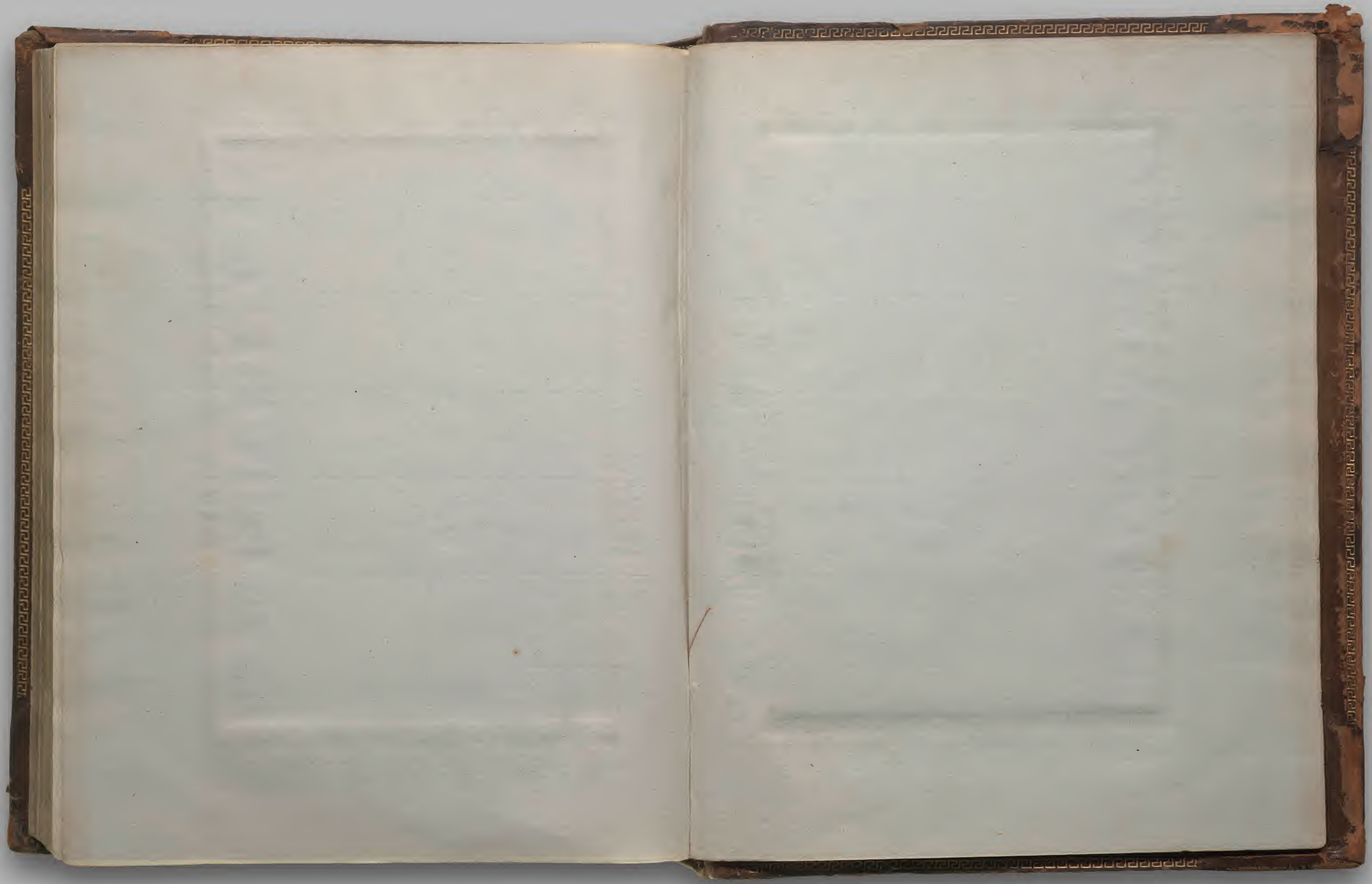

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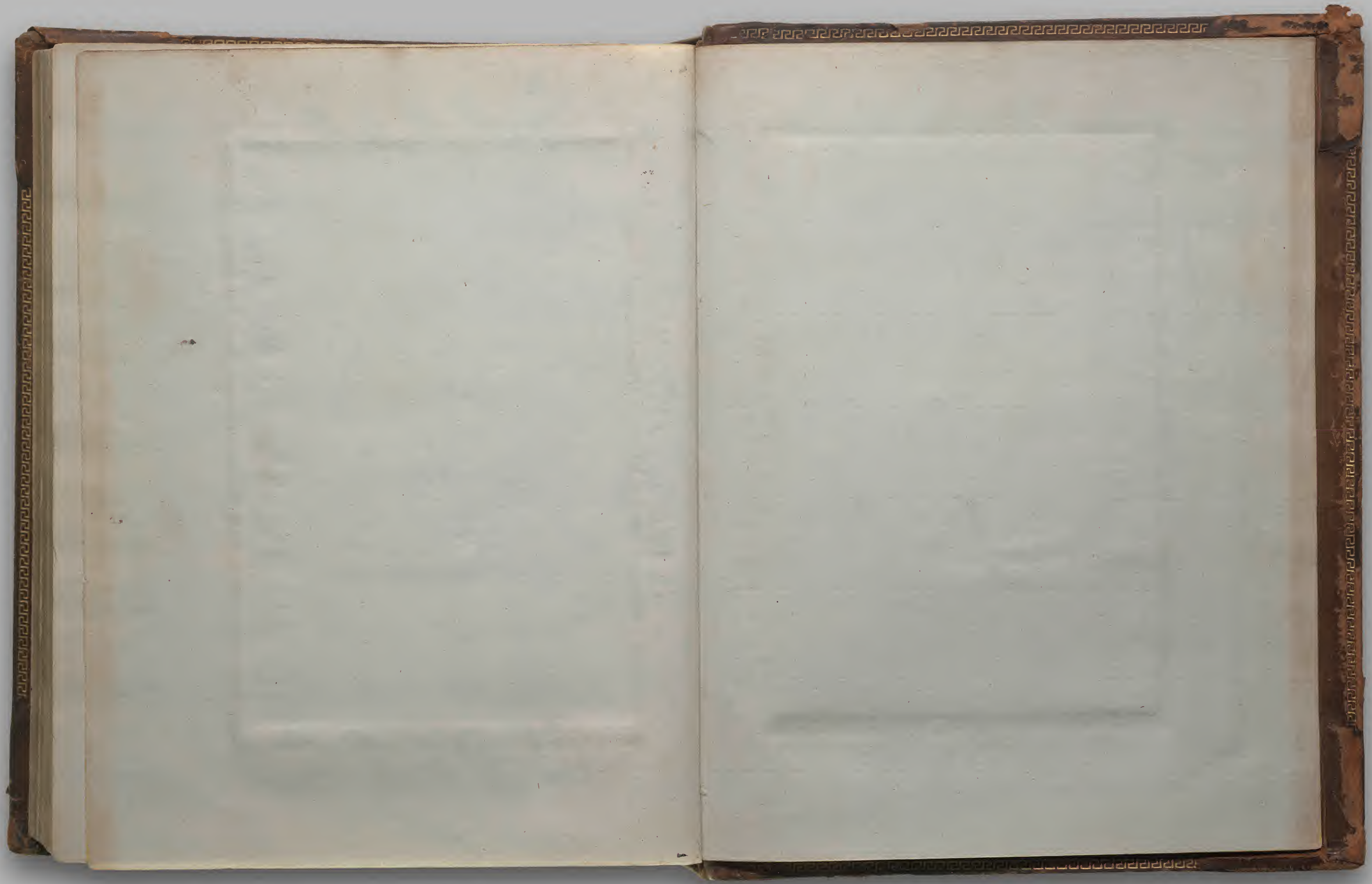

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